LETTERS AND ESSAYS,

On ſeveral

SUBJECTS:

Philoſophical, Moral, Hiſtorical, Critical, Amorous, &c.

In Proſe and Verſe.

Gildon

TO

John Dryden, Eſq;
Geo. Granvill, Eſq;
Walter Moile, Eſq;

Mr. *Congreve*,
AND
Mr. *Denis*;

And other Ingenious Men of th' Age.

By ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies.

LONDON,
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TO THE

HONOURABLE

Sir *JOHN TRENCHARD*,

Their Majesties Principal Secretary of State. And one of the Lords of their Majesties most Honourable Privy Council.

Honour'd Sir,

I am so far from being Apprehensive of the Censure of any *thinking* Man, for Dedicating a Book of this Nature to a Man of your *Station*, that I'm satisfyed I shou'd have injur'd your Merit in choosing any o-

ther Patron for That, in which the Glory of the ENGLISH NATION is in some Degree defended: for tho' I confess the *States Man* (according to our Modern Notion) has little to do with the ensuing Discourses; yet I'm very sure the TRUE ENGLISH MAN (a Name I know you far more value) must extreamly interest you in them; for the *Patriots* Zeal ought to extend to the *Glory*, as well as *Happyness* of his Country: so that you must be *pleas'd* to shelter with your Protection, a Piece that aims at a Vindication of our known RIGHT and HONOUR, which are impiously invaded, and as *weakly*, as *ignobly* betray'd to a *Foreign People*, by a *biggotted* Veneration for a former Age. But *Poetry*, Sir, will appear from the following *Essays*, to be a Prize we ought no more to surrender to *Foreign*

Nati-

Nations than our *Courage* or *Liberty*. For *Greece* and *Rome*, who have given us the noblest Examples of the Latter, have been the most famous for the Former. And as we are not inferior to either of those *Common-Wealths*, in the Honor of *Arms*, or the Wisdom of our Laws, so I can never yield them the precedence in *Poetry*.

Nor is this *Glory* I plead for, a meer *Noitionary Fantom*, which affords no Benefit to the *Public*, as is evident from its very *Nature* and *Design*, as well as the Authority of the Wisest Nations, who have Esteem'd POETS very necessary, as well as very Honourable Members of the *Common-Wealth*. This *Athens* thought, when on the loss of *Eupolis* in a Sea Fight, she decreed that no *Poet* shou'd for the future, ever venture himself in the

War, least by one Fatal Blow, a Treasure should be lost, an Age cou'd not repair, for POETS *were not born ev'ry Day.*

But this Veneration which *Greece* paid the Poets, is built on the innate Excellence of their Art. *Pleasure* is the Sovereign Aim of all Men, 'tis that which the *Soul* naturally and justly desires, and for which 'tis made, and what the greatest *Stoic* persues; for 'tis impossible for any Man to desire *Pain*. Now *Poetry* do's not only make *Pleasure*, its *Medium* but its *Aim*, and so employs the surest Means to obtain the noblest *End*. Majestic and delightful Numbers, surprizing and noble Thoughts, and Charming Expressions, awake all the Faculties of the Soul, to receive the *Mighty Lessons* it imparts, which all terminate in the most *Solid*, and *Rational Pleasure*.

For

For they either establish some Virtue by a great *Example*, or by the same, punish some *Vice*, or ridicule, and lash some *Folly*, that may be injurious to our *Happyness*; the Establishment of which on the Basis of *Virtue* and *Wisdom*, fixes us in the sweet *Enjoyment* of the *Greatest* and most lasting of *Pleasures*.

As a farther *Proof* of *Poetry's*, being a Friend to, and promoter of *Virtue*; and an Enemy to *Vice*, 'tis observable, that all the *Heroes* and Men of *Virtue* of Antiquity lov'd and encourag'd *Poetry*, and that the worst of *Princes*, and greatest TYRANTS always persecuted, and hated the *Poets*, as their known and most dangerous Enemies, for they wou'd spare no *Vice* in the most powerful Offenders. *Lucan* fear'd not in the time of the greatest Tyrant of the *Cæsars*, to extoll *Cato*

the most obstinate Stickler for his Countrys Liberty against the first of 'em; and he chooses rather to condemn *Providence* for the success, the destroyers of the Liberty of *Rome* met with, than not praise *Cato* for dying with his falling Country. *Victrix causa dijs placuit, sed Victa Catoni.* The POETS indeed have been the bold Persecutors of *Vice* in all Ages, and have ever rewarded *Virtue* with *Immortality*. They are beneficial to *Posterity*, by conveying to it the most prevailing Motives Illustrious Examples, so that he that is a generous Patron of the MUSES, is a Benefactor to Ages to come, as well as to the Present.

Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine Digna gerit. is a certain Truth; For the very Motives for performing Vertuous Actions, hold for the care of those that make them eternal, *viz. the good of Others*, the

the *public Benefit.* To which Sir, your whole Life and Endeavours having been zealously applyed, I cannot doubt but you will by your patronizing *Poetry*, compleat the noble end of your *Honourable Ambition.* Then may Posterity see in YOU, Sir, such a pattern of *Fortitude*, *Temperance*, *Wisdom*, *Justice*, *Bounty*, and all other Virtues that make a Man truly Great, that copying You alone, wou'd make e'm all *Happy* and *Good.* I'm too unskilful a Dawber to dare to venture on drawing so noble an Image, as both your private and public Life compose. I can never reach up to that Generous Constancy to your Friends in the midst of your *Sufferings*, which has to my knowledge rais'd some to Wealth, if not Content. How can I ever hope to give the least Idea of your present Character, when your Love for the Public Good transports you from private Repose to Business,

Buſineſs, and the fatigues of *State*, that more, than thoſe only, whom you know, may ſhare in the Bleſſings of your Adminiſtration.

An ungenerous Self-intereſt, ſeparate from the *Public Good*, has been obſerv'd to prevail over moſt *Stateſmen*, which made the World put ſuch a vaſt diſtinction betwixt the *Stateſman* and the *Patriot*, as to make e'm irreconcileable; but You, Sir, contradict ſo general an Obſervation, ſince we all agree, that in you the *Patriot* and *Stateſman* are eminently united. *Your Soul* is too *Large*, too *Noble*, to be wretchedly confin'd to ſo narrow a Game, as the Chaſe of your own private *Happineſs*, without regard to the public; or rather you are ſo *True* an *Engliſh-man*, that you cannot be *Happy*, unleſs your Country be ſo too; and 'tis not your own private Stores, but the Public that gives you Content; for your Goodneſs is exalted

exalted so near to Perfection, that it *cannot but be communicative*; we are so sensible of this, that we *unanimously* wish your *Power* to do Good, were as boundless, as we know your *Will*. We might then hope a long wish'd Union in those Minds, whose Variance with each other has produc'd a common Misery; and till that be effected, we have alas! but little Hopes of any *settl'd Happiness*. But what is worst, there is but small prospect of that, till Men have learn'd your *Virtue*, Sir, of sacrificing all private *Designs* and *Int'rests* to the *public Good*.

But I have unawares fain into a Contemplation of your Virtues, which I dare not persue; but as the Painter, who after he had given to the several Figures of his Picture, the various forms and expressions of Grief, drew a Veil over the Father's Face, as unable to express his: So, Sir, ought I, having given

ven a View of some part of your Merits, to leave the rest to the Imagination of the *Reader*, better inform'd by your *known Reputation*. I have said enough to make all Men admire, and love you, that do not know you; and it must be the Defect of my Abilities, if they stop on this side the highest and most Awful Veneration. However I have this Comfort, that I have rais'd the *first* Pyramid (tho' a very poor one) to your desert, to which greater Artists will in time build up more Glorious Monuments, when you shall declare your self, the Patron of the *Poetic Glory* of *England*, as you have been of her Interest. And these Hopes makes me presume to Dedicate not only this small Book to you, but also my self, and all the Endeavours of, Sir,

Your most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

THE PREFACE.

THere is no Man, I think, doubts but that 'tis Variety *that composes the* Regale *of the* Mind, *as well as that of the* Body, *which has made me have a regard to that in the following Book; for I have intermixt things* Historical, Moral, Amorous *and* Gallant, *with the rougher Critical Discourses. Some will gratifie the* Fancy, *others the* Judgment, *or at least I design'd they shou'd. I shall not say much for that part of the Book which is none of mine, because that need no Defence; and I cannot urge much for the other, if the Reasons it contains be insufficient for its Justification.*

In

In the hurry of writing I forgot one very good Defence of a Paſſage in the Othello *of* Shakeſpear, *which* Mr. Rymer *has loudly exclaim'd againſt, and which a very good Friend of mine adviſ'd me to inſert in the* Preface; *'tis this,*

Awake what hoa! Brabantio, *&c.*
An old black Ram is tupping your white Ewe, *&c.*

" Mr. Rymer *will have it, that a rap at the Door won'd better expreſs* Jago's " *Meaning, than all that noiſe; but if* " Mr. Rymer *won'd conſult the Reaſon* " *of the thing he'll find, that the noiſe* " Roderigo *and* Jago *made, contributed* " *very much to their deſign of ſurpriz-* " *ing and alarming* Brabantio, *by* " *that, to tranſport him from Conſidera-* " *tion to a violent Paſſion.*

I am ſorry, that a Man of Mr. Rymer's *Learning ſhou'd be ſo bigotted to the* Antients, *as to become an Enemy to the*

Honor

Honor of his own Country in that thing, which is perhaps the only we can truly pretend to excel all others in, viz. Poetry. Courage, Virtue *and* Wisdom, Greece *and* ROME *will never be out-Rival'd in, but I am apt to think they have both been out-done in* Poetry *by the Englisb; and tho' the latter once subdu'd this Island, yet were she now in all her Glory, with all the Encouragements she gave her* Poets, *she wou'd confess her self conquer'd in* Poetry.

For notwithstanding all those Encouragements Poets *met with there, and the want of 'em here in* England, *we have the Honor to have more and better* Poets *than ever* Greece *or* Rome *saw. So that Poetry like a Tree, Transplanted to a foreign Clime, grew not, with all their Care and Cultivation, so kindly, as here without any. Poetry, being therefore our Native Right, I hope the moderate*

moderate Reader will excuse the Heat I sometimes run into in the Defence of it.

I hope too the Graver Gentlemen, the Precisians, will not be scandaliz'd at my Zeal for the Promotion of Poetry, because the Reason of it is, that 'tis observable from History, that the Decay and Neglect of that, always was a fatal Symptom of the Loss of Antient Virtue, Power and Glory.

A COLLECTION OF Miscellaneous Essays and Letters.

To JOHN DRYDEN Esq;

May the 10th. 1693.

I Hope, Sir, you'l not measure my Love and Value for you by the Visits I make you, for then you wou'd extreamly injure me; for I cannot be so impudent with a Man I have an aweful Esteem for, as to intrude too often into his Company, for I'm sensible I can in no measure attone for the loss of that time, my Visits wou'd rob from your better Thoughts; and I rather satisfie my self with the expression of my Zeal and Love in absence, than, at the expence of my Friend, gratifie my own desire of his frequent Company. But yet, I confess, this long

default of my Duty, can be excus'd by nothing, but the unavoidable buſineſs about my Concerns in the Country, which has divorc'd me as long from, what I value next you, my Books.

Miſtake me not, Sir, I mean not my *Scribling*, which I'm far enough from valuing, and only comply with, by the compelling Obligation that taught the Parrot, *ſuum* XAIPE. Nay, I have ſo little of an Author, that I have not *Arrogance*, and want all *Self-Eſteem*, which ſome ev'n as dull as my ſelf abound with beyond bearing; and which is, indeed, like a Wife, tho' an *Evil*, yet ſuch a one that is neceſſary. For a *Diffidence* of one's ſelf in Writing, as well as in Addreſſes to the *Fair* and the *Great*, is ſeldom any advantage to a Man, at leaſt in this Age, where the higheſt Impudence paſſes for a handſom Aſſurance, and *Noiſe* and *much Talk* for *Wit*, and *Repartée*: It diſpirits a Man, and as he can't pleaſe himſelf with what he Writes, ſo he very hardly can riſe to the taſt of any that are not duller. But when I was forc'd to this Curſe of Scribling, I furniſh'd my ſelf with as much of a *Stoic*, as I cou'd, to fortifie my ſelf againſt publick Cenſure; and in my own defence ſoon believ'd *Reputation* but a *Whim*, ſince the Worſt had their Admirers, as well as the Beſt, at leaſt in our Age; nor cou'd I perſwade my ſelf that the next wou'd be one jot better in its Judgment. And to ſay truth, there is nothing cou'd make me have any tolerable Opinion of my ſelf, but the *Love* and *Eſteem* I have for you; whom (give me leave to contra-

dict

dict my ſelf, and ſhew ſuch *Arrogance*) I do pretend to value, as much as any Man can: and I defie my greateſt Enemies to do me Juſtice, and contradict me by any word or diſcourſe ev'n where I had a Moral Certainty, you cou'd never hear of it again.

This, Sir, I urge, as a Praiſe of my ſelf; for next to being a good Poet, is to know how to value one; the firſt has given *Immortality*, the latter (when in a Man of Quality) gain'd it. But leſt the length of my Letter ſhou'd do, what I apprehend from my Viſits I'll

Subſcribe my ſelf,

Your Friend and humble Servant

Charles Gildon.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. George Iſaacſon, *in defence of Perſonal Reflections.*

London, May the 6th. 1693.

YOU tell me you have read Mr.——'s Book, and are extreamly pleas'd with the *Wit*, and *fine Senſe* of it; but that you cannot allow of his Perſonal Reflections. I wiſh you had ſubjoyn'd your Reaſon for your Opinion, becauſe I know

you guide your ſelf extreamly by Reaſon in all things, and alſo becauſe you know I'm very fond of a Reaſon to ſtrengthen an Aſſertion that is brought againſt one I do eſteem, as I do Mr.—— But ſince you have not ſent your Reaſon againſt him in this particular, I'll give you mine for him.

Not to juſtifie him by the daily Example of other Authors, which wou'd be tedious, and to little purpoſe, the very Reaſon of the thing its ſelf (ſuppoſing all the Reflections Juſt and True) ſhou'd Vindicate his Practice in that particular. For if Men muſt not be told their Faults, they'l never mend 'em; and *general Reflections* will never do the Buſineſs, becauſe the Deviliſh good Opinion ev'ry Man has of himſelf, furniſhes him with an Evaſion from the laſh of general Characters. *Ariſtophanes* kept many of the *Athenians* in awe, and within moderate bounds by this means; and ſo regulated the City better than the Philoſophers, with their empty Sophiſms, or the Laws, with their blunted Edge. But after the Thirty Tyrants had put down this Liberty with their *Chorus*, the Profitable was loſt in Comedy, and *Menander* cou'd do nothing but Delight. I know *Horace* ſays, That this Liberty deſerv'd a Curb, but that was, becauſe it deviated from Truth, and like other of the beſt Inſtitutions, was perverted by Paſſion or Int'reſt to ſerve a turn. *Satire* among the *Romans* took this courſe where the Poets durſt: and *Catullus*, that was no Satiriſt, told *Cæſar* of his Vices, and that publickly in Verſe; yet

yet *Cæsar* had that Temperance to Caress him, tho' he had committed his Infamy to as long a Life, as he cou'd do his Noble Acts. But if the Fops, Fools, and Scriblers of our Age, are over-run with Vices more troublesom to the Public, than *Cæsar*'s venereal Sallies, without his Moderation, and Modesty, Must they go unmark'd? Must the Town be always pester'd with their insufferable Impertinences, because, tho' they have been ridicul'd in general Characters a Thousand times, will yet by no means believe themselves touch'd? There is no Remedy for these Public Grievances, but particular Reflections, and tho', as you say, No Man is free from Follies that may be expos'd, yet they will be much diminish'd in them that have any sence, by this means, or at least be made less visible; and then 'tis not much more pains to be Wise, than to play the fool with Secresie, and one might as well shake hands with Vice for good and all, as to be at the fatigue to Sin with discretion.

You wonder, you say, That *Aristophanes* had not his Throat cut for the Personal Abuses he gave his Countrymen: But I must tell you, That Vice and Folly then, tho' common enough, had not that lewd tye upon Mankind, as they have now. A *Fop* or *Knave*, that was then expos'd, had all the Audience against him, and to redeem his reputation, asham'd of his Folly or Vice reform'd. Men came then from a Play full of as many good Resolutions, as a very Penitent Sinner from a sensible Pulpit Harangue of Death,

and Judgment, but now they come away no more affected, than a hardned Usurer from a Sermon of the Revelations. The World's extreamly alter'd since *Aristophanes* his days. we can't endure to be thought guilty of what we fondle and caress; Nay, now to touch upon a Vice that's grown a Public Grievance, this Fop; or that Whore, that's hit, shall engage a whole Party against you. To expose a Man by a particular, that's incorrigible by all general Characters, reforms him not; but makes him preposterously fonder of Vindicating his Error, than of mending it; and he had rather continue the Publick *Jest*, with the additional Scandal of having committed new Follies in Defence of the Old, than come into the common rank of Mankind, and cease to be singular, and troublesome. Men heretofore did with their Follies, and Vices, as some of our Modern Sparks do with their Mistresses, fondle them till they come to be known, but then turn 'em off, to avoid the Scandal of a keeping Cully: But now Men are Wedded to 'em, they take 'em with *Damn'd* for *better for worse, till Death doth them part*; and think themselves, as much bound to fight a Man for exposing them, as for attacquing the Honor of their House, tho' in reality they are no more oblig'd to do so, than a Man is to Vindicate the Honor of a Wife not only he himself, but the whole Town know to be a Whore, and have contributed to the making her so.

After

After all this, you'll ask me, perhaps, if I have not my ſhare of Follies and Vices, that I am for falling ſo foul upon thoſe of my Neighbours? Why, 'faith to deal ſincerely with you, I have abundantly more than my ſhare, which makes me the ſeverer in my Obſervation of other Mens to keep my ſelf in Countenance. But this advantage I have made of it, I have leſſen'd the incredible number, my Mind was over-run with, and ſhall endeavour to perſue the courſe till I've brought 'em, within a more conſcionable compaſs, for I never hope to clear my ſelf entirely.

I am, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant

Char. Gildon.

An Apology for Poetry, in an Eſſay directed to Walter Moil *Eſq;*

IN an Age when every ignorant *Scribler* ſets up for a Man of Authority; and as many as can but tell their Syllables on their Fingers, without Genius, without Learning, or any Excuſe for Writing, arrogate the Glorious Name of *Poets*, and, by their Scandalous Pretenſions to it, bring the *Pride of Conquerors, and the Envy of Philoſophers*, into an unjuſt and ſhameful Neglect; 'Tis the Duty of an humble and zealous Admirer of

those God-like *Few*, whom Art, Nature, and Heav'n have evidently exalted to that Supream Dignity, to make an Apology for them, who ought not to sink under the Crimes of this contemptible Race of wretched Poetasters, who ought to be avoided by all that have the least Regard to their own Repose. For this infamous Generation, these Bullies of *Parnassus*, forsaking the humble, and quiet *Call* of their own Fortune, with a Sacrilegious Ambition, to make a Noise in the World, endervour a Rape on the Sacred *Nine*: and having as little *Modesty* as *Poetry*, continually boast the Favours and Enjoyment of *Calliope* at least, tho' like *Ixion* they caress nothing but a Cloud, the Harmonious Goddess vanishing from their Prophane Embrace. These are Sparks, who, by perpetually repeating them, talk themselves into so good an Opinion of their own Performances, that they can never be brought to think ill enough of themselves to be discourag'd from their Poetical Vanity, in which they are confirm'd by the ignorant Applause of some, and the Unaccountable Diversion of others, who have a Vanity in pleasing themselves with caressing and indulging their Folly; tho' this is something pardonable, since the Admonition given by an old Poet to one of these Gentlemen's Inclinations wou'd be almost fruitless,

Quod mihi Celsus *agit monitus multumq; monendus*
Privatas ut quærant opes, & tangere vitet
Scripta Palatinus *quæcunq; recepit* Apollo.

They

They are not to be reclaim'd, nay, the Fate of *Thamyras* wou'd ſcarce effect it, the Breaking their Lute wou'd not hinder their Writing, nor the loſs of their Eyes their Repeating, tho' perhaps Blindneſs might be ſome Advantage to their Acquaintance, by giving them a poſſibility of avoiding them; for a Seeing Poetaſter has an Hawk's Eye at one he intends to recite too, he ſpies him at a diſtance, and ſwoops upon him before he can make his Eſcape.

Theſe are the Banes of Society, and have brought an Odium on that admirable Science they pretend to, with ſome People; who, tho' they have Wit, want Judgment to diſtinguiſh betwixt *Pretence* and *Reality*. Others, who ought to have regard to the Protection of the *Muſes*, and are ſenſible of the difference of Merit, and Impudence, are yet too fond of more ungenerous Pleaſures, to Sacrifice them to the Care of the Poets. There are a Sort of Men, that love Pleaſure, but are Sordid in their Choice of it; beyond meaſure preferring thoſe of the Body to thoſe of the Mind. They value not what Expence they are at in keeping a Whore for the uſe of half the Town, yet are ſordidly Penurious in their Gratifications of a Poet; a look, a ſigh, a ſenſeleſs word of the firſt, can melt 'em into Profuſeneſs, and Poverty, when the Nobleſt Thoughts, dreſs'd in the moſt Charming Numbers and Language, ſhall not move them to conſider the Neceſſity of the Author of them. Nay, tho' they value themſelves as Men of Senſe as well as Fortune, their

Dogs,

Dogs, and their Bottle are more their Care, than the Darlings of Heav'n the Poets.

Mæcenas, and *Augustus*, were the only Keeping Patrons; the Poets were their Mistresses, and never were they so happy, or wanton'd so much in Pleasure, as in their Intimacy with *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Gallus*, &c. Their Company was their Regale, tho' *Virgil* (if we measure the Excellence of it by our Tests, Facetiousness and Buffoonry) was none of the best. I'm extreamly pleas'd with *Augustus*, and cou'd almost Sacrifice to his Memory when I read this charming Expostulation to *Horace*—— *Iratum me tibi scito quod non in plerisq; Ejusmodi scriptis mecum potissimum loquaris. An vereris ne apud Posteros tibi infame sit, quod videaris familiaris nobis esse.* You see he was ambitious that Posterity by often reading his Name in *Horace*'s Writings, shou'd know how he valu'd him. Had our Poets this Encouragement, they wou'd surpass the *Romans* and *Greeks* too, and *England* wou'd have her greater *Horace* and *Virgil*; for as *Martial* says,

Sint Mæcenates *non deerunt Flacce* Marones.

And,

Carmina proveniunt animo deducta Sereno.

But where there must be a care of Subsistence, the Mind can never have that Serenenes it ought for so Noble and Sacred an Office. What therefore

fore might we not expect, shou'd a *Richelieu* or *Mæcenas* arise, from such who under all these disadvantages have performed so well? I hope this Apology may remove some prejudices that may oppose that Happiness, and provoke some better Pen to do Poetry more Justice than my Time or Ability wou'd permit.

If we regard the Antiquity of its *Origine*, the Nobleness of its Subject, or the Beauty of its Aim, or Design (which three Things are the Test of the Excellence of Arts and Sciences, in reference to each other) we shall easily find *Poesie* most ancient in its Rise, most honorable in the Subjects and Matters it adorns, and most transcendently excellent in its Usefulness and End.

First, To say nothing of other Authors, *Polydore Virgil* proves from the Second Book of *Eusebius*'s *Evangel. Prep.* that it is of a very early Date; and from hence 'tis also evident, That it flourish'd among the most ancient of the *Hebrews*, who were by several Ages of greater Antiquity, than the *Grecian* Poets. For *Moses*, their Leader, having pass'd the Red Sea, inspir'd by a Divine Fury, sung Praise and Thanks to his Omnipotent Deliverer in Hexameter Verse, according to *Josephus* in the Second Book of his *Antiquity of the Jews*. Thus the Royal *David* too, compos'd Hymns to God, in various Numbers, as *Josephus* in the Seventh Book of the *Antiquities of the Jews*, in these words confirms. David *therefore* (says he) *after he was deliver'd from War and Danger, in the Enjoyment of full Tranquility, and Peace, compos'd*

Songs

Songs and Hymns to God in various and different Numbers, as Trimeters, Quinquimeters: with whom St. *Jerome* in his Preface to the Chronicles of *Eusebius* agrees, where he writes in this manner. *Lastly,* (says he) *What is more sonorous than the Book of Psalms? Which like the Works of our* Horace, *or the* Greek Pindar, *now runs on Iambick Feet, now sounds with Alcaic's, now swells with the Saphic Numbers,* &c.

But to come to the Gentils, we find Poetry so very Ancient that they know not its Rise, but attribute it to their God *Apollo,* and the *Muses*; as *Apollo,* in *Ovid,* himself assures us.

Juppiter est genitor: per me quod eritq; fuitq;
Estq; patet, per me concordant Carmina nervis.

Apollo reciev'd the Harp from *Mercury,* and then was made President of the Muses. By which attributing the Original of Poetry to the Gods, 'tis evident that the Gentiles themselves look'd upon it as a Sacred and venerable Thing, above Humane Invention. From this Spring it descended, as it were by Succession to *Linus,* (the Son of *Apollo* and *Urania.*) And *Orpheus,* (the Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*) and *Thamyras*; These two last with *Hercules,* were the Scholars to *Linus.* We need not instance *Arion, Amphion,* and *Musæus,* who are Poets of a very ancient Date. Their uncommon Praises, are celebrated in so extraordinary a manner, that there can nothing be added to their Eternal Glory, their Encomiums, indeed,

indeed, tranſcending all Belief and Underſtanding: ſo much did ſucceeding Ages think was due to the firſt Fathers of Poetry, as to make their Performances more, than Mortal.

The Divine *Orpheus*, the Wonder of *Better Nature*, with the Muſic of his Lyre and Song, drew Trees, Stones, and Beaſts to be his liſt'ning Audience, which is not ſo impoſſible, ſince *Campanella* proves that all things have Senſe. But the charming of Rocks, Stones and Trees, the taming Wild Beaſts, and the ſtopping the courſe of rapid Torrents, were the leaſt of his Performances, Hell loſt its Terror, and put on a more agreeable Face, the tortur'd Ghoſts forgot their paſt ſuff'rings in the Heav'n of their preſent Eaſe, and the very *Furies*, grew Mild and Calm at the ſound of his Melodious Verſe, and Lyre; all which is admirably deſcrib'd by *Ovid*, in his *Metamorphoſis*. Theſe Powers did Antiquity give to *Orpheus*, of the Sweetneſs of whoſe Poeſie, 'twou'd be ſuperfluous to produce the Teſtimony of the moſt ancient Authors. *Arion* and *Amphion* want not their Miracles, of the Dolphin and the Walls of *Thebes*. Of the latter, *Horace*, Art. Poetic.

Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis
Saxa movere ſono Teſtudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet.———

Tho' there be nothing more vulgar, and common, than theſe Fables of the Ancient Poets, and Muſicians; yet do they evidently demonſtrate, that

that even from those Primitive Times, down to our Iron Age, these extraordinary Praises and Encomiums were only bestow'd on this divine Power of Poetry; that Poets alone seem'd worthy by this most Sacred Art to have the next place to the Gods themselves. So that this Universal Applause (if there were no other Motive) ought to recommend it to our Admiration and Esteem.

But 'tis agreed by the universal, and unanimous consent of almost all Nations, and Authors, that *Poetry* not only contains all other Arts and Sciences, but has this Prerogative peculiar to it self, That no Rules, no Masters with the best Instructions, can teach it; unless those who apply themselves to this divine Science, are destin'd to the Sacred Function, by *Nature*, and a *Genius*. Whence arose that Maxim, allow'd of by all Men of Sense, *Poeta Nascitur non Fit*, *That a Poet is Born not Made*. And from hence it follows in my Opinion, That a Poet derives the honor of that Name from his *Nature* and *Genius*, not from his *Art*; *This* e'ery Scholar has, *That* none but the Darlings of Heav'n and Nature. This may be acquir'd by a Studious Pedant, That must be born, and grow up with the *auspicious Babe*, for *Poeta nascitur non fit*.

I'm much mistaken if *Polidore Virgil*, do not comment on this Axiom in his first Book *De Rer. Inventor. Cap.* 8. where he says, *'Tis certain that Poetry for many Reasons excels the other Arts and Sciences, either because no other Art is to be acquir'd but by a long Application to it, or because, as* Strabo

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in the beginning of his Geography, against Eratosthenes, *eloquently demonstrates, it contains all others; because of all the Arts that Humane Wit has produc'd Poetry alone, is taught by a Divine Inspiration*, &c.

Cicero in his Oration for *Archias* the Poet, has left us the Praise of Poets (of which Name himself had been extreamly Ambitious) in these words, *Atqui sic* (says he) *à summis hominibus, eruditissimisq; accepimus, cæterarum rerum studia, & Doctrinâ, & Præceptis, & Arte constare; Poetam Naturâ ipsâ valere, & mentis viribus excitari, & quasi divino quodam spiritu afflari; quare suo Jure* noster Ennius *Sanctos appellat Poetas, quod quasi deorum aliquo dono, & Munere commendati nobis esse videantur.*

You see, Sir, that *Cicero* confesses that divine Fire in Poets which himself desir'd in vain, and that Poets seem to be recommended by the Gift, and Benefit of the Gods, to our reception. If he that felt not this Sacred Fury was sensible of this, we may credit *Ovid*, who by his own Experience says, *De Fastis*, lib. 6.

Facta Canam, sed erunt, qui me finxisse loquentur
Nullaq; Mortali numina visa putent.
Est Deus in Nobis, agitante Calescimus illo,
Impetus hic sacræ semina mentis habet.

And *Socrates* in *Plato* affirms this Poetical Fury to be divinely inspir'd. *Plato* in his Second Book of the Common-wealth, calls Poets the *Sons* of the Gods, and in *Lysis* terms them, the Parents

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and Guides of Wisdom; and elsewhere he calls *Homer* the Father of all Wisdom and Philosophy, in these Words: "Ομηρος πρῶτος διδάσκαλος, καὶ ἡγεμὼν ἁπάντων τῶν καλῶν τραγικῶν, Homer *was the Guide and Master of the Tragical Beauties and Virtues.* And *Petronius Arbiter* tells us, that the Mind can neither conceive, or bring forth its Poetical Births, unless it be impregnated with great and boundless stores of Learning; and for this reason he says in his *Satyricon*, that *Eumolpus* spoke oft'ner divinely, that is, Poetically, than like a Man.

Those who endeavour to draw the Original of Poetry from Singing, are not in my Opinion much mistaken. For when the Ancients endeavour'd to declare the Affections or Passions of the Mind in Song by the Sound, and peculiar Variation of the Voice, as it were in a more Polite and Elaborate Speech; this rude and unpolliſh'd Sound by degrees refind into an Art. Which, when it became (where-ever it was) so improv'd, that with it the Praises of the Gods or Heroes, was celebrated in certain Verses or Rhimes, gave Birth to *Poetry*; which indeed seems truly, & really to be deriv'd from Singing, since with the Learned ev'n now, a Poet is not said, to *Speak*, but *Sing*. The antient *Germans*, a Warlike People, had no other History of the Acts of the Kings and Leaders, but certain Songs or Verses, by which they either extoll'd their Warlike Exploits or rous'd the Minds of the Soldiers to fight, as we find

find in *Polyænus*, *Solon*, annimated the *Athenians*, to Battle. And the *Lacedæmonians* Sacrific'd to the *Muſes* before they began a Fight; that we read that the noble Heroe, *Matthias*, King of *Hungary*, us'd to be ſo touch'd with the Acts of the antient Heroes, as he ſung 'em to his Lute, that the force with which it affected his Mind, was apparent in his Body; imitating *Achilles*, who ſung the Praiſes of great Commanders to his Harp.

Another Proof of the Antiquity of *Poeſie*, are the *Sibyls*, the Oracles of the *Pythian Apollo*, many of which are in *Herodotus*; Inſcriptions, Monuments of Victories, Pillars, and Obeliſc's, all which afford cauſe to believe Verſe to have a very early Original. With theſe the Writings of the greateſt and moſt antient Authors ſtrow their Works by their Authorities and Sentences, to render them the more palatable and efficacious. Nay, St. *Paul* is ſaid to have convinc'd the *Athenians* of the madneſs of their Idolatry, by part only of a Verſe of the Poet *Aratus*, and to have us'd that Verſe of *Menander* to the Chriſtian *Corinthians*.

Evil Diſcourſes corrupt good Manners.

Thus much for the Divine, and very antient Origin of *Poeſie*, and now we are come to the Subject of it, according to our former Diviſion.

Tho' other Arts and Sciences afford abundant matter, and a large Field for our Thoughts and Conſideration, yet none can ſtand in com-

petition with *Poesie*; for what is there in all the wond'rous Variety, and vast extent of Nature that falls not under the consideration of a Poet? All the Wonders, Mercies, and Favours of the highest God, can in nothing be more gloriously expres's'd than in Verse: Who can describe the Beauty of his Providence, the Bounty of his Gifts, the Sacredness of his Mysteries, with such Charms, such Force, such Excellence, as the Poet in his Melodious Numbers, Majestic Language, and Divine Thoughts. Hence it was that the Royal Psalmist *David*, chose to appease the Anger of an offended God, with the soothing Sacrifice of this Penitential Verses. To this we add the Hymns of the antient *Hebrews*, of the old Church, and of the Poetical and holy Fathers of the New; who to make their Ejaculations and Jubilees of Seraphic Love, reach late Posterity, put them into Verse, as the most agreeable, and Kindred Repository of things so Sacred. Hence also (if with these Books we may mingle the Prophane) flow'd all those Hymns, Odes, Secular Poems, and *Io Pæans* to *Jove*, *Mercury*, *Apollo*, and the rest of the Imaginary Gods of *Heathens*. So Sacred has *Poetry* been esteem'd in all Ages, so *Charming*, and so *Comprehensive*, that they always judg'd what-ever was design'd for the Praises of Gods, Kings and Heroes, or for the common and universal Use, Profit and Pleasure of all Men, ought to be delivered in numbers, in Verse, as destin'd to all that was Sublime and Great. To this we owe the Geneology, and

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noble Deeds of the Kings and Commanders in *Homer*, the common Father of all Poets, and in *Virgil* his Competitor of Glory; these being wrote in noble Verse, fill our Minds with fresh and wonderful pleasure, e'ry time we peruse them.

To proceed to the several Institutes of our Life, particularly the spurs to Virtues, and flight from Vice, the purgation of the manners, *&c.* The Funeral Griefs, and Lamentations on the Dead, and finally all those particulars that the Accidents of humane Life produce, desirable or pleasant, all which are, and have been the subjects of Poems: Whence the antient Greek Authors reduc'd all things divine and humane, to five Heads.

The first they termed ποιαγικὸν, under which they seem compendiously to have plac'd all that was referr'd to the *Praises* of the Gods, the Rights of *Religion*, and the Victories of the *Heroes*, and the Celebration of noble Acts. The second ἐγκωμιαστικὸν, in which the Virtues of great and extraordinary Men, were prais'd, as *Elogium* and *Panegyrics*. The third σωφρονιστικὸν, the use of which was to express the Virtues that tended to the purging and probity of the Manners. The forth θρηνητικὸν, which performed the Funeral Sorrows and Lamentations. The fifth they call'd ὀρχηματικὸν, under which was contain'd all that could be conducive to the Delight and Pleasures of Mankind.

Poetry having been always generously imploy'd none can call in question the Nobility and Excellence of its Subject and Matter. Tho' some perhaps may object, that Phylosophy, Law, and History, *&c.* treat of other things of a higher Nature, whilst they discover things from their Causes, or by Arguments, prove to others those that are already discover'd: But they are but very raw Novices in the Academy of Poetry, who are ignorant that the Elements or first Foundation of most, if not all Arts, as well as their progress, are deriv'd from Poetry, and the best Authors of all times have granted the Poets the first Philosophers.

For from this Treasure, or Ocean of Arts and Sciences, are all the Rivulets of Learning sprung, and have lifted up their Heads; nay, they have abundantly drawn whatever they contain of Pleasure or Artifice, from *Poetry*, as from the vast and Mother Receptacle of all the Mellifluous Waters of Eloquence. To this we may add, what *Strabo* says, *viz. Poeticem Antiqui vocant Primariam quandam Philosophiam, quæ nos a pueris ad vitam instituat, & cum Voluptate doceat, cujusmodi Mores & affectus, & Actiones nostras esse conveniat. Quin nostri homines Poetam vel solum sapientem esse pertribuerunt; ob eamq; rem civitates Græciæ pueros primum omnium Poeticis erudiunt: non utiq; meræ oblectationis gratiâ, sed ut prudentiæ modestiæq; præceptis imbuantur*, i. e. *The Antients term'd* Poesie *a more excellent kind of Philosophy, which shou'd from our Childhood inform our Lives, and teach us with* Pleasure,

Pleaſure, *what our Manners, our Paſſions, and our Actions ought to be. Nay, our Countrymen wou'd ſcarce admit any into the Number of Wiſe Men, but Poets; and for this Reaſon, the Cities of* Greece *ground Boys firſt of all in Poetry: not meerly for their Delight, but that they may be inſtructed in the Precepts of* Modeſty, *and Prudence, or Wiſdom.*

And juſtly too did the Ancients tearm *Poetry*, a more excellent Philoſophy; for if the Excellence of a thing depend on its more or leſs aptneſs to obtain the End 'tis deſign'd for, this Prerogative is juſtly given to Poetry: The End of Philoſophy is to form in the Mind Idea's, and habits of Virtue, and they are fixt there better by Pleaſure than Pain, becauſe the Mind is naturally averſe to Pain, and propenſe to Pleaſure. But the ſtiff, and difficult Method of thoſe who are *Simply* Philoſophers, perplexes us too much with Metaphyſical Notions, Logical Diſtinctions, and a long train of Arguments, which gives the Mind a fatigue to gain the Knowledge it aims at; whereas the Poetic Philoſopher propoſes a fairer, more adequate, compendious and comprehenſive Inſtruction, which the Mind is ſo far from labouring to Unriddle, and Underſtand, that it at firſt ſight perceives it, is in Love with its Beauty, and greedily takes the charming Impreſſions it gives, whilſt convey'd into it by Melodious Numbers, betwitching Expreſſion, Mighty Thoughts, and Illuſtrious Examples. That Great Poet and Critic *Horace* declares how fit he thinks Poetry for the Inſtruction of Youth in the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book.

Os tenerum pueri balbumq; Poëta figurat;
Torquet ab obſcænis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam Pectus præceptis format amicis
Aſperitatis, & Invidiæ, corrector & Iræ, &c.

The other admirable Verſes that follow theſe, you are, Sir, extreamly well acquainted with, which ſo beautifully ſet off the ſeveral Advantages of Poetry. And *Hieronimus Vida* (one of the beſt Italian Poets that have writ in Latin as *Rapin* aſſures us) in the First Book of his Poetics is of the ſame Mind—

Poſtquam igitur primas fundi puer hauſerit artes
Jam nunc incipiat riguos accedere fontes
Et Phæbum, & Dulces Muſas aſſueſcat Amare.

Add to this what *Horace* ſays in his *de Arte Poetica*,

——— *Fuit hæc Sapientia quondam*
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra Prophanis, &c.

and the Ten following Verſe which I have not room here to quote. *Eraſmus*, that wanted no Wit, calls it a Banquet compos'd of all the Delicacies, and Quinteſſence of all other Arts, and Sciences. And *Melanchon* places the Excellence of Poetry for the penetration into Mens Minds, next to the Sacred Scriptures, eſpecially Tragedy.

Poets being, as you ſee, the Darling Sons of the Gods, born to great and ſublime things, and

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the Correctors and Guides of Common Life, they have not, without Reason, been esteem'd by the greatest Monarchs, and Potentates of the World, and made Instructors and Tutors to Kings, and Princes: I speak of true Poets, not of of the little Mushromes of *Parnassus*, the Street-repeating Poetasters. Thus *Linus* was the Tutor to *Hercules*, the tamer of Monsters, and Tyrants; And *Alexander* the Great, with veneration, respected *Homer*, as the Guide, and Director of his Life, reading his Works daily, in the heat and hurry of the Conquest of the World, and slept with them under his Pillow. *Ennius* instructed that great General *Scipio Africanus* in Poetry, which he judg'd so advantageous to him, that he took him with him in his most weighty Expeditions, and chose to be Bury'd in the same Tomb with the Poet. Nothing has to me given a greater instance of *Cæsar*'s value for Poets, than the Welcome he gave *Catullus* to his Table, the same day he had fix'd such a Brand of Infamy upon him as remains in *Catullus* his Works to this day. *Augustus*, both the Patron, and Judge of the Muses, Caress'd that Noble Pair of Poets, *Horace* and *Virgil*, as his most intimate and bosom Friends, honor'd them as his Masters, and shower'd his Beneficent Favours on them, who, without doubt in return, introduc'd him to the Sacred *Penetralia* of the *Muses*, the divine Retreats of *Apollo*: which made this Emperor keep the Birth-day of *Virgil* e'ery Year, as if 'twere the auspicious Feast of his own Success. The Emperor *Julian* made the

Greek Lyric Poet *Bacchylides* his Master, or Director; and *Gratian* after he had made a great progress in the most generous of Learning, he honour'd and advanc'd his Master *Ausonius* ev'n to the Consulship. And *Arcadius* and *Honorius* erected a Monument to the Memory of *Claudian*, in the *forum* of *Trajan*.

But nothing, in my opinion, challenges the Esteem of the World more for this Art, than that it Corrects thus the Barbarity, and Sordidness that so generally rules Mankind, and destroys, that Happiness we falsly aim at by other means,

Emollit Mores (as *Ovid* has it) *nec sinit esse feros.*

A Man may be a *Divine*, and yet be Covetous, and Deceitful, two Banes of Piety, Religion, and Morality; but a Poet cannot be guilty either of Avarice or Deceit, I mean a True Poet, a *Virgil*, a *Horace*, A *Dryden*, a *Waller*. And,

——— *Si carmina condes*
Numquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.
Hor. Art. Poet.

And,

———*Vatis avarus,* (*num*:
Non temere est animus: Versus amat, hoc studet u-
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, Incendia ridet:
Non fraudem Socio, Puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo: Vivit siliquis, & pane secundo
Militiæ quanquam piger & Malus, utilis Urbi.

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There is no need of prosecuting the point of Esteem the Poets have been in, in the better Ages of the World, I will not therefore insist on the Seven Cities of *Greece*, that strove for the Glory of Giving Birth to *Homer*, nor on *Alexander*, who, when he took, sack'd, and burnt *Thebes*, spar'd the House of *Pindar*, and fixt this Verse over the Door.

Πινδάρου τὸ μουσοποιὸ ἢ σίγαν μὴ κάιετε,
Burn not Pindar's *House*,

the same respect was shew'd his House by the *Lacedemonians* when they destroy'd *Thebes*. I'll say nothing of the honour paid to the Memory of *Stesichorus*, in the Octogonal Monument at the Gates of *Catana* in *Sicily*. 'Twou'd be superfluous to take notice of the Value *Polycrates* had for *Anacreon*, *Archelaus* for *Euripides*, the King of *Ægypt* and *Macedon* for *Menander*; *Ptolomæus Philadelphus* for *Callimachus*; and what I have said before of the *Latins* may suffice. But 'tis no wonder that the Politer Nations shou'd have this Esteem for the Divinest of Arts, since the very *Danes*, look'd upon of Old as more Barbarous, have yet discover'd all a-long such a veneration for Poets, and *Poesie*, that on the Death of one of their Kings, they exalted a Poet to the Throne, as the most worthy to succeed the Prince, he cou'd Praise so well; as *Saxo Grammaticus*, and *Joan. Bocerus* testifie.

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Without doubt by this time 'tis sufficiently evident, That if any Art merits Esteem, either for the Antiquity of its Origine, or the Nobility of its Subject, Poetry must be granted the Prerogative of Precedence in Honor. Wherefore I shall say no more for a Proof of these two points of its Original and Subject, but now turn our Consideration to the third Branch of my Division, *viz.* The End and Profit, or advantage of *Poetry*.

The Philosophers lay down two principal kinds of Studies, which are indeed different, but not opposite; that is, the *Contemplative* and the *Practical*, and they give the preference to the former, because Contemplation is pleasant for and in its self, and therefore more Noble; but the Practical *quatenus* practical is so only in regard of something else, and therefore less Noble than Contemplation. But 'tis sufficiently evident, that the Study of Poetry is for the most part Contemplative: Since no Poet is capable of forming any Noble Poem, with elaborateness and perfection, unless he first *dispose* his Speculations, and before consider, and weigh the Materials, and the peculiar Artifice that must be us'd in setting them off to their best advantage, and in the true Light, and Colours. And one thing is here to be observ'd, That a Poet through his whole performance, both whil'st he contrives, invents, and puts his Thoughts in Metre, is still at the same time contemplating, so that he's compos'd of Speculation and Action, whereas other Studies either only contemplate, or only precisely put in Execution the destin'd Actions.

ctions. Firſt therefore, in that way *Poetry* is *Uſeful* in its ſelf, and therefore admitting the former Axiom of the Philoſophers, to be valu'd and perſu'd, becauſe Speculative. And Secondly, 'Tis Uſeful in regard of ſomething elſe, becauſe the Poetical Writings chiefly contain, the moſt beautiful, and inviting Doctrines, and Inſtructions, the beſt of Precepts for the happy and laudable directing of our Lives; Noble Sayings, and Deeds, Virtues, Rights and Manners of Nations. From all which, that may be choſen for the common benefit of Mankind, that is moſt juſtly imitable, and worthy in Virtue, that avoided, that is moſt abominable and deteſted in Vice.

, *Contemplation* and *Thinking* is peculiarly the Poet's Buſineſs, on this Depends all the Beauties of Thought, and Expreſſion. By uſing much to *Think*, they come to a juſtneſs and trueneſs of *Thought*, they run not away by halves, with imperfect Appearances that pleaſe the Imagination; they are not taken with all that gliſters, but by much *Thinking* dive into the Nature of Things, and fix the Judgment to decide the Truth, or falſity of what is Charming, and Beautiful, and what ſeems ſo, at a ſudden view. Hence proceed Juſtneſs, Proportion, and Harmony, without all which a Poet loſes half his Glory, and Reputation with good Judges. From hence 'tis evident, That the End of Poetry is Noble, ſince it reaches the greateſt Pleaſure and the ſureſt Profit, of our Minds, and of our Life. Since 'tis directed to the Praiſe, of the Omnipotent, the

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Celebration of Virtues, the Rewards and Glory of Noble Acts, the Punishment and Infamy of Evil: Since to it we owe all the increases of our Knowledge; and finally, since it effects all these nobler Ends it aims at.

But methinks, Sir, I hear you say, What needs all this to prove the Excellence of a Science, that carries a Natural Worth with it, and that so clearly, that like an innate Principle 'tis confess'd by all self-evident? for there is none, however dull, but does, or has attempted Poetry, with more or less success, whil'st other Artts, and Sciences are not so universally caress'd. All pretend not to Philosophy, Mathematics, Law, Physic, or desire to be thought Proficients in those Arts; but ev'ry one wou'd be thought a Poet, as if without being so, he cou'd not be thought a Man, so essential to Mankind does the universal and unanimous Ambition and Aim at it of ev'ry Man make it. I grant you, Sir, this is a sufficient Argument to any sensible Man, that considers it. But how few reflect on this, when they run down what they cou'd not obtain on their Endeavour; the greatest Railer against this divine Art, wou'd be proud to Father an excellent Poem. And it must be granted by them, That the greatest Philosophers, Historians, Orators, Physicians, Divines, Princes, Kings and Emperors of all Ages have discover'd this Desire we mention, and have made it evident, That they either were, or fain wou'd be Poets.

To pass over the Hebrews we have already men-

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tion'd among the *Roman* Emperors, how few but have discover'd this Ambition? *Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Nero, Adrian, Gratian, Theodosius, Honorius*, &c. Those of *Julius Cæsar*.

Feltria perpetuo nivium damnata rigore
Forte mihi posthâc non adeunda vale.

Augustus often exercis'd this Faculty, particularly on *Virgil*'s desire that his *Æneids* might be burnt; which begin thus:

Ergone supremis potuit vox improba verbis
Tam dirum mandare Nefas? Ergo ibit in ignes
Magnaq; doctiloqui morietur Musa Maronis? &c.

Seneca gives us this Verse of *Nero*'s composing with this Commendatory Introduction, 1. *De Natur. Quæst. Cap.* 5. *Quid ergo fit? Colorem non Imaginem ducunt; alioquin ut ait* Nero Cæsar *disertissime.*

Colla Cytheriacæ Splendent agitata Columbæ.

More of his we might borrow from *Persius*, if we believe his Interpreters. *Adrian* returns the Poet *Florus* his Complement sent him in these Verses,

Ego nolo Florus Esse
Ambulare per Tabernas
Latitare per popinas
Culices pati rotundas.

Nay,

Nay, he was so very Poetical, that when he was a dying, he Versify'd on his Soul,

Anima vagula blandula
Hospes comesq; corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in locæ
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos?

Those that are attributed to *Gallienus*, have more of a Poet, which he repeated at the Wedding of his Nephews, as *Trebellius Pollio* has it; holding them by the Hands;

Ite ait, ô pueri, pariter sudate Medullis
Omnibus inter vos; non murmura vestra columbæ
Brachia non hederæ, non vincant Oscula conchæ.

And to say truth, 'tis pitty *Gallienus* ever spoil'd an Emperor since he wou'd have made an excellent Poet; for as *Trebellius* confesseth, *fuit enim* Gallienus, *quod negari non potest, oratione, Poemate, atq; Omnibus artibus Clarus. For* Gallienus *was*, says he, *eminent in Oratory; Poetry, and all other Arts.* And indeed his horrid Remissions proceeded from his being content with whatever fortune wou'd let him have; he wanted Ambition, and was, as *Horace* describes a Poet, *Militiæ piger & malus. Julian*'s Epigrams are to be found in the Anthology; and *Ausonius* informs us, that *Theodosius* was no small pretender to Poetry in these Verses.

Bel-

Bellandi fandiq; potens Auguſtus, honorem
Bis meret, ut geminet titulas: qui prælia Muſis
Temperat, & Geticum Moderatur Apolline Martem.
Arma inter Cimbroſq; truces, furtoq; nocentes
Sauromatas, quantum ceſſat de tempore belli
Indulget latiis tantùm inter caſtra Camænis, &c.

In ſhort, tho' the Spirit of Poetry decay'd among the *Romans*, with their Empire, yet was there ſcarce one that did not make ſome pretences to the Muſes. Nay, look among the Clergy of former Ages, and you ſhall find *Popes*, *Biſhops*, *Cardinals*, *&c.* ſtand candidates for the Bays, as well as *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Democritus*, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Ariſtotle*, among the *Philoſophers* and *Legiſlators*; among the undignified Divines, *Melanchton*, *Beza*, *Jacomatus*, *Artomedes*, *&c.* the Civilians, *Ulpian*, *Modeſtinus*, *Alciatus*, *Budæus*, *Turnebus*, and a great many others, too numerous to be here inſerted among the Phyſitians, *Anſonius*, *Fracaſtorius*, *Cordus*, *Lotichius Secundus*, *Sinetius*, *Poſthius*, *Sambucus*, *&c.* Nay, ev'n among the Critics, a moroſe Generation, the *Scaliger's* Father and Son, the *Douſa's* Father and Son, *Cameranus*, *Mycillus*, *Stigelius*, *&c.* among the Hiſtorians, *Buchanan*, *Natales Comes*, *Lil. Gyraldus*, *Racipius*, *Meibonius*, *Baudius*, *&c.* Among the Rhetoricians, *Pontanus*, *Angel. Politianus*, &c.

Thus much for Exotics; but (Sir) ſhould I pretend to number the Poets, and Pretenders to Poetry in our own Nation, as 'twou'd be ſuperfluous, ſo 'twou'd be endleſs. Search all Ranks and

and Degrees of Men, from the *Beau* Lord, to the homely Swain, a keeping his Sheep, or driving his Hoggs; and as *Cupid*, so has *Apollo* been at work with 'em; the *Silvia*'s and *Maria*'s, the *Jones* and *Sue* have had their respective Tribute of Rhime, and from the grave Doctor of Divinity, to the little Country Curate, with his Problematic Crambo's, and Hypothetic Propositions: So that there can be no more doubt made of the former Assertion of all Men's Desires and Pretensions to it, than that those are a Proof of its received Excellence.

Before I conclude this Essay, I shall obviate two or three Objections, made by some old morose Sparks, that have out-liv'd that little Sense their more sprightly years afforded them, and some Precisians, that build Piety and Godliness in Spiritual Railings, and a mortify'd Phiz, which are but *Feints*, or Blinds to Observers.

The first is, that 'tis a very useless and unprofitable Study, no Estates to be got by it, at least in this Age: That it contributes meerly to Pleasure, not to our knowledge. To the first I answer, that 'tis very true, that there is no hopes of rising to be an Alderman by Poetry; but then I must tell them, 'tis not for those to apply themselves to't, that place the Desires of their Souls on Mony; for as they'll never obtain that end by it, so will they never reach any Excellence in the Art, as being not destin'd by nature to it; for to a Poet, Heaven gives a large and noble Soul, above the Narrow aim of Baggs and Hords of Treasure; and

thus

hus far I ſhall grant it an unprofitable Study, as *Petronius Arbiter* has witneſs'd long ago:

Qui Pelago credit, magno ſe fœnore tollit
Qui Pugnas, & Caſtra petit, præcingitur Auro,
Vilis Adulator picto jacet ebrius Oſtro,
Et qui ſollicitat nuptas ad Præmia peccat:
Sola Pruinoſis horret Facundia Pannis
Atq; inopi linguâ deſertas invocat Artes.

No, there are the roaring Billows, The Camp, the Court, and the City allotted by Fate for thoſe that thirſt for Wealth; the Muſes love Tranquility, an Eaſie and Contented State, and teach their Darlings, that

Nec vixit male qui Natus mori enſq; fefellit.

The Riches the Poet gains is Fame: It terminates not with this life like Money, and Eſtate, nor can his Spendthrift Son laviſh the mighty Store he has laid up, as the Miſer's Son does what his Father got from Fools or Knaves. Nay, the Uſefulneſs of this Study is oppoſite to getting Eſtates as they are generally got: It puniſhes Avarice, rewards Generoſity, ſoftens the Mind from Barbarity to Compaſſion for the Miſeries of others, cleanſes it from Deceit and Hypocriſie, elevates it from little baſe Deſigns, to Noble and Open Actions, and ſo through all the Ends and Uſes of this Divine Art.

As to the Second *that it contributes meerly to our* Pleaſure, *not* Knowledge, that is evidently falſe, both from what has been ſaid, and from a Conſideration that it yields not only a Neceſſary, but Noble *Knowledge*, that is, of Men, of Manners, of Virtue, *&c.* Nor is there any Study or Art but has been attempted in Poetry, as a ſhort view will make evident. To paſs over *David* and the *Hebrew* Poets, whoſe Excellencies are loſt by the general Ignorance, not only of the Language they wrote in, but the Cuſtom, *&c.* on which many of the Beauties depend. *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Horace*, &c. have celebrated the Praiſes of the Divine Power, tho' under the Names of their Suppoſititious Gods, and Goddeſſes. Among the Chriſtians, we find *Prudentius*, *Juvencus*, *Arator*, *Vidas*, *Mauritius*, *Sannazarius*, *Vulteius*, and an innumerable Company of Sacred Writers. Aſtrology, Aſtronomy, *&c.* has been treated of by *Livius*, *Aratus*, *Palingenius*, *Manillius*, *Buchanan*, &c. Phyſic's by *Heſiod*, *Macer*, *Lucretius*, *Empedocles*, and others. Husbandry by *Heſiod*, *Virgil*, &c. Paſtoral Life and Sports, *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, *Calphurnius*, *Dantes*, &c. Hunting has been diſcours'd of by *Gratius Nemeſianus*, *Natales Comes*, &c. Tragedy (which affords us a hundred admirable Leſſons of Knowledge, and Improvement) we owe chiefly to *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. Tho' I think our Engliſh Tragedians, have excell'd them, particularly Mr. *Dryden*, who in ſome of his Plays, I ſhall always think, has abundantly out done *Sophocles*. Then for the

Acts

Acts of Heroes, we have *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Pindar*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Cowly*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, &c. this is a sort of Poem which *Horace* thinks more Instructive than Philosophy, in his second Epistle of his first Book to *Lollius*.

Trojani belli scriptorem maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi. (quidnon,
Quiquid sit Pulchrum, *quid* Turpe, *quid* Utile,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

Nor are the Amorous Essays of *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, *Gallus*, *Catullus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, with abundance of the Moderns, to be thought ill of by the Precisians, as we shall by and by prove, but granted Improvers of our Knowledge in the Nature of the passions, the fatigues, and pleasures of Love, as well as the Dangers and Impertinences of Intrigue. *Oppian* wrote of Fishes, *Nicander* of Antidotes against the biting of Venemous Beasts, of Herbs, and Gardening. *Macer* and *Palladius*, of Plants. Mr. *Cowly*, of Medicine, *Serenus*, *Sammonicus*, and *Marcellius*: Of Weights, and Measures, Q. *Rhemnius Fannus Palæmon*; which Book by some is attributed to *Priscian*. *Phocylides*, and *Pythagoras*, writ in Verse of the Precepts of Virtue, and *Solon*, and *Tyrtæus*, of Politics or the Administration of the Common-Wealth. Wholsom, and Instructive *Satyr*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*; Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Wicherly* in his *Plain-dealer*, and other Poets have given us; nor are the little Epigrammatists to be forgot, having

their Uſe and Diverſion, tho', I confeſs my ſelf no Admirer of that ſort of Poetry, if it merit that Name.

From hence 'tis Evident, That we may not only learn all that can be advantageous to our Knowledge, and by conſequence that the accuſation is falſe, that it ſerves only to Pleaſure; but alſo that All things that are the Subjects of this Soveraign of Sciences.

There remains yet an Objection, ſome Men make no ſmall buſtle about, *viz.* That Poetry is "too prophane in making uſe of ſo many falſe "*Gods*, and *Goddeſſes*, *Fanus*, *Satyrs*, and *Nymphs*, "and the reſt of the gay Race of Fancy; and "that they ſcatter the Seeds of Debauchery in "the Minds of Youth, by their Amorous Verſes, "their Luſtful Songs, *&c.* for which Reaſon "ev'n *Plato* Baniſh'd them from his Common-"Wealth.

The firſt part of this Objection, I'm confident, you'll think extreamly ridiculous, and that it merits not to be taken Notice of. But when you ſhall remember that in the Third Century the Chriſtians were ſo Zealous, as to forbid the reading of all Heathen Authors, particularly Poets, on this Account, and conſider, that we have ſome ſtill of the ſame Mind here in *England*, that wou'd not have the Name of *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus* (no, not in *Propria quæ Maribus*) come into their Childrens Mouths, eſpecially their Worſhips, their Lovers, *&c.* I hope you will allow that 'tis not wholly unneceſſary to clear ev'n this Objection.

'Tis

'Tis true, these Fables cannot be condemn'd by any, but by those who are incapable to dive into the admirable use of 'em. They must consider, that ev'ry Art, as well as ev'ry Language, has its peculiar Beauties and Proprieties of Elocution, to take which away (especially if, as Poets particularly do, we represent Antiquity) is to render it almost insipid, and without its most taking quality Pleasure, that best conveys Instruction. Rob Poetry of this Beauty of the Fables and the Gods (I mean the ancient Poems, so full of admirable Instruction by their means given us with Pleasure, and Delight) and you destroy the Excellence of the best of Poets, rendring their Poems Imperfect, and Lame; and if any Christian Poets makes use of these Gods, there is no fear certainly of their paying them any Veneration, when they only employ them as the Vehicles of their Designs. But enough on this Point.

The other of the Looseness of Amorous Verses; 'tis a part of the Knowledge of the World, to have a perfect view of all the Effects of Love, all its Ways, Manners, and Expressions; and those who forbid the Reading of these, take away an admirable Guide to those that must Live where not to be in Love, or have to do with those that are so, is impossible, and Scandalous ev'n in the Pretence. There are other advantages of the lewdest Essays of this Nature, which a Man of Sense will make of them, and none, indeed, shou'd read those but such. And that *Plato* banish'd Poets out of his Common-Wealth, yet cou'd he write things

of a more lewd Strain than the Worſt of 'em, witneſs theſe Verſes on the Kiſſing of *Agatho*, done from his Greek by *Decimus Laberius*.

Dum Semihulco ſavio
Meum Puellum Savior
Dulcemq; florem Spiritûs
Duco ex aperto Tramite:
Anima tunc ægra & Saucia
Cucurrit ad Labia mihi,
Rictumq; in oris pervium
Et labra pueri Mollia
Rimata Itineri tranſitus
Ut tranſiliret nititur.
Tum ſi, moræ quid pluſculæ
Fuiſſet in Coitu Oſculæ
Amoris igni percita
Tranſiſſet, & me linqueret.
Et mira prorſum res foret,
Ut ad me fierem Mortuus
Ad puerum ut intus Viverem.

Petronius himſelf has ſcarce gone beyond this with his *Gyton*, &c. And his

Qualis nox fuit illa dii deæq;
Quam Mollis torcus! hæſimus calentes
Et transfudimus hinc, & hinc labellis
Errantes animas. Valete curæ!
Mortalis ego ſic perire cæpi.

Plato's

Plato's Republic was but a *Eutopia* at beſt, and aim'd at new ways of forming the Minds of Men by Laws, not ſo agreeable perhaps to Man's Nature, as more Politic Legiſlators have compos'd, who receiv'd this Noble Art, and honor'd its Profeſſors with Public Veneration; being ſenſible that it was the ſureſt, and beſt Inſtructrix of Mankind, but that it gave Immortality to thoſe that favour'd it with their Protection, and Generoſity.

O ſacer, & magnus vatum labor, omnia Fato,
Eripis, & populis donas mortalibus ævum.

Whoever wou'd raiſe his Mind above the Vulgar taſt, and form in his Breaſt noble Deſigns, muſt apply himſelf to a reading of the Poets; as *Petronius Arbiter* has it.

Artis ſeveræ ſiquis amat effectus
Mentemq; Magnis applicat——
——Det primos verſibus annos
Mæoniumq; bibat fælici pectore fontem.

As there is a Natural Excellence in being a Poet, ſo is there in Eſteeming one and nothing, ſhews the Degeneracy of an Age more, in Honor, as well as ſenſe, than a Contempt of this Divine Science, and the true Maſters of it. So that I muſt infer that this Preſent Age is at a very low Ebb of Both; that, tho' bleſs'd with as great Poets as ever *Greece* or *Rome* produc'd has ſo very

little regard to them, as not to make Public Sacrifices of its Droſs to the Uſe of *Two* ſuch Extraordinary Men. There is a *Plebeian* Genius ſpread among us, and Generous and Noble Acts, are contemn'd and laugh'd at. But then, Sir, in ſo general a Defect to be Singular in Taſt, challenges the more Honor; and this makes me aſham'd to offer ſo unpoliſh'd and haſty a piece as this at your Feet, who are not only an excellent Judge of the moſt difficult Things, and ev'n in the firſt Bloom of your Youth, have Maſter'd the whole Circle of the Sciences, but alſo have a peculiar Eſteem for this I plead for, and by your admirable Choice of thoſe you converſe with, ſhew you can let none of your Hours be loſt, either with trifling Books in your Study, or Impertinent Coxcombs in your Converſation: I ſhou'd not have the Vanity to ſay this, were I ſo happy as to be often bleſs'd with your Company, I catch it but now and then unwilling to make *you* do Pennance for *my* Satisfaction; and this Conſideration will oblige me to put an end to this Eſſay, only deſiring your leave publickly to declare my ſelf what I am; That is,

SIR,

Your real Friend and humble Servant.

To

To Mr. T. S. *in Vindication of Mr.* Milton's *Paradiſe loſt.*

SIR,

YOU will pardon me, I am confident, tho' in Oppoſition to your Thoughts, I poſitively declare my ſelf extreamly well pleas'd with that part of Mr. *Milton*'s moſt excellent Poem, to which you diſcover the leaſt Inclination: Thoſe *Antient*, and conſequently *leſs Intelligible* Words, Phraſes, and Similies, by which he frequently, and *purpoſedly* affects to expreſs his Meaning, in my Opinion do well ſuit with the *Venerable Antiquity*, and *Sublime Grandeur* of his Subject. And how much ſoever ſome *Unthinking* have Condemn'd this his Choice. *You*, who have Maturely weigh'd, how much deeper an Impreſſion *leſs us'd*, (ſo they be what you will grant his always are) *Significant words*, make on a *Readers* fancy, than ſuch as are *more common*; (you I ſay) muſt pay a vaſt deference to Mr. *Milton*'s great *Judiciouſneſs* in this particular, no leſs than to his *entire Manage* of every part of that *Charming Poem*, in which upon every Occaſion he diſcovers himſelf a perfect, unimitable *Maſter of Language*. Here are you forc'd to give a profound Attention to the *Univerſal Creator*, ſpeaking like *that Almighty*, who by the *Fiat* of

his

his Mouth made all things, and yet so *Gracious* are All his *Expressions*, as if he valued himself more on his *Good Will to Man*, than on his *Prerogative* over him: There, shall you read *Man*, addressing himself *Submissively* like a *Creature*, who owes his Being to a better, wiser, and higher power, and yet not so *Abjectly*, but you will easily perceive him to be *Lord* of the whole Creation. *Elsewhere*, you may see an *Angel* discovering himself, not a Little *Man's Superior* by Creation, in *Place* and *Power* more, but in *Knowledge* most of all. In *another place*, behold *Woman*, appearing *Inferiour* to both these, and yet more *Ambitious* than either, but then *softer*, much in her *Make* and *Manners*, than her *rougher Spouse*, whom *down right Sincerity*, and unaffected plainness, seem mostly to Delight. Nor can I now forget with what *vast complacency* we have oft together read the most *Natural*, *Lively*, yet (as their Sexes) different Descriptions, our first *Parents*, separately make of their own Apprehensions of themselves, at their *first finding* themselves *Living Creatures*. Nay, the very *fallen Angels* are much Honour'd above the best of their deserts, by the *Amazing Relation*, we there meet with of their *Ambition*, *Malice*, *Inveteracy*, and *Cunning*; and never was *Scene*, so livelily shown, as that of his *Pandæmonium* in the first Book. Once more, and you are no less astonisht at his *Description*, than he makes the *Angels*, to be at the Report of their Adversaries Thund'ring Fire-works. And yet, if his Matter requires a *Meaner Style*, how much soever he

he ſpeaks *Loftily* at one time, at another does, even to a *Miracle*, ſuit his *Speech* to his *Subject*. This (I well know) has been cenſur'd in him for *Servile creeping*; but if 'tis well *conſider'd*, upon what *proper Occaſion* he thus *humbles* his Style, 'twill be *Accounted*, (as really it is) his *Great Commendation*: But in praiſe of Mr. *Milton*'s admirable Dexterity in this his *Matchleſs Performance*, ſince All I can ſay muſt come exceeding ſhort of his *due Merit*, that I bring not my ſelf under the Correction of that known ſaying, *Præſtat de Carthagine tacere quam pauca dicere*. I ſhall venture to add no more but this; tho' the Compoſing ſuch a *compleat Poem* on ſuch, a no leſs *Obſcure*, than *weighty* Subject, was a *Task* to be perform'd by Mr. *Milton* only, yet 'tis not out of doubt, whether *himſelf* had ever been able ſo to Sing of *Unrevealed Heavenly Myſteries*, had he not been altogether depriv'd of his *Outward Sight*, and thereby made capable of ſuch *continued Strenuous, Inward Speculations*: as he who has the uſe of his *Bodily Eyes*, cannot poſſibly become poſſeſt with. *This* however muſt be Granted, as indubitably true; The *bountiful Powers* above, did more than make him amends for their taking away his Sight, by ſo *Illumining* his Mind, as to enable him *moſt compleatly* to ſing of *Matchleſs Beings, Matchleſs Things*, before *unknown* to, and even *unthought* of by the whole Race of Men; thus rewarding him for a *Temporary Loſs*, with an *Eternal Fame*, of which *Envy* it ſelf ſhall not be able

ever

ever to deprive this *best of* Poems, for its most *Judicious Author*.

In this Faith I Subscribe my self,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

To J. H. Esq, *In Answer to the Question, Who was the Greatest* English-Man.

SIR,

I Am extreamly sensible under how many disadvantages I undertake the Resolution of your demand, *who was the greatest Englishman?* And but that I have this Satisfaction left me, that where the Meanness of my Thought is Inconsistent with the Eminency of his Virtues, and my ill management of the whole, looks like a lessening the Grandeur of his Actions, you will discover at once Goodness enough to pardon me, and to entertain an agreeable Opinion of my *Heroe*; (but for this I say) I had not dar'd thus to expose my own Weakness, and his Worthiness.

SIR,

SIR,

I have pitch'd upon *Thomas Cromwell*, Earl of *Eſſex*, and Viceregent of *England*, for this *Man of Ten Thouſand*: A Man, who by his Merit alone rais'd himſelf from the meaneſt Condition, to the higheſt Honour: A Man in nothing unhappy, ſo much as to have liv'd in the Reign of *Henry* the VIII. of whom it was truly ſaid, "*That he never ſpar'd Woman in his Luſt, or his beſt Favourite in the Wrath.* In whoſe chiefeſt Eſteem our *Cromwell* did yet a long time remain: Admir'd by his Friends, dreaded by his Enemies, careſt by all, and in one Word, inveſted with a more Extenſive Power, than any Subject of *England* was ever before, or ſince poſſeſs'd of. He was born at *Putney*, in *Surrey*, where his Father liv'd, an honeſt *Blackſmith*. In all the little Paſſages of his Youth, he diſcover'd an Active Tow'ring Diſpoſition, fond of Travelling, and covetous of Employments, much greater than his Deſcent, or Education could pretend to; tho' Nature, the better to qualifie him for the *Grandeur*, to which he was deſign'd, had endow'd him with an apprehenſive Wit, a diſcerning Judgment, a prodigious Memory, a Florid Elocution, and a reſolute Soul, not to be diſcompoſed by the greateſt Dangers.

By what helps he croſt the Seas, I know not; but there I find him in the Year 1510. perfect in many Languages, and after a while aſſociating himſelf to ſome Perſons, deputed by the Town of *Boſton*, to procure them two Pardons, for which

which they had been long Solliciting in vain at *Rome*. *Cromwell* obſerving that the Delays caus'd by the *Pope*'s Miniſters, proceeded only from their Griping Diſpoſition, reſolv'd by a *Witty* Stratagem to effect that, which by Reaſon and Importunity he could not: having one day prepar'd ſome delicious Jellies after the *Engliſh* manner, as the *Pope* was returning from Hunting, he approach'd him with theſe, and a Song, wherewith the *Old Father Julius* being extreamly delighted; upon Enquiry after their Buſineſs and Country, he immediately ſtamp'd their Pardons, and order'd 'em a Diſpatch, having firſt learnt the Manners of preparing a Diſh ſo agreeable to his *Holineſs*'s Palate. And this little Contrivance is the more remarkable; for that the Court of *Rome*, which goes beyond all others in *Intriguing*, were hereby fairly Outwitted: He ſerved afterwards in the Duke of *Bourbon*'s Army at the Siege of *Rome*, and was in the *French* Camp at the Defeat of *Gatillion*; as yet he had no true Senſe of Religion, tho' after his Journey to *Rome*, in which he got the *New Teſtament* by Heart, he began to be better acquainted with the Principles of *Chriſtianity*. Upon his Return into *England*, finding Cardinal *Wolſey* the only Man in Favour, he enter'd into his Service, and advanced himſelf therein conſiderably, by acquitting himſelf faithfully of all things, wherewith he was intruſted; here he diſcover'd ſuch forwardneſs in the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral *Monaſteries*, given by the *King* to the *Cardinal* his Maſter for building *Chriſt's Colledge*, *Oxon*; as

that

that thereby he procur'd himself such abundance of ill Will from the *Superstitious*, as that after the *Cardinals* Fall, he was represented to the *King*, as the worst of Men; and the *King*, the more easily credited, reports against him, because with much Zeal, and as much Ingenuity he pleaded the *Cardinals* Cause in the House of Commons, (of which he was then a Member) and this his Fidelity, to his declining Master, is the more worthy Praise, for that 'tis rare indeed to see any one stand by a *Falling Favourite*.

When *Cromwell* felt the Dissolution of *Wolsey's* Family, he endeavour'd to get into the King's Service; which Sir *Christopher Hales*, Master of the Rolls, and my Lord *Russell* happily brought about, tho' the *King* (as has been said) was prepossest exceedingly to his disadvantage: My Lord (with a Goodness inseparable from his Family) earnestly sollicited his Promotion, not only out of Gratitude (*Cromwell* having sav'd his Life at *Bononia*) but also because he found him most forward to promote a *Reformation* in Religion, to which his *Lordship* stood well affected; and it was one Great Argument, made use of to move the *King*) to favour him, that he was the most fit of all others to traverse the Intrigues of the *Popish* Clergy. The *King*, after having admitted him to his Presence, ask'd him some Questions, and heard his Complaints against the most Eminent Sticklers for the *Popes* Supremacys; and as a mark of his special Favour, he gave him the Ring from his Finger, and sent him to the *Convocation*,

vocation, which he having the *King*'s Signet boldly entred, and ſeating himſelf among the *Biſhops*, to their great Amazement and Confuſion, taxes them with ſuch Crimes as had brought them into ſuch a Præmunire, as that thereby (ſays he) you have forfeited all your Goods, Chattels, Lands, and whatever other Benefits you are poſſeſs'd of. By this means he enrich'd the *King*'s Coffer with 118840 *l.* which the Clergy had rais'd by Subſidy, that by Act of *Parliament* they might be quitted from the Præmunire, into which *Cromwell* demonſtrated they had run themſelves.

By ſuch ways he Ingratiated himſelf very much with the *King*, who now conferr'd the Honour of *Knighthood* upon him, made him *Maſter of the King*'s *Jewel Houſe*, and ſoon after admitted him into the *Privy Councel*; 1524 he was made *Maſter of the Rolls*, and in the year 1527 he was inſtall'd *Knight* of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*, and afterwards Created *Earl of Eſſex*, and *Lord Great Chamberlain* of *England*; and as the higheſt Mark of the *King*'s Affection and Eſteem for him, he was conſtituted Vicegerent in the *King*'s Abſence. Thus being rais'd to the very Pinacle of Honour, like a Politic and Faithful *Statesman*, he was continually ſtudying the Security of the *Government*, and the moſt proper methods for ſettling Peace and Tranquility throughout the whole Kingdom; and in order hereunto, he reſolved upon Correcting the Vices of the Age, encouraging Vertue, eſtabliſhing Good Orders, and reforming Corruptions: And for that was manifeſt, there

there would not be wanting great Endeavours to ſubvert the Government: while *Monaſteries* and ſuch like Religious Houſes (thoſe Sources of vicious plotting Wretches, whoſe Intereſt it was to adhere to the *Pope*) were not deſtroy'd, he induc'd the *King* to ſuppreſs firſt *Chauntries*, then the *ſmall Monaſteries*, and afterwards the *Abbys*, till all the Religious *Fraternities* of that ſort in *England* were diſſolv'd. And that he might be ſure of Succeſs in his Reſolution of ſettling the *Reformed Religion*, (of which he was a zealous Aſſerter, ſecuring the Profeſſors thereof from the *Popiſh Biſhops* Fury and Rage) he perſwades the *King* to ally himſelf to ſome *Proteſtant Prince*; and accordingly a Match was made with the Lady *Ann*, Siſter to the Prince of *Cleve*, by whoſe Protection the *Proteſtants* were very much Emboldn'd to a more public Profeſſion of their Religion. Thus did he fortunately carry on the *Reformation*, to the larger growth, whereof he gave an extraordinary aſſiſtance, by obtaining from the *King* a Grant for publiſhing the Bible in the *Engliſh* Tongue, whereby many were help'd to diſcern the Fallacies and Hereſies of the *Romiſh* Faith, who before had taken up with what Truth the *Prieſts* had put upon 'em. Who now are importunate for a *Convocation*, which the *King* ſummon'd to adjuſt Matters of Religion; in this Aſſembly *Cromwell* takes place of all the *Clergy*, by the Title of *Vicar General*, and diſputes ſtrenuouſly for the *Proteſtant* Faith. But his Zeal on this Account procur'd him not a few conſiderable Ene-

 nies,

mies, of whom Biſhop *Gardiner* (the moſt ſubtle and inveterate of all others) was ſtill labouring to bring about his ruin, which at length, with a great deal of Joy he thought he ſaw a fit time for the accompliſhment of, and herein, indeed, he was not miſtaken. The *King*, by an inconſtancy, natural to him, was grown weary of his *Queen*, and his Love was now plac'd upon the Lady *Katherine Howard*; this *Gardiner* obſerving, took the Liberty to tell the *King*, that 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for the Quiet of the Kingdom, and Security of the Succeſſion, to have an *Engliſh Queen*; and at ſame time, with abundance of Cunning, he inſtigates the *King* againſt *Cromwell*, as the ſole Cauſe of his unhappy Marriage with Q. *Ann*; and this ſo wrought upon his *Majeſty*, (who was ever violent in his Love and Hatred) that imagining *Cromwell* was the only Obſtacle to the *Repudiation* of his Wife, and his Match with *Katherine*, he ſo hearkn'd to the Accuſations of his *Enemies*, as to give Conſent that he ſhould be Arreſted: And accordingly by the Duke of *Norfolk* he was Arreſted in the *Council Chamber*, and committed to the *Tower*, where he lay not long before he was attainted of High Treaſon. Some of the *Articles* againſt him were, "That he had diſperſed many Erroneous Books contrary to the Faith of the *Sacrament*; that he had Licens'd many Preachers, ſuſpected of Hereſie; that he ſaid he would not turn to the *Pope*'s Obedience, tho' the *King* turn'd; but if the *King* did turn, he would fight in perſon againſt him; and drawing out his Dagger,

Dagger, wiſh'd that might pierce him to the Heart if he ſhou'd not do it; that hearing ſome Lords were plotting againſt him, he threaten'd he'd raiſe great Stirs in *England*. Tho' accus'd both of *High Treaſon* and *Hereſie*, his Enemies durſt not bring him to a Tryal; but againſt all *Law* and *Juſtice* he was condemn'd, while confin'd to the *Tower*; during his Impriſonment he requeſted one of the *Commiſſioners*, ſent to treat with him, to carry from him a Letter to the *King*; which he refuſing with paſſion, and ſaying he'd carry no Letter from a *Traytor*: *Cromwell* ask'd him only to deliver a Meſſage from him, and upon his Conſent. "You ſhall recommend me to the "King, (ſays *Cromwell*) and let him underſtand "that by that time he hath ſo well try'd you, "and thoroughly prov'd you, as I have done, he "ſhall find you as falſe a Man, as ever came about "him. In all his adverſity he was patient to a Miracle; and when on the 28th of *July* he was brought to the Scaffold, and beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, he behav'd himſelf with all the Gallantry and Conſtancy of a Reſolv'd *Chriſtian*. He utter'd fervent Prayers, and made a ſhort Speech, wherein he ſaid he dy'd in the *Catholic Faith*, meaning thereby no more (as from his whole Life, and even at his Death, wherein he us'd no *Popiſh Ceremony*, it muſt be concluded) than that he dy'd in the true *Chriſtian Catholic Faith*. Thus fell this *Great Man*, and with him for a long time did the *Reformation* ſeem to lie dead; his Death, who was the *chief Inſtrument* in it, putting ſuch a

ſtop to that imperfect work, that not *Cranmer* himſelf, in that *King*'s Reign, cou'd ever afterwards gain any Ground for it: Nay, rather did it decline, for ſeveral Preachers of the *Reformed Religion* were burnt in a ſhort time after; by all which it appears, how great a Loſs the *Church* ſuſtain'd, in being depriv'd of ſo able and powerful a Member, who more than any, oppos'd himſelf with *Great Zeal* againſt the Impudences and Contrivances of the *Pope*'s Subtle and Malicious *Agents*.

I ſhall not tire your patience, if I recite a paſſage or two of this *Brave Man*'s extraordinary Generoſity. It is but too common for thoſe, who from a low degree, are rais'd to a high Eſtate, to look with the greateſt Contempt upon ſuch, who have moſt oblig'd them; but our *Cromwell* in the full Enjoyment of all his Dignities, bore himſelf with a Moderation, peculiar to himſelf. Witneſs his taking notice of a poor Woman, who kept a Victualling-Houſe, and had formerly truſted him to the value of 40 *s.* whom eſpying, as he was riding thro' *Cheapſide*, he order'd to be call'd to him; and after having acknowledg'd the Debt, he ſent her to his Houſe, diſcharged that, and gave her an *Annual* Penſion of *Four Pound*, and a *Livery*, during Life. But what follows is much more remarkable; As he was riding with ſome Nobles to the *King*'s Palace, he ſaw one footing it in the Streets, whom he thought he knew, immediately ord'ring his whole Train to await him; he lights off his Horſe, upon Enquiry, finding him the Man he took him for, he embraces the *Mean Stranger*;

and

and to the Wonderment of all about him, invites him to Dinner: his haſt at that time prevented a longer ſtay; and therefore he left the *amazed Stranger*, who Enquiring his Name of my *Lord's* Attendants, began to be troubled with the reflections which this *unexpected Accident* gave him. *Cromwell*, who had ſtay'd ſome time with the *King*, at his return home, finds him attending in the *Court Yard*, where again Embracing him, he takes him to his *Table*, and after ſome time finding the *Lords* who accompanied him, no leſs *ſurpriz'd* at his *Condeſcention* than was the *Stranger*: he makes 'em this *Relation*; *You wonder to ſee me thus Obliging, but you will be more amaz'd when I tell you I am more Indebted to this* Very Man, *than to the whole World beſide*; *for after the defeat of* Gatillion, *I came to* Florence *ſo needy, that being forced to beg an* Alms, *this Worthy Merchant Mr.* Francis Freſcobald *ſeeing I know not what in my Face that pleas'd him, upon Enquiry of what Country I was, pitying me in my Neceſſity, he took me home, and gave me a Suit of Apparrel, a Horſe and* 16 *Ducats of Gold to bear my Expences to* England; and now turning him about to Mr. *Freſcobald*, And *what*, Dear Friend, *(ſays he) has brought you hither?* The *generous Merchant* after he had recover'd himſelf out of the amaze this happy Providence caſt him into, told him, That he was become ſo Poor by his vaſt Loſſes, that of all the Wealth he formerly enjoy'd, but 15000 *Ducats* were left him, and they were Owing him here, and hard to be Got too: *Cromwell*, after he he had obtain'd a Liſt of his *Debtors*, ſent a Ser-

vant of his own, in his Name, to Demand those Sums for the *Merchant*: After Dinner, taking his *Friend* apart, he gave him first 16 *Ducats* for those he had receiv'd, then 10 for his Apparrel, and 10 more for his Horse, and at last he Gave him *Four* Bags, each quantity 400 *Ducats* for Interest: after all, he passionately requested his stay in *England*, offering to lend him 60000 *Ducats* for 4 Years to Trade withal; but *Frescobald* having by *Cromwell*'s Authority, obtain'd all his Money (preferring before all his *Native Country*) after a thousand Acknowledgements made him, return'd for *Florence*, with a *due Sense* of this so Extraordinary and *Generous* Entertainment.

But I am afraid, Sir, I grow too much upon your Patience, and therefore will shut up with the Character Archbishop *Cranmer* gave him in a Letter to the *King* on his Behalf—— *I have found* (says he) *that my Lord* Cromwell *has always lov'd you above all things, and Serv'd you with such Fidelity, and Success, that I believe no* King *of* England *had Ever a better* Minister, *and it is my Wish, that your* Majesty *may find a* Counsellor *who both* can *and* will *discharge his Trust as my Lord* Cromwell *hath done.*

But alas, nothing could move that *Inexorable Prince*, who rather than forego his unlawful *Lust* to the Lady *Howard* (whom he *dar'd* not Marry while *Cromwell* liv'd) Sacrificed this his *Darling Favorite*. And tho' it adds Greatly to my Lord *Cromwell*'s Fame, that after his Death, he was most passionately bewail'd by the *King*, who frequently

quently cry'd out for his *Cromwell.* Yet was not this a due Reparation to *England* for the Loſs of ſuch an *Extraordinary Man* whoſe *Virtues* were ſo *Singular*, his *Services* ſo *Signal*, both to the *Nation* in General, and to the *Reformation* in particular: whoſe *Zeal* to *God* was ſo *True*, whoſe *Temperance* ſo *Conſtant* in all Conditions; who (in one word) was poſſeſs'd of a *Courage* ſo *undaunted*, and a *Fidelity* ſo *rare*, that I make no doubt you will with me Conclude, a Man Endow'd with all theſe, and many more *Excellent Qualifications*, well deſerves the Title of the *Greateſt Engliſhman*, which therefore I affix to *Thomas Cromwell* the Great *Earl* of *Eſſex*, and ſo conclude,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

J. J.

Cloe *to* Urania, *againſt Womens being Learn'd.*

I Have, my dear *Urania*, ſo ill defended the the Cauſe you always eſpouſe, that *Lyſander* has convinc'd me that Learning is not for our Sex; but before I make an entire delivery of my Judgment to his Arguments; I thought fit to ſend them, as well as I can remember them, to *Urania*,

to see what influence they'll have on her; and how she'll defend the Point against an Opponent, she has often so well handl'd without one.

Lysander will have it, That *Learning* in common Prudence ought by the Men to be deny'd us; since it wou'd not only make us proud, and imperious, and aspire to the command over Men; which, as we might by such Auxiliary force easily obtain, the Charms of the Body alone giving us too great an Ascendant over Men; so we shou'd not want the desire of obtaining it, having got the means. Secondly, That since, as he will have it, we were design'd by God for Obedience, not Rule; to be instructed by our Husbands, and to study only Houshold Affairs, it wou'd be Impious to raise us from the Office Nature had allotted us, to a Nobler Station. Thirdly, That Learned Women are seldom Chast, Learning disposing 'em to Inconstancy, and Infidelity to their Husbands in longing for foreign Embraces, and that betwixt a Womans Desire and Act, there is nothing but Opportunity.

This, in short, is the Substance of what he urg'd tho' with more advantageous Circumstances of a fine turn of words, and several Examples to confirm his Assertions, which whether true or false, I cannot determine. But one thing I must not forget; that he much urg'd a Book call'd, *Advice to a Daughter*, the Authority of which was too much Establish'd for me to Condemn. I leave the whole to the Judicious, and Ingenious *Urania*, whom I, and ev'ry one must own the best

Advocate

Advocate for our Sex. But tho' I'll never diſpute that Prize with you, yet I ſhall always that of which of us is the beſt Friend, and you muſt confeſs, that I am without reſerve your Sincere, and Faithful

Cloe.

An Anſwer to the foregoing Letter in Defence of Womens being Learn'd.

URANIA to *CLOE.*

I Receiv'd yours, my Charming *Cloe*, the beginning of the laſt Week, but the Niceneſs of the Subject, wou'd not permit me to ſend you an immediate Anſwer, being too much, at that time, taken up with other Affairs; but having now got an Hour to my ſelf, I ſhall curſorily conſider the weight of *Lyſander*'s Objections.

Lyſander, I muſt confeſs, is a Man of a great deal of Wit, and delivers his Arguments on any Subject with that addreſs, that they appear much ſtronger from his Mouth, than in Writing; yet I muſt aſſure you, nothing I have yet ſeen of his carries ſo little weight, as what you have ſent me; which ſhews how bad a Cauſe he had undertaken, ſince it cou'd only furniſh him with ſuch weak Supports, as he has produc'd. And I'm confident,

your

your Love for *Lyſander*, brib'd your Judgment to his ſide, which you have too much of to ſubmit to ſuch feeble Reaſonings.

Learning, he tells you, will add freſh Pride to our Sex, and kindle an Ambition in us of Commanding over that of Man, which we ſhou'd certainly perſue, aſſiſted with ſo powerful an Auxiliary, ſince with theſe Charms Nature has beſtow'd on our Bodies, we go ſo far already, and diſcover a deſire of an abſolute Maſtery.

This is ſo Cobweb, and Vulgar a Sophiſm, that I'm amaz'd to hear it from the Mouth of *Lyſander*. Is he Ignorant of the Nature of Learning? or, is he not very ſenſible that it teaches *one to know ones ſelf*? the conſequence of which muſt certainly, in any Woman of ſenſe, produce Humility, not Pride: It furniſhes us with Maſculine, nay, Divine Thoughts, that are equally ſerviceable to our ſelves, and Husbands. It makes us contemn the deſigning Flatteries of Men, when they deifie that Beauty, which vaniſhes in a moment, and which Fools preſerve with ſo much Care, for a Bait, and Snare to both their own and their Admirers Ruin. Learning teaches *Wiſdom*, which can never render us ſo oppoſite to the Eſtabliſh'd *Oeconomy* of the World, as to make us once think ſo wildly, as to attempt the inverting ſo prevalent, and inveterate a Cuſtom as the Soveraignty of the Men. Beſides, Nature has form'd us too weak, to effect a Revolution that depends on the Force, and Strength of Body, as well as Mind; ſince Politics are meer uſeleſs Theories,

ories, without Able Hands to put 'em in Execution. But if we muſt needs ſuppoſe this mighty Revolution effected, who wou'd not be willing to be Subject to ſo agreeable a Power, in which *Wiſdom*, and *Beauty* join'd. But, my *Cloe*, does *Lyſander* forget that a great many Women without Learning direct their Husbands, and have a very awful influence over them; but Learning wou'd qualifie that extraordinary Aſcendant, by making that *Rational*, which was before only the blind Effect of Paſſion and Fondneſs.

Lyſander's Second Objection, That *Women were by their Creator deſign'd for* **Obedience** *not* **Rule**; *to be inſtructed by their Husbands, not to inſtruct them*; *and to Study nothing but their Houſhold Affairs.*—— Partly depends of what has been ſaid to the firſt. Tho', by the way, *Lyſander* makes a little bold with the Secrets of the Almighty in that Aſſertion, tho' I confeſs, the Curſe that was laid on *Eve* for her Tranſgreſſion, might give him occaſion to ſay ſo, tho' it prove directly the contrary, as my *Viridomar*, has formerly obſerv'd; for if Woman was created the Subject, and Vaſſal of Man, it had been no Puniſhment to've inflicted that Subjection on her.

But, my *Cloe*, I think 'tis evident, that Learning will not leſſen that Obedience it teaches them; which will therefore make them practice it as a Duty of Reaſon, not Cuſtom, and Impoſition, two weighty and provoking Motives of Oppoſition. As to the Second Branch of this Objection, *viz. That we are to be inſtructed by our Husbands*, &c.

Learning

Learning ſave's a Husband that's capable, the Labor; and the Husband that is not, the *Shame* of attempting what he's not able to perform; And by giving him an Emulation of his Wives Virtues, make him endeavour not to be out-done by a *Woman*, in *Maſculine*, and *Rational* Excellencies, by improving his Mind with Nobler Qualifications; and not wholly devote himſelf to ſuch ſordid Employments, and Diverſions, which are generally the whole Buſineſs and Entertainment of too many Gentlemen; I mean, the *Bottle*, the *Whore*, the *Dice*, with *Hunting*, *Hawking*, *Courſing*, and the reſt of that wretched Train, as if they were born never to think.

I come now to *Lyſander*'s laſt Objection, which is indeed the moſt infamous of all the Scandals he endeavours to throw on Learned Women, *viz. that their Knowledge makes 'em ſeldom Chaſt, and breeds in 'em wandring Deſires.*—— Were this true, I muſt own it a very Subſtantial Argument, and I ſhou'd yield that all my Sex ſhou'd be kept from the uſe of Books as cautiouſly, as Madmen from Edge-Tools. But, my *Cloe*, the Aſſertion is too general to be true, to which I my ſelf cou'd bring not a few Exceptions. The inſtances he produc'd, tho' you doubt, yet to pleaſe him I'll admit, ſuppoſing therefore that ſuch and ſuch Learned Women have been Whores, it ſtill remains, that he prove this was the effect of their Learning, not Nature, and that if they had not been Learned, they wou'd not a' been Whores. *A Task, not ſo eaſily perform'd.* But ſince a bold Aſſertion is no proof

proof of any thing, it may be justly confronted with an opposite. I shall therefore affirm, That those Women, who, tho' Learn'd, are Whores, wou'd be much more prostitute without it; for tho' those Inclinations, Nature and Constitution have given 'em, are not always entirely overcome by Learning, yet are the violence of them regulated, and reduc'd to a greater Moderation. 'Tis not to be deny'd, That Learning being very uncommon in Woman, when 'tis found in one, it draws a more Numerous Train of Addresses from the Men; but were it more common, they wou'd by being divided, be more easily resisted: Nay, the very Motive wou'd be taken away, by the commonness of Learned Women, the rarity of which, is the chief bait on these occasions.

Having thus run through *Lysander*'s formidable Troop of Arguments, I shall add a pleasant Fancy of my own, which is, That the Practice of admitting Women to the Arts and Sciences, wou'd convince the Infidels of the *Jewish* and *Turkish* Persuasion, that Women have Souls, since they were not wholly taken up with the Ornament, and care of the Body only, and then we might hope an equal Share in the Paradice of *Mahomet*, with the Men, and not be shut out of the Synagogue by the Rabbi's.

But that I may wholly obviate all your Scruples, I shall say one word now to that celebrated Book of the *Advice to a Daughter*, designing at a better opportunity to give a fuller Answer to a Book I have very little Esteem for.

I can

I can never admit that an implicit Faith is more excuſable in our Sex, than in his; becauſe I can by no means diſcover, that what he advances carries any thing of Reaſon with it. Theſe are his Words.——

As to your particular Faith, keep to the Religion that is grown up with you, both as it is the beſt in it ſelf, and that the Reaſon of ſtayng in it on that Account, is ſomewhat ſtronger for your Sex, than it will perhaps be allow'd to be for ours, in reſpect of the voluminous Enquiries into Truth by reading, are leſs expected from you.——

Here you find a flouriſh of words indeed, but in my poor opinion, no very weighty Senſe. The ſtreſs of the whole lyes on a falſe ſupport; I mean, the corrupt Cuſtom of the Age; *which*, he ſays, *will not* Expect Our reading, and ſearch after the moſt Material of Truths, that this Life is given us for; if Truth be obſcur'd by ſo many Volumes, 'tis the fault of thoſe in whoſe hands it has ſo long been reſerv'd. If it be a Truth that is alſo neceſſary for our Future Happineſs to be rightly inform'd in; 'tis certainly equally our Duty to enquire into it; and they are to blame who deprive us of the fitteſt means, *Learning*: and if it be an incumbent Duty, 'twill be but a weak, and poor Excuſe for continuing in an Error, becauſe we were bred in one; Beſides, this wou'd hold on all ſides, and muſt of Conſequence be very fallacious; and I muſt needs add, That whatever Figure a Lady wou'd make, by the Direction of this Advice, in the Court, ſhe wou'd make but a very

very indifferent one in Reason. But 'tis evident, that he is not in earnest, when a little after he prescribes a quite contrary Rule —— *Let me recommend to you* (says he) *a Method of being* Rightly *inform'd, which can never fail; 'tis in short this* —— *Get* **Understanding**, *and practice* **Virtue**, &c: Now how she shou'd get this *Understanding* he leaves her, and us in the Dark; tho' I am confident it can never be obtain'd to a degree of being *Rightly inform'd* without Learning; unless he wou'd have it by Inspiration, which I humbly presume, is none of the most solid **Understandings** in our Age.

But my charming Friend, I have detain'd you too long this bout to say any more on this Subject, or Book, when we meet I'll give you more of my Sentiments, which nothing cou'd make me so free of imparting, but the Pleasure I have to please such a Friend; tho' I shall never yield to you in sincerity, or any other Duties that are ow'd to *Cloe*, by

Her faithful Friend,

Urania.

Some Reflections on Mr. Rymer's Short View of Tragedy, *and an Attempt at a Vindication of* SHAKESPEAR, *in an Essay directed to* JOHN DRYDEN *Esq;*

AS soon as Mr. *Rymer's* Book came to my Hands, I resolv'd to make some *Reflections* upon it, tho' more to shew my *Will* than my *Abilities*. But finding Mr. *Dennis* had almost promis'd the World a Vindication of the Incomparable *Shakespear*, I quitted the Design, since he had got a Champion more equal to his Worth; not doubting but Mr. *Dennis* wou'd as effectually confute our *Hypercritic* in this, as all Men must grant he has, in what he attempted in his *Impartial Critic*.

But expecting thus long, without hearing any farther of it; I concluded some other more *important*, or at least more agreeable business, had diverted him from it; or that he thought it an *unnecessary Undertaking*, to perswade the *Town* of a Truth it already receiv'd; or to give any farther Answer to a Book, that carry'd its own Condemnation in its self. However, since I find some build an Assurance on this *General Silence* of all the Friends of *Shakespear*, that Mr. *Rymer*'s Objections are unanswerable; I resolv'd to bestow two or three days on an Essay to prove the contrary:

trary: Which may at leaſt bring this advantage to the *Cauſe*, to convince the World how very good it is, when one of my *Inability*, in ſo little time, have ſo much to ſay for it, and that without going through the whole Defence.

I indeed, like the moſt *indifferent* Counſel, make the *Motion*, but leave more able Heads to *Plead* the Cauſe. One great Satisfaction, I have (however I ſucceed) is, that I ſpeak before a Judge that is the beſt Qualify'd to decide a Controverſie of this Nature, that ever *England* produc'd; for in you, Sir, The *Poet*, and The *Critic meet* in their higheſt Perfection; and, if the *Critic* diſcover the Faults of *Shakeſpear*, The *Poet* will alſo ſee, and admire his Beauties, and Perfections. For as you have Learning, and ſtrong Judgment to diſcern his leaſt Tranſgreſſions, ſo have you a Genius that can reach his Nobleſt Flights; and a Juſtice that *will* acknowledge his Deſerts: And were there no other Arguments to be brought in his Vindication, it wou'd be more, than ſufficient to deſtroy all his weak Antagoniſt has huddl'd together againſt him, that you give him your Approbation. This, Sir, is *really* my Opinion, and I'm ſure the moſt ſenſible Lovers of Poetry will ſide with me in it: and ſecure me from the Imputation of being ſo fooliſhly vain, to think I Can flatter You, when I ſpeak of your Poetry, your Judgment, and your Candor; ſince whatever can be ſaid on that Subject, by any one below Mr. Dryden's Abilities, wou'd be but a very faint Shadow of the *Mighty Panegyric* of *your* Name alone.

The Method I shall observe in these *Reflections* (for my time will not permit me to bring so confus'd a Chaos into a more regular Form) will be first to run over the Pages of his Book as they lye, and give you some Animadversions in part of those Absurdities they contain: for to examine all, wou'd swell my Letter into a Volume, and be five hundred times as big as the Text, like a certain Reverend Dr. on *Job*. Next, I shall attempt a Vindication of Shakespear, where he more formerly attaques him.

In the first, I hope you'll forgive me, if I use him with no more Respect, than he does Shakespear or You: And in the latter, I hope you will admit *Recriminations* on those Patterns, he proposes to us for the Test, of Shakespear's Faults, as a sufficient Answer to what he Magisterially lays down, as *Self-Evident*, with a Scornful, tho' *Clumsy* Jest, without any other Reason to confirm it; if not as a *Demonstration* of that Injur'd Poet's Excellence. And that we may from thence conclude with Mr. *Rymer* (as he has it in his Preface to *Rapin*) since his *Standards* of Perfection are equally culpable, That *the greatest Wits, both Modern, and Ancient, sometimes slip, and are liable to Cavils*: And by consequence, that all his Pains were needless to bring Shakespear into that Number, since his greatest Admirers ever confess'd he had Faults: Tho' no Man but himself, I believe, ever *Rob'd* him of *all* Excellence; and I must say, That most that he produces are meer *Cavils*, and convict him of being one of those

Critics,

Critics, that *like Wasps rather annoy the* Bee's, *than terrifie the* Drones.

But, indeed, the Lovers of **Shakespear** may well forgive the Author of *Edgar*, and this *Short view of Tragedy*, whatever he can say against his *Excellence* and *Genius*; since being his Opposite, 'tis no wonder his Mind's not capacious enough to Comprehend, nor his Taft Poetical enough to relish the Noble Thoughts which the Ingenious have admir'd in **Shakespear** ever since he Writ.

It has been the Fate of most Critics on Poetry, to Err in those Things they Condemn in others, or to discover by their Writing, how ill qualify'd they are to judge of any thing, but the Regularity of the Structure of a Poem, which the *Known* Rules of Art furnish them with, the chief formation of a Poet being wanting; Nature denying them the *Divitem Venam*. **Petronius Arbiter**, so severe on *Lucan*, and *Seneca* (for on them he reflects in his *Satyricon*) kept not clear of that unnatural Affectation he condemn'd in them. *Joseph* and *Julius Scaliger* (as *Rapin* observes) had the Art, but wanted the supply of Nature when they attempted Poetry. But Mr. *Rymer*, in any thing he has yet publish'd, has not the least shadow of pretence to the Excellence of either of these. **Petronius** had *Wit*, had *Fire*, a *Genius*, and *Language*; and tho the *Scaligers* were not *Poets*, yet had they the Merits of pretty good *Critics*; but this Gentleman has scarce produc'd one *Criticism*, that is not borrow'd from *Rapin*, *Dacier*,

or *Bossu*, and mis-apply'd to Shakespear. And for his Poetry, from the *Heroic Tragedy* of Edgar, to the River Sounds, he discovers not the least Genius, nor Taste of it; and therefore must be granted a very incompetent Judge of such a Poet as *Shakespear* is.

Some of my Friends, whose Authority was very great with me, wou'd needs have me examine Edgar; but there were two things that obstructed my complyance with them—The First, That it was so abominably stor'd with Opium, that I cou'd not possibly keep my Eyes open to read it attentively; The other, That 'twas such a Banter in it self on Poetry and sense, that all the pains I cou'd take about it, wou'd be only to give him the vanity of imagining it worth any Man's taking Notice of.

The Piece now under our Consideration is in a Vein something more merry, and uncommon; for tho' 'tis frequent enough to meet with a dull Poetaster for a *Poet*, yet 'tis something more rare to encounter a jolly Droll for a *Critic*. Tho', that with the abundance of *Ill Nature*, *Conceit*, and *Affectation* of appearing a Scholar, is the *Vehicle that carries off his Nonsence*, with as ill Judges of that, as he is of *Poetry*, and makes them take it for an extraordinary Thing: and this will make the better excuse for my examining how very Monstrous a *Fantom* 'tis, that is set out in so formidable an Equipage.

To pass over the *Epistle Dedicatory*, which like *Bays* his Prologues, may serve as well for any other Book

Book as this, nay —and for any other Lord too, as well as the Noble Lord 'tis addreſs'd to (whoſe generous Patronage of all that have any Merit in the Republic of Letters, ought to have ſecur'd him from ſuch a Prophanation) And what's more, will do e'ery jot as well, for an *Advertiſement* to the Courteous Reader, as for an *Epiſtle Dedicatory*, it being a *Medly* of Stuff without *Coherence*, *Deſign*, or *Engliſh*. But to examine all that's *Unintelligible*, *falſe Engliſh*, and *abſurd*, wou'd be an *Herculean* Labor, and extend my Conſiderations to e'ery Line. I ſhall begin with the Work its ſelf, not leſs *abrupt*, or *inconſiſtent*.

He begins with the Neceſſity of a *Chorus*, urging, That, as 'twas the the Original, ſo 'tis the moſt Eſſential part of a *Tragedy*, becauſe it keeps the Poet, to the Unities of time, and place: But 'tis evident, from the *Suppliants* of *Euripides* (as you, Sir, have formerly obſerv'd) and from *Racines Heſter*, (as Mr. Dennis has noted) that the *Chorus* does not neceſſarily do what Mr. *Rymer* pretends; nor was it at all in *Horace's* Thoughts, if we may judge of them by the Precepts he gives about it in his Art of Poetry.

But Mr. Dennis having evidently clear'd this Point, I ſhall ſay no more of it; but that if, as our *Critic* contends, 'tis the Poet's incumbent Duty to gratifie the Eyes, as well as Ears; this muſt be done without offending againſt *Nature*, and *Probability*, as the *Chorus* does. (which is abundantly prov'd by the Impartial Critic). But by thoſe who have a more neceſſary Relation to

the Action and Fable, as the *Senators of Venice* in *Othello*, whom he reflects on; tho', as they have a Necessary concern in the Play, so cou'd they not be introduc'd without their Habits, which afford that Gratification to the Eye he makes the Duty of e'ery Poet, without the help of so foreign, and unnatural a Thing as a *Chorus*.

The 3*d*. and 4*th*. Pages are almost unintelligible, and at cross purposes one Paragraph with another; for he will have it, That the words of *Shakespear* do not set off the Action, and then of a sudden he concludes the contrary, that they do. Next, *P.* 6. he has an admirable fetch, to prove that *Pronunciation* is a notable *Vehicle*, to carry off *Nonsense*, by shewing that it set off the *Sense* of Demosthenes. 'Tis granted, That a good and true *Pronunciation*, is a great help to *Sense*, because it sets it in its proper Light, as ill repeating sets it in a false one, and makes it lose its lustre; as *Martial* sensibly observes to *Fidentinus*.

Quem recitas meus est, ô Fidentine, *libellus*,
Sed Male *dum recitas incipit esse tuus.*

But it seems to me, That the Reason, which makes *Good Pronunciation* set off *Sense*, must make *Nonsence* more visible; for the giving e'ery Word, and Sentence its true *Emphasis*, must make the blunder more obvious, to even those, who in the Reading wou'd perhaps over-look it. I grant, that the Pomp of the Theatre may, perhaps, dull the edge of our Judgment, but *Pronunciation* never

can.

can. But were all this true, I can't find that Shakespear falls justly under his Censure, as to this particular; for he affirms, That *Shew*, *Action*, and *Pronunciation*, lose their force under a serious Perusal; yet after such a Perusal, Shakespear does still maintain his Reputation with the greatest Genius's our Nation has produc'd in Poetry. His Excellence therefore is not built on those Supports, but *innate Worth*, and by Consequence all his incoherent bustle is to very little purpose.

But the next Proof of the power of *Shew*, *Action*, and *Pronunciation*, is extreamly merry. *P.* 8. He tells us, That Cardinal *Richelieu* was by them influenc'd in his mighty Approbation of the Tragedy of Sir *Thomas Moor*, tho' there were neither Poetry, nor Sense in it. Yet were not these able to byas his nice Taste to favour the *Cid* of *Corneil* (who had more of a Poet, than one of our *Flecno*'s Class) which places the Cardinal in the *Majores Numero*, of the Division of Judges made by *Horace*, clear contrary to our *Critic*'s intention. Well, I must say this for him, That tho' his *Reasons* and *Observations* are far from irrefragable, yet his *Rambles* are *admirable* and *unaccountable* from a Comical Harangue against *Opera*'s, *P.* 9, 10, 11, 12. he runs to *Verse burlesq*; and how long it had been in *Italy* before it pass'd the *Alps*, I suppose, to shew us he had read *Relisson*, quoted in the Margin, for the Devil a-bit had it to do with the Business in hand. Thence with another leap, he jumps back again te *Æs-*

chylus his *Persians*; proposing it for a Model proportion'd to our English Capacities. Of which, *Page* the 13th. having drawn in imitation in the *Spanish* Expedition of 1588. our *Tragædo didascu-lus* dubs it the **Invincible Armado**. His draught indeed is very nice and circumstantial, in the very serious, and at the same time extreamly *Ridiculous* Account of all the Incidents of this Draught to the very Beards of the *Spanish* Grandees; the Tuns of *Tar Barrels* for the *Heretics*; and the squabling of the *Cabinet Council*, about Preferments not yet in their Power. And is it not as great an Error in *Manners*, as any **Shakespear** is guilty of in the worst of his Plays, to make the greatest Politicians of that Age such egregious Coxcombs? But what wretched Mortal is there of so very sorrowful or morose a temper, that must not laugh to hear him say, That *on this* Occasion *two Competitors have juster* Occasion *to work up, and shew the Muscles of their Passion, than* Shakespears, Cassius, *and* Brutus? Cou'd any Pugg in *Barbary* be so ignorant of *common Sense* and *Reason* as this? he must Pardon, the Expression, 'tis his own to a much greater Man, than himself.

'Tis true, he tells us with his usual *Magisterial* Assurance, That these *Spanish* Grandees of his Creation, have a *juster* Occasion for a Passionate Scene than **Shakespears**, *Brutus*, and *Cassius*: But I must ask his Pardon if I subscribe not to his Opinion: But to punish him sufficiently for this gross Absurdity, and Arrogance, lay down the matter

matter barely as 'tis, proposing the *Occasions* just as they lye in both these Authors, our *Historiographer*, I mean, and the inimitable *Shakespear*.

First, Here is a Council of 15 of the greatest, old Politic Heads that Age produc'd in *Spain*, quarrelling with one another about things out of possession, in *Eutopia*, To be Kings of *Man*; Duke-*Trincalos*, and Duke-*Stephanos*, &c. is there either Nature or Possibility of this? so far is it from any probable Ground.

On the other hand: Here is *Cassius*, a *Passionate*, *Ambitious*, and *Avaritious* Roman, impatient to bear a refusal of a Request he made for *Lucius Pella*, that was found guilty of *Bribery* (a Crime himself was guilty of) looking on himself of equal Power at least with *Brutus*, and a Brother, if not Father of the War, being Ambitious and Choleric too, as I said, cou'd not but resent it as an infringing his Authority, and Friendship; and by consequence discover his Resentment at first meeting. But this is not all the Ground of this Scene: Here is *Brutus* on the other hand, a severe follower of Virtue, to which he Sacrific'd his Friend and Father, *Cæsar*, and cou'd not therefore but resent *Cassius*'s deviating from Virtue, his pretence to which made him his Friend. How cou'd he bear with *Cassius* in his *Bribery* and *Avarice*, who cou'd not with *Cæsar*'s Ambition? for in denying Money for the Payment of those Legions (on whose Fidelity, not only their Lives, but the *Fate*, and *Liberty* of *Rome*, which was yet dearer to *Brutus*, depended) he gave them up to *Octavius* and *Anthony*. Is

Is there any Parallel indeed betwixt these two Occasions? Can there be any thing more Childish and trifling, than the first? And can there be any thing greater, and more weighty than the latter? The Prize of Chymera's on one side, and the Liberty, and Fate of the greatest Empire in the World; nay, Life, Honor, Virtue, and all that can or ought to be dear on the other.

Let this be a convincing proof of the *Genius* and *Judgment* of our *Historiographer Royal*, who cou'd prefer his own dull Burlesque on Common Sense to this incomparable Scene of Shakespear, which is justly admir'd by all Men of Sense.

But to proceed, If *Desdemona*'s Character be below the dignity of *Tragedy*, what are these *Spanish Segniora's*, who are to spend a whole Act in telling of Dreams, which were likely to have so mighty influence on the Spanish *Politicians*, (always noted for their Religion and Bigottry) as to furnish out *Distractions and Disorders enough for an Act*. The Draught of the next Act is e'ery jot as merry: for 'tis very Natural indeed, and nicely according to *Manners*, to bring in a King *Philosophizing* on *Dreams*, and *Hobgoblins*! unless he were to be such a King as he so much admires in the *Rehearsal*; for a King *Phiz* by his former Profession, might be suppos'd to have some *Notable*, if not *Noble* Thoughts (as our *Critic* requires) on the Matter.

The 16*th*. Page, is a brief, tho' fully as ridiculous summing up of what he had said at large before, tho' the Fourth Act is above measure Comical,

mical, where the *Spaniard* is to be beaten off with a *Vangnard* of *Dreams* and *Goblins*, and the *Terrors* of the Night.

For my part, on the first reading it, I thought him absolutely out of his Wits, or what's all one, that he had a Mind to be lewdly merry extreamly out of Season, or Play the Droll, to shew how much he was better qualify'd for a *Farcewright*, than a *Critic*. But being assur'd since by several Ingenious Gentlemen, that he not only means it as a serious thing, but that the Doctors do not think him Mad enough for *Bedlam*, I will turn the Advice he has the extraordinary Assurance to give you, infinitely more justly to himself, that he wou'd undertake the Writing upon this admirable Plot; and for his Encouragement, I assure him, it shall not run the Fate of his *Edgar*, but be Acted; with a firm belief, that if it do not *Pit-box and Gallery-it* with any of Shakespears; yet it may *bear the Bell* (to borrow an extraordinary Phrase from our *Historiographer Royal*) from the *Devil of a Wife*, or Dr. *Faustus*; because the very *excessive* Extravagance of the Thought might make us laugh, whereas *Edgar* cou'd provoke nothing but Sleep.

But his putting this on you, Sir, after so many Public Expressions of your Friendship for him, & private Services (as I'm inform'd) done him, shews his Morals, as faulty, as the *Manners* he has laid down for the *Heroes* of this *Anti-Tragedy*. With what Face cou'd he put so little and scurrilous an Affront on *you*, in this Book, without provocation, who

who in his Preface to *Rapin*, did preferr your Description of Night to all the Master-ſtroaks of the Ancients, and Moderns. If you had no other merits certainly the *Judgment of* Virgil *animated with a more ſprightly Wit*, deſerv'd better from him than ſo mean, and ſo ungenerous an Abuſe. But now to the next Chapter.

To ſhew he had read *Plato*, he quotes him *P.* 18. to prove what no body yet ever deny'd that knew any thing of the Original of *Tragedy*. Nor has any one, that I ever met with, pretended that there was no Poem, that had the Name of *Tragedy* before the time of *Theſpis*. But if from hence he wou'd inferr that Tragedy was Acted before his time, he proceeds farther, than the words of *Plato*, or any other Authority will warrant him; for till *Theſpis*, it was only a Hymn to *Bacchus*, Sung and Perform'd in *Dances*, and Geſticulations by the *Chorus*. But then it had no *Epiſode* or *Actor*; and therefore *Theſpis* was the Original of the *Tragedies*, that are Acted, tho' he built it on the Foundation of the *religious* Goat-Song; this, not only *Horace*, but all the Critic's, I have met with, affirm. And himſelf confeſſes, *P.* 19. that when it came to be an Image of the World, it then had a *ſecular* Alloy, and was by Conſequence alter'd from what it was before, that is, from a *Religious Hymn*, to a *Repreſentation of Humane Life*. The End therefore and Aim of it being thus alter'd, the Mediums to that *End*, muſt of Conſequence, be alter'd too. The praiſe of *Bacchus* was no more Neceſſary to forming

ming an Image of Humane Life, than the Praiſe of *Hercules*, or any other of the Gods. Now, if the *Chorus* be neceſſary, becauſe 'twas the Original of *Tragedy*, 'tis equally neceſſary the *Chorus* ſhou'd celebrate the Praiſe of *Bacchus*, as it originally did; but if Tragedy by the Alteration of its end were ſet on a new bottom, we are no longer oblig'd to regulate it according to its firſt Inſtitution. So that I can ſee no reaſon, that becauſe *Sophocles* retain'd the *Chorus*, it was therefore a neceſſary part of Tragedy, or if it be, why the Dancing and Muſic that was continu'd with it, was any more meer Religion, than the *Chorus* its ſelf, or a leſs neceſſary part of *Tragedy*, ſince both were of equal date, as to their Riſe, and End. But this only *en paſſant*.

P. 20. Next, he leaps to the Care the Government had of the *Theatre*, in permitting no Poet to preſent a Play to the Houſe till paſt Thirty. This Obſervation might, perhaps, proceed from Self-Intereſt, hoping to perſwade us, that, upon another Vacancy, he is qualify'd for *Poet Laureat*, intimating, that the older a Man grows, the fitter he is for a Poet, contrary to the Judgment of his Friend *Rapin*; from whom he borrows the Obſervation that the *Athenians* ſpent more of the Public Money about their *Chorus*'s, and other *Decorations* of the *Stage*, than in all their Wars with *Perſia*. From hence he ſoon paſſes to his beloved *Ariſtophanes* (and to do him Juſtice, he always expreſſes an extraordinary Paſſion for Farces) tho' I am to ſeek in what he drives at in

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all those Praises he bestows on him, for *Running a Muc,* (as he phrases it) *at all manner of Vice wherever he saw it, be it in the greatest Philosophers, the greatest Poets, the Generals, or the Ministers of State.* Would he have our *Poets* follow his example, and expose our *Divines, Bishops, Lords, Generals,* and *Ministers of State?* If this be his desire, yet either he ought not to blame them for their Defect in that, or is in Justice bound to secure them from the Penalties, they would incur by doing so: *Scan. Mag.* and some such odd things are Bug-bears, that would have frighten'd his *Aristophanes*, from his freedom, if the *Athenian* Law, like ours, had secur'd Vice, and Folly in the *Great ones*, from the attaques of Poets. He ought therefore either to moderate his Indignation at our Poets for only exposing the Common Life of Mankind, or if he would have none but *Statesmen, and Generals* ridicul'd, let him lead the Dance; and fear not the Success of *Aristophanes*, being so well qualify'd for a *Farce-Wright*; his Propensity to that, influencing perhaps his Judgment in favour of this Greek Poet, above all those that succeeded him. Tho' *Quintilian*, as good a Judge as Mr. *Rymer* says of *Menander*, not *Aristophanes*, *meo judicio diligenter lectus, ad cuncta quæ præcipimus efficienda sufficit, Ita omnium Imaginem in vitâ Expressit. Tanta in eo inveniendi Copia, eloquendi facultas, ita omnibus Rebus, Personis, affectibus accommodatus, ut omnibus ejusdem operis Autoribus tenebras obduxerit.* But Mr. *Rymer* must be singular in his Opinion, or he could not keep up his Character, as he is in the meaning

meaning of those two Verses he quotes, *Pag.* 25.

Non minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca,
Ausi deserere, & celebrare Domestica facta.

He will have it, that *non Minimum* is but a *faint* Commendation; tho' 'tis evident from the best of the Latin Authors, that *non Minimum* is us'd for *Magnum*, if not *Maximum*. 'Tis perhaps us'd by *Horace* as a more Modest expression of their Worth, that he might not incur the imputation of flattering by a stronger Praise, those who were living. But I defie him to produce *non Minimum* in *Cicero*, or any other Author of Note, in a sense less than *Magnum*. Nor does that Quotation out of the Sixth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*, prove at all that *Virgil* gave up the Cause, and yielded the *Grecians* more excellent in Poetry than the Latins, any more than *Horace* did in the Epistle by him quoted, for thus it runs,

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo quidem, vivos ducent de murmore vultus:
Orabunt causas melius, cæliq; meatus,
Describent radio, & surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu Regere imperio populos Romane memento;
(Hæ tibi erunt Artes) pacisq; imponere Morem,
Parcere subjectis & debellare superbos.

From which 'tis evident that he meant only this, that *Governing Nations*, and Justice shou'd be their chief Care, and greatest Art, not that he

he thought the *Romans* did not excell the *Grecians* in others too; for, I believe, none will deny but *Cicero* was a greater Orator than *Demosthenes*, or at least as great, and that *Virgil* was as great a Poet, as *Homer*. And for other Arts, *Pliny* was of opinion, That the *Romans* excell'd the *Grecians* ev'n in 'em, as well as that of *Governing*, when he says in the 36th Book of his *Natural History*, That he *wou'd shew the World conquer'd in the Works of Art, as well as by the Sword*, and then proceeds to *Painting*, *Statuary*, &c.

But, Sir, I fear, I shall tire your patience shou'd I touch upon e'ery *Page*; I'll therefore step to *P.* 63. and with that and the 65*th*. make an end of my *Reflections*, and then examine more particularly what relates to *Shakespear*. *P.* 62. he expresses himself much against Rhime in Plays, by which he not only shews his Mind is much alter'd since he writ *Edgar* in Rhime; but also makes it the distinctive mark of *Heroic* Verse in English, as the numbers of *Hexameters* are of Latin Heroics: But he gives us no Reason for the Parallel, for that indeed wou'd be to break an old custom, which he's very fond of. If therefore I cou'd produce no Argument against him in particular, yet must, a bare denial, be granted equivalent to a bare Assertion: but the matter is not so barren of Reason, as to be destitute of a very convincing proof of the contrary, *viz.* The *Numbers* or *Feet* distinguish the Latin Verse, and the *Numbers* of *Hexameters* are very different from those of *Jambics*, which is the Verse most us'd,

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at leaſt out of the *Chorus*, in Tragedy, ſo in Engliſh 'tis the Feet, or Numbers that diſtinguiſh Heroic Verſe from all others, whereas the Numbers are the ſame in blanc Verſe, as in Rhime; ſo that they are equally Heroic Verſe, and *Milton*'s *Paradiſe loſt*, is a ſufficient proof of this; ſo that according to Mr. *Rymer* all Verſe of ten Syllables are as improper for Tragedies in Engliſh, as Pentameters are in Latin, for that is the conſequence of his Arguments,

The ſecond Paragraph of *P.* 65, That furniſhes me with the ſubject of my laſt Reflection, is a Maſter-piece, compos'd of his belov'd ingredients, the **unaccountable**, and the **unintelligible**; for he tells us, *that ſince the decay of the Roman Empire, this Iſland has been more fortunate in Matters of Poetry, than any of our Neighbours, &c.* I muſt tell him that it muſt be a *good-natur'd* Reader *that* (after all he has ſaid) *ſhall take his word for't*; for I can't ſee how he can make it out, if *Shakeſpear* be ſo far from a Poet, as not to be fit to write Ballads, or what's all one, as ignorant of Nature as any Pug in *Barbary*; if *Ben Johnſon* be guilty of ſuch Stupidity; if *Milton*, as he commonly aſſerts, have nothing in him; and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are ſuch, as he repreſents 'em. He wou'd do well to fix this Excellence above our Neighbours ſomewhere; for hitherto he has done nothing but arraign our greateſt Poets. But the latter end of this Paragraph as unintelligible as 'tis, muſt I find paſs for a Proof of this, if we will have any from him. *We find* (ſays he) *the Britiſh Poetry to this day*

To confirm which, he proceeds thus. *One of our eldeſt Medals bears a harp on the Revers, with the Name* Kunobuline around it: But what of that good Sir? What if it had *Merlin*, *Gildas*, and half a ſcore more about it, what's the conſequence? I adviſe him in his next Book not to put his Friends to ſuch trouble to underſtand him; for my part I cou'd never yet meet with an *Oedipus* to ſolve the Ridle; for what has the oldeſt Medal to do with the proof of our having the *Britiſh* Poetry to this day, unleſs the other ſide of the Medal had furniſh'd us with ſome of it, if he draw not the odd conſequence from the Harp; that where there is Muſic, there muſt be Poetry; as where there is Smoak, there muſt be Fire, according to the laudable Obſervation of our Matrons of Antiquity.

But there needed no Medal of *Kunobuline* to be produc'd; for the proof of the early uſe of Poetry in this Iſland, and that long before *Virgil* writ. The Britiſh *Bards* are enough to juſtifie that; we need not wait till the decay of the *Roman Empire*, witneſs *Lucan*, Lib. 3. who writ of times that preceded *Virgil*.

Vos quoq; qui fortes animas, belloq; peremptas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum
Plurima ſecuri fudiſtis carmina Bardi.

But what's this to the Confirmation of his Aſſertion, that next the *Romans* we excell'd in Poetry? 'Tis not the number of Years, nor Poems that will eſtabliſh our Excellence, but the Quality; 'tis their Per-

Perfection, that must give us the advantage of our Neighbours.

But to expect *Reason*, *Method*, (without which all is confusion) and *Meaning* from this Author is in vain, since he tells us in a former Essay he can keep to no *Method* or *Form*, and that he is not cut out for penning any Treatise. But then why, in the Name of dullness, does he fly in the Face of Nature, and spight of her appear in Print, not only as an Author, but Judge, bringing to his Tribunal, those who were qualified with what he extremly wants, *viz.* A *Genius* and *Judgment*: his *Judgment* being so weak, that he cou'd not keep Coherence through one only Page. Being thus qualify'd, no doubt his censure of the admirable **Shakespear**, must be extraordinary, which I shall, after I have premis'd some general Considerations examine.

To survey the *Antients* with an impartial Eye 'twou'd make one wonder at those *extravagant Encomiums*, and that inexpressible Advantage above the Moderns' some of our *Dogmatic* Critics give 'em, were there not an extraordinary *Vanity*, in extolling their Performances and Virtues, because by that means they arrogate to themselves the Deputation of understanding them better, than other Men. This makes *Rapin* tell us what an universal Genius *Homer* was; and that all the Arts and Sciences are to be learn'd from his Works, tho' some others perhaps, not less able to understand him, can not discover any such Matter, as the Author of the *Dialogues of the Dead*, very wittily

intimates in the Dialogue betwixt *Homer* and *Æſop*. Theſe Gentlemen wou'd cover all the Abſurdities of this Poet, with the ſpecious *Whim* of *Allegory*, never thought of by *Homer* himſelf. But he may thank his Fate for allotting him a time ſo much remote from ours, elſe they wou'd not be fond of him to ſo unreaſonable an exceſs, ſince they can't allow no excuſe for ſmaller Faults in their own Countrymen of a later date, ſuch ill Patriots are theſe Partial Critics; for I defie Mr. *Rymer*, and all of his Opinion to parallel in **Shakeſpear**, the *Wounds*, the *Hatreds*, the *Battles*, and *Strifes* of the Gods. And he muſt confeſs, if he be not a ſworn Enemy to all Reaſon, that *Homer*'s *Juno* is a Character far beneath, and more diſproportionable, than that of *Deſdemona*, tho' the firſt be of the Queen of the Gods, *Joves* Siſter and his Wife, and the other a Senators, Daughter of *Venice*, Young Innocent, and Tender. If *Deſdemona* be too humble for Tragedy, and diſcover not Elevation of Soul enough for her *Birth* and *Fortune*: *Homer*'s *Juno* muſt be much too low for an *Heroic* Poem, having no Parallel for Scolding but at *Billinſgate*. For the furious curtain Lectures of a City Wife, who is ſupream Lady at home, are nothing to hers. This *Jupiter* finds, when the only Remedy he has left to ſtop her Mouth, is to threaten to thraſh her *Divine Jacket*, which makes her Son *Vulcan* ſomething concern'd about the Shame 'twill be to have his Goddeſs Mother ſuffer the *Baſtinade* before the Heavenly Crew. Where is the Nature? Where the Reaſon of this?

If the Nobleneſs of *his* Thoughts, the Majeſty of *his* Expreſſion, and Variety of *his* Numbers made the ſucceeding Ages ſo fond of *Homer*, as to find ſome Excuſe for his failures, in Conduct and Characters; is not *Shakeſpear* more ungenerouſly dealt with, whoſe Faults are made to a pretence to deny all his Beauties and Excellence?

But 'tis not theſe Inſtances in the Prince of the *Greek* Peots, (with many more, both as to the Conduct and Characters) that influence me to encline to a better Opinion of the Moderns (I mean of my own Country) than Mr. *Rymer*; and ſome of the Graver *Pedants* of the Age; the Excellence I find in *Shakeſpear* himſelf, commands a juſter Veneration; for in his Thoughts and Expreſſions he diſcovers himſelf Maſter of a very juſt Obſervation of things; ſo that if he had (which I deny) no Learning, his natural parts wou'd ſufficiently have furniſh'd him with better Ethics, than our *Hypercritic* allows him. But that which aggravates his Malice is, he extends his cenſure to Ben himſelf, whoſe skill in *Moral Philoſophy*, we ſuppoſe, at leaſt equal to his: But to give the World ſome Satisfaction, that Shakeſpear has had as great a Veneration paid his Excellence by Men of unqueſtion'd parts, as this I now expreſs for him, I ſhall give ſome Account of what I have heard from your Mouth, Sir, about the noble Triumph he gain'd over all the *Ancients*, by the Judgment of the ableſt *Critics* of that time.

The Matter of Fact (if my Memory fail me not) was this, Mr. *Hales*, of *Eaton*, affirm'd that

he wou'd ſhew all the Poets of Antiquity, out-done by Shakeſpear, in all the Topics, and common places made uſe of in Poetry. The Enemies of *Shakeſpear* wou'd by no means yield him ſo much Excellence; ſo that it came to a Reſolution of a trial of Skill upon that Subject; the place agreed on for the Diſpute, was Mr. *Hales's* Chamber at *Eaton*; a great many Books were ſent down by the Enemies of this Poet, and on the appointed day, my Lord *Falkland*, Sir *John Suckling*, and all the Perſons of Quality that had Wit and Learning, and intereſted themſelves in the Quarrel, met there, and upon a thorough Diſquiſition of the point, the Judges choſe by agreement out of this Learned and Ingenious Aſſembly, unanimouſly gave the Preference to Shakeſpear. And the *Greek* and *Roman* Poets were adjudg'd to Vail at leaſt their Glory in that to the Engliſh *Hero*. I cou'd wiſh, Sir, you wou'd give the Public a juſter Account of this Affair, in Vindication of that Poet, I know you extreamly eſteem, and whom none but you excels.

Shall we therefore ſtill admire *Shakeſpear* with theſe Learned and Ingenious Gentlemen, or put him in a Claſs below *Sternold* or *Flecknoe*, with Mr. *Rymer*, becauſe he has not come cloſe to the Rules *Ariſtotle* drew from the Practice of the *Greek* Poets, whom nothing it ſeems can pleaſe, but the Antic Forms and Methods of the *Athenian* Stage, or what comes up, and ſticks cloſe to them in our Language.

I can ſee no Reaſon why we ſhou'd be ſo very fond of imitating them here, without better proofs than the Critical Hiſtoriographer has produc'd. 'Tis certain, the *Grecians* had not the advantage of us in *Phyſics*, or any other part of Philoſophy, which with them chiefly conſiſted in words; they were a Talkative People; and being fond of the Opinion of Learning, more than the thing it ſelf, as the moſt ſpeedy way to gain that, ſtop'd their Enquiries on Terms, as is evident from their *Sophiſtry* and *Dialectic's*. There can be no diſpute among the Learned, but that we excel them in theſe Points. Since the time of *Des Cartes*, when the Dictates of *Greece* began to be laid aſide, what a Progreſs has been made in the diſcovery of Nature? and what Abſurdities laid open in the School Precepts, and Terms of *Ariſtotle*.

But Ethics is a Study not ſo abſtruſe as the ſearch of Natural Cauſes and Effects; a nice Obſervation of Mankind will furniſh a ſenſible Man with them; which makes me unable to gheſs how the *Greeks* ſhou'd have ſo monſtrous an advantage over us in this particular, as ſome wou'd give them, who are ſo far behind us in things of greater difficulty; but it can't be otherways whilſt we make that Age and Nation the Standard of Excellence without regard to the difference of Cuſtom, Age, Climate, *&c.* But I queſtion not to make it appear hereafter, that we much ſurpaſs the Greeks and Latins, at leaſt in Dramatick Poetry. As for *Expreſſion* (the difference of Language conſider'd) the Merits of which is proportion'd to the

Idea it presents to the Mind, and for *Thought*, as well as for Design. And had you, Sir, but given us an *Heroic Poem*, you had put the Controversie out of doubt as to the *Epic* too, as your *Oedipus* (for all the *Quantum mutatus*, of which another time) your *All for Love*, and some other of your Plays have in the *Dramatic*, in the esteem of impartial Judges.

Had our *Critic* entertain'd but common Justice for the *Heroes* of his *Own Country*, he wou'd have set *Shakespear*'s Faults in their true Light, and distinguish'd betwixt his, and the Vices of the Age; for as *Rapin* (a much *juster* and more Candid *Critic*) observes, the Poet often falls into Vices by complying with the Palate of the Age he lives in; and to this may we truly and justly refer a great many of these Faults Shakespear is guilty of. For, He not having that advantage the *Greek* Poets had, of a proper Subsistence, or to be provided for at the Public Charge, what Fruit he was to expect of his Labors, was from the Applause of the Audience; so that his chief aim was to please them; who not being so Skilful in *Criticisms*, as Mr. *Rymer*, wou'd not be pleas'd without some Extravagances mingl'd in (tho' contrary to) the Characters such, and such a Player was to Act. This is the Reason that most of his *Tragedies* have a mixture of something Comical; the *Dalilah*, of the Age must be brought in, the Clown, and the Valet jesting with their Betters, if he resolv'd not to disoblige the Auditors. And I'm assur'd from very good hands, that the Person that Acted

Iago was in much esteem for a Comœdian, which made *Shakespear* put several words, and expressions into his part (perhaps not so agreeable to his Character) to make the Audience laugh, who had not yet learnt to endure to be serious a whole Play. This was the occasion of that particular place so much houted at by our *Historiographer Royal*,

Awake, what ho, Brabantio, *&c.*
An old black Ram is tupping your white Ewe, &c.

This Vice of the Age it was that perverted many of his Characters in his other Plays: Nor cou'd it be avoided if he wou'd have his Audience sit the Play out, and receive that Profit, that is the chief End of all Poets. To this same Cause may be attributed all those Quibbles, and playing upon words, so frequent in some part of him, as well as that Language that may seem too rough, and forc'd to the Ear, up, and down in some of the best of his Plays.

After all, the Head of his Accusation is, That 'tis not improbable, that *Shakespear* was ignorant of the Rules of *Aristotle's Poetics*; and was imperfect in the three Unities of Time, Place, and Action, which *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry* gives no Rules about: for that which I have heard quoted from him, has no relation to the *Dramatic Unities*,

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat & unum.

as

as is evident from what goes before; but to the Coherence, Uniformity, and Equality of any Poem in general——

——*Amphora cæpit*
Inſtitui, currente Rota cur urceus exit.

'Tis only the Concluſion of what he propoſes about Seven Verſes before,

Inceptis gravibus, & magna Profeſſis, &c.

and this of *Petronius* is a juſt Interpretation of it in my opinion,

Præterea ne ſententiæ emineant extra corpus orationis expreſſæ ſed intecto veſtibus colore niteant. That is, it gives only a Rule that all Poems be of a Piece and Equal.

So that ſince he cou'd gather no Inſtructions in this Point from *Horace*, we may excuſe him for tranſgreſſing againſt them: and this defect his greateſt Admirers confeſs'd before his Uſeleſs piece of ill-natur'd cenſure, and cou'd have Pardon'd Mr. *Rymer*, had he gone no farther; But when he Robs him of all *Genius*, and denies him the Elevation of a *Shirly*, a *Fleckno*, or a *Jordan*, we muſt modeſtly return his Complement, and tell him, That never a *Blackamoor* (as he learnedly terms a *Negro*) in the Weſtern Plantations, but muſt have a better taſt of Poetry than himſelf; and that 'tis evident from the Woman Judges, whoſe Judgment, he aſſures us, ſeldom errs, by their

their continual Approbation of *Othello*, *Hamlet*, &c, he is in the Wrong.

But shou'd we grant him that *Shakespear* wanted *Art* (tho' *Ben Johnson* denies it) can he from thence infer he was no Poet? The dispute of which confers most to the forming a Poet, (I mean, a Compleat one) Art, or Nature, was never yet agreed on; *Horace* joyns them, *Quintillian* and some others give it to *Nature*: But, till this Gentleman, never did any Man yield it wholly to *Art*; for that all his Arguments both in this or his former Book seem to drive at.

A nice Observation of Rules, is a Confinement a great *Genius* cannot bear, which naturally covets Liberty; and tho' the *French*, whose *Genius*, as well as Language, is not strong enough to rise to the Majesty of Poetry, are easier reduc'd within the Discipline of Rules, and have perhaps of late Years, more exactly observ'd 'em. yet I never yet met with any Englishman, who wou'd preferr their Poetry to ours. All that is great of Humane things, makes a nearer approach to the *Eternal Perfection* of Greatness, and extends as much as possible its limits toward being Boundless: 'Tis not govern'd by Common Rules and Methods, but Glories in a *Noble Irregularity*; and this not only in Writings, but Actions of some Men. *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Alcibiades*, &c. seem'd actuated by other Principles than the common Maxims that govern the *Rest* of Humane Kind; and in them the greatest Virtues have been mixt with great Vices, as well as the Writings of *Shakespear*;

ſpear; yet are they granted *Heroes*, and ſo muſt He be confeſs'd a Poet: The *Heroes* Race are all like *Achilles*. *Jura negunt, ſibi nata.*

But as I do not think that to be a *Great Man*, one muſt neceſſarily be wholly exempt from Rules, ſo I muſt grant, That *Virgil*, *Sophocles*, and *Your Self* are very *Great*, tho' generally very Regular; But theſe are Rarities ſo uncommon, that Nature has produc'd very few of them, and like the Phœnixes of Honeſty, that live up to the Precepts of Morality, ought to have public Statues erected to them. But yet the leſs perfect ought not to be Rob'd of their Merits, becauſe they have defects, eſpecially when the Number of thoſe exceed theſe, as in *Shakeſpear*, all whoſe Faults have not been able to fruſtrate his obtaining the end of All juſt Poems, *Pleaſure* and *Profit*. To deny this, wou'd be to fly in the Face of the known experience of ſo many Years. He has (I ſay) in moſt, if not all, of his Plays attain'd the full end of Poetry *Delight*, and *Profit*, by moving Terror and Pity for the Changes of Fortune, which Humane Life is ſubject to, by giving us a lively and juſt Image of them (the beſt Definition of a Play) for the Motion of theſe Paſſions afford us *Pleaſure*, and their Purgation *Profit*. Beſides, there are few or none of thoſe many he has writ, but have their Juſt Moral, not only of more general Uſe and Advantage, but alſo more naturally the Effect of them, than that of the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*, as may be ſoon perceiv'd by any one that will give himſelf the trouble of a little Thought,

and

and which will in ſome meaſure appear from what I have to ſay in the particular Defence I ſhall now make of

Othello.

To begin with the *Fable* (as our Critic has done) I muſt tell him, he has as falſly, as ridiculouſly repreſented it, which I ſhall endeavour to put in a Juſter light.

Othello *a Noble* Moor, *or* Negro, *that had by long Services, and brave Acts eſtabliſh'd himſelf in the Opinion of the* Senate *of* Venice, *wins the Affections of* Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio *one of the* Senators, *by the moving account he gives of the imminent Dangers he had paſt, and hazards he had ventur'd through, a belief of which his known Virtue confirm'd, and unknown to her Father Marries her, and carries her (with the leave of the Senate) with him to* Cyprus, *his Province. He makes* Caſſio *his Lieutenant, tho'* Jago, *had ſollicited it by his Friends for himſelf, which Refuſal joyn'd with a jealouſie, that* Othello *had had to do with his Wife, makes him contrive the deſtruction of* Caſſio, *and the* Moor, *to gratifie his Revenge, and Ambition. But having no way to revenge himſelf ſufficiently on the* Moor, *from whom he ſuppos'd he had receiv'd a double* Wrong, *proportionable to the injury, but this, he draws him with a great deal of Cunning into a Jealouſie of his Wife, and that by a chain of Circumſtances contriv'd to that purpoſe, and urg'd with all the taking*

inſinuations

insinuations imaginable; particularly by a Handkerchief, he had convey'd to Cassio (*which* Jago's *Wife stole from* Desdemona) *to convince the* Moor *his Wife was too familiar with him, having parted with such a favour to him, which she had on her Marriage receiv'd from* Othello, *with the strictest charge of preserving, it being a Gift of his Mother of Curious Work, and secret Virtue.* Othello, *by these means, won to a belief of his own Infamy, resolves the Murder of those, he concluded guilty,* viz. Cassio, *and his Wife;* Jago *officiously undertakes, the dispatching of* Cassio, *having got his Commission already, but is disappointed of his design, employing one* Roderigo *to that purpose, who had follow'd him from* Venice, *in hopes by his means to enjoy* Desdemona, *as* Jago *had promis'd him. But the* Moor *effectually puts his Revenge in Execution on his Wife, which is no sooner done, but he's convinc'd of his Error, and in remorse kills himself, whilst* Jago, *the Cause of all this Villany, having slain his Wife for discovering it, is born away to a more ignominious Punishment, as more proportion'd to his* Villanies.

The *Fable* to be perfect must be *Admirable* and *Probable*, and as it approaches those two, 'tis more or less perfect in its kind. *Admirable*, is what is *uncommon*, and *extraordinary*. *Probable*, is what is agreeable to common Opinion. This must be the Test of this *Fable* of *Othello*; but then we must not take it, as given us by our Drolling Critic, who very truely confesseth in his former Book, (and in that he is no Changeling) he must be merry

merry out of Seaſon, as he always is; but as I have laid it down, elſe we ſhou'd do *Shakeſpear* a great deal of Injuſtice.

I ſuppoſe none will deny that it is *Admirable*: that is, compos'd of Incidents that happen not e'ery day, his Antagoniſt confeſſes as much; there is therefore nothing but the *Probability* of it attaqu'd by him, which I queſtion not either wholly to prove, or at leaſt to ſet it on the ſame bottom with the beſt of *Sophocles*, that of his *Oedipus*.

Firſt, to ſee whether he have ſinn'd againſt Probability, let us conſider what our Caviller objects, all which may be reduc'd to two Points. Firſt, That 'tis not probable that the Senate of *Venice* (tho' it uſually employ Strangers) ſhould employ a *Moor* againſt the *Turk*: neither is it in the next place *probable*, that *Deſdemona* ſhou'd be in Love with him. On this turns all the Accuſation, this is the very Head of his offending.

All the Reaſon he gives, or rather implies, for the firſt Improbability is, That 'tis not likely the State of *Venice*, wou'd employ a *Moor*, (taking him for a *Mahometan*) againſt the *Turk*, becauſe of the mutual Bond of Religion. He, indeed ſays not ſo, but takes it for granted that *Othello* muſt be rather for the *Turkiſh* intereſt than the *Venetian*, becauſe a *Moor*. But, I think (nor does he oppoſe it with any reaſon) the Character of the *Venetian State* being to employ Strangers in their Wars, it gives ſufficient ground to

our

our Poet, to ſuppoſe a *Moor* employ'd by 'em as well as a *German*; that is a *Chriſtian Moor*, as *Othello* is repreſented by our Poet, for from ſuch a *Moor*, there cou'd be no juſt fear of treachery in favour of the *Mahometans*. He tells us——

I fetch my Life and Being from Men of Royal Siege.

Suppoſing him therefore the Son or Nephew of the Emperor of *Monomotopa*, *Æthiopia* or *Congo*, forc'd to leave his Country for Religion, or any other occaſion, coming to *Europe* by the convenience of the *Portugueze* Ships, might after ſeveral Fortunes, ſerve firſt as a Voluntier till he had ſignaliz'd himſelf, and prov'd himſelf worthy of Command; part of this may very reaſonably be drawn from what the Poet makes him ſay. Now upon this Suppoſition, it appears more rational, and probable, the *Venetians* ſhou'd employ a Stranger, who wholly depended on themſelves, and whoſe Country was too remote, to influence him to their prejudice, than other Strangers, whoſe Princes may in ſome meaſure direct their Actions for their own Advantage. But that *Othello* is ſuppos'd to be a Chriſtian is evident from the Second Act, and from theſe words of *Iago*;——*And then for her to Win the* Moor, *were't to renounce his* Baptiſm, *&c.* Why therefore an *African* Chriſtian may not by the *Venetians* be ſuppos'd to be as zealous againſt the *Turks*, as an *European* Chriſtian, I cannot imagine. So that this Buſtle of *Littera litteribus Contraria*, &c. is only an inconſiderate amuſement

Amuſement, to ſhew how little the Gentleman was troubled with thought when he wrote it.

No more to the purpoſe, is that Heat he expreſſes againſt *Shakſpears* giving a Name to his *Moor*, though *Cinthio* did not, though Hiſtory did not warrant it. For this can be no more objected to our Poet, then the perverting the Character of *Dido*, and confounding the Chronology to bring her to the time of *Æneas*, is to *Virgil*; the firſt as 'tis not mention'd in Hiſtory, ſo it does not contradict it; but the laſt is a plain oppoſition to expreſs Hiſtory, and Chronology. If *Virgil* be allow'd his Reaſon for doing that, *Shakeſpear* is not to ſeek for one for what he has done. 'Twas neceſſary to give his *Moor* a place of ſome Figure in the World, to give him the greater Authority, and to make his Actions the more Conſiderable, and what place more likely to fix on, than *Venice*, where Strangers are admitted to the higheſt Commands in Military Affairs.

'Tis granted, a *Negro* here does ſeldom riſe above a Trumpeter, nor often perhaps higher at *Venice*. But then that proceeds from the Vice of Mankind, which is the Poets Duty as he informs us, to correct, and to repreſent things as they ſhould be, not as they are. Now 'tis certain, there is no reaſon in the nature of things, why a *Negro* of equal Birth and Merit, ſhould not be on an equal bottom, with a *German*, *Hollander*, *French-man*, &c. The Poet, therefore ought to do juſtice to Nations, as well as Perſons, and

ſet them to rights, which the common courſe of things confounds. The ſame reaſon ſtands in force for this, as for puniſhing the Wicked, and making the Virtuous fortunate, which as *Rapin*, and all the Critics agree, the Poet ought to do, though it generally happens otherways. The Poet has therefore well choſen a polite People to caſt off this cuſtomary Barbarity, of confining Nations, without regard to their Virtue, and Merits, to ſlavery, and contempt for the meer Accident of their Complexion.

I hope I have brought by this time as convincing proofs for the probability in this particular, as Mr. *Rymer* has againſt it, if I have not wholly gain'd my Point. Now therefore I ſhall proceed to the probability of *Deſdemona*'s Love for the *Moor*, which I think is ſomthing more evident againſt him.

Whatever he aims at in his inconſiſtant Ramble againſt this, may be reduc'd to the *Perſon* and the *Manner*. Againſt the *Perſon* he quotes you two Verſes out of *Horace*, that have no more reference to this, than——*in the Beginning God made the Heaven and the Earth*, has to the proof of the *Jus Divinum* of lay Biſhops, the Verſes are theſe,

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

unleſs he can prove that the Colour of a Man alters his Species, and turns him into a *Beaſt* or *Devil*. 'Tis ſuch a vulgar Error, ſo criminal a fond-

fondness of our Selves, to allow nothing of Humanity to any but our own Acquaintance of the fairer hew; that I wonder a Man, that pretends to be at all remov'd from the very Dreggs of the thoughtless Mob, should espouse it in so public a manner a Critic too, who puts the Poet in mind of correcting the common corruptions of Custom. Any Man that has convers'd with the best Travels, or read any thing of the History of those parts, on the continent of *Africa*, discover'd by the *Portugueze*, must be so far from robbing the *Negroes* of some Countrys there of *Humanity*, that they must grant them not only greater Heroes, nicer observers of Honour, and and all the Moral Virtues that distinguish'd the old *Romans*, but also much better Christians (where Christianity is profes's'd) than we of *Europe* generally are. They move by a nobler Principle, more open, free and generous, and not such slaves to sordid Interest.

After all this, *Othello* being of *Royal Blood*, and a Christian, where is the disparity of the Match? If either side is advanc'd, 'tis *Desdemona*. And why must this Prince though a Christian, and of known and experienc'd *Virtue*, *Courage*, and *Conduct*, be made such a Monster, that the *Venetian* Lady can't love him without perverting Nature? Experience tells us, that there's nothing more common than Matches of this kind, where the Whites, and Blacks cohabit, as in both the *Indies*: and Even here at home, Ladys that have not wanted white Adorers, have indulg'd their A-

morous Dalliances, with their Sable Lovers, without any of *Othello's* Qualifications, which is proof enough, that Nature and Cuſtom, have not put any ſuch unpaſſable bar betwixt Creatures of the ſame kind, becauſe of different colors, which I hope will remove the improbability of the Perſon, eſpecially when the powerful Auxilarys of extraordinary Merit and Vertues come to plead with a generous Mind.

The probability of the *Perſon* being thus confirmed, I ſhall now conſider that of the *Manner* of his obtaining her *Love*. To this end we muſt ſtill keep in mind the known and experienc'd Virtue of the *Moor* which gave Credit, and Authority to what he ſaid; and then we may eaſily ſuppoſe the ſtory of his Fortunes, and Dangers, would make an impreſſion of Pity, and admiration at leaſt on the boſom of a Woman, of a noble and generous Nature. No *Man* of any generous Principle, but muſt be touch'd at ſuff'ring Virtue, and value the noble ſufferer, whoſe Courage and Bravery, bears him through uncommon Trials and extraordinary Dangers. Nor would it have leſs force on a Woman of any principle of Honour and tenderneſs; ſhe muſt be mov'd and pleas'd with the Narration, ſhe muſt admire his conſtant Virtue, and Admiration is the firſt ſtep to Love, which will eaſily gain upon thoſe who have once entertain'd it.

Dido in *Virgil* was won by the *Trojan* ſtranger ſhe never ſaw before, by the relation of his fortunes and Eſcapes; and ſome particulars of the

Nar-

Narration of *Æneas*, carrys full as ridiculous and abſurd a Face as any thing, *Othello* ſays; the moſt trifling of which is,

> *And of the Cannibals that each other eat*
> *the* Anthropophagi, *and Men whoſe Heads*
> *do grow beneath their Shoulders.*

for all the reſt is admirably fine, though our wonderful Critic can't reliſh it, there is a moving Beauty in each Line, the words are well choſen, and the Image they give great, and Poetical; what an Image does *Deſarts* Idle give? that very Epithet is a perfect *Hypotypoſis*, and ſeems to place me in the midſt of one, where all the active hurry of the World is loſt; but all that I can ſay, will not reach the excellence of that Epithet ſo many properties of ſuch a place meet in it. But as for the *Cannibals*, &c. *and the Men whoſe Heads grow beneath their* Shoulders. I have heard it condemn'd by Men whoſe taſt I generally approve, yet muſt they give me leave to diſſent from them here, and permit me either wholly to juſtifie *Shakeſpear*, even here, or at leaſt to put him on an equal bottom with *Virgil*, in his moſt beautiful part. For the fault lyes either in the *Improbability* of thoſe things, or their *Impertinence* to the buſineſs in Hand. Firſt Probability we know is built on common Opinion; but 'tis certain the *Canibals* have been generally believed, and that with very good grounds of Truth; ſo that there can be no doubt of the probability of that.

Next for the *Men whose Heads grow beneath their Shoulders*, though that is not establish'd on so good a Foundation as Truth; yet the general Traditionary belief of it in those days, is sufficient to give it a poetical probability. As this was not *Improbable*, so neither was it *Impertinent*, for 'tis certain, that whatever contributed to the raising her Idea of his Dangers and Escapes, must conduce to his aim, but to fall into the Hands of those, whom not only the fury of War, but that of Custom makes Cruel, heightens the danger, and by consequence the Concern, especially in a young Lady possess'd with the legend of the Nursery, whence she must have amazing Ideas of the Danger of the brave *Moor* from them.

But at worst, *Shakespear* is on as good a bottom as *Virgil*, in this particular; the Narrative of *Eneas*, that won the Heart of *Dido*, has many things full as trifling and absurd as this, if not far more? For is there not as much likelyhood that there shou'd be a People that have their Heads grow beneath their Shoulders, as the Race of the *Cyclops*, that have but one Eye, just beneath their Forheads, and that *Polyphemus* his Eye was as big as a *Grecian* Shield, or the Sun; or that he cou'd wade through the Sea, without being up to his middle. Can there be invented any thing so unnatural, as the Harpys in the third Book, who had the Faces of Virgins, Wings, Feathers, *&c.* Of Birds, and a human Voice, as is evident from *the infælix vates*, that foretold 'em they shou'd not build their destin'd

City,

City, till they had eaten their Tables, or Trenchers, (which by the way was a trivial and ridilous sort of a pun, as the event shewed, when *Iulus* found out the Jest,) nor is *Scylla* a more natural mixture. But let's hear the description of all three, from *Virgil* himself, least I be thought to injure his Memory, first of the Harpys in the Strophades.

Virginei volucrum vultus, fædissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæq; Manus, & pallida semper
Ora fame.——

The beginning of *Horace*'s Art of Poetry, *Humano Capiti, &c.* seems a Copy of this; nor is *Scylla* a more *Homogeneous* Composition.——

At Scyllam cæcis cohibet spelunca latebris
Ora exsertantem, & naves in saxa trahentem:
Prima hominis facies, & pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus, postrema immani Corpore pristis
Delphinum Caudas utero commissa luporum.

Then for the Cyclop *Polyphemus*, the *Grecian* he takes abord, tells him his Eye is

Argolici clypei, aut Phœbeæ lampadis Instar.

and a little after lest this shou'dbe taken as an hyperbolical magnifying it by the terror of the fearful *Greek*; in his own Person, he says of him

——*Graditurq; per æquor.*
Jam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.

The Abſurdities in *Homer* are much more numerous than thoſe in *Virgil.* (I mean thoſe that muſt paſs for ſuch, if this in *Shakeſpear* is ſo,) But becauſe they relate not to this particular, I ſhall ſay nothing of them here. All theſe I have remark'd in the Narration of *Æneas*, hinder'd not, but that it won the Heart of *Dido*, though firmly bent againſt a ſecond Amour,

Ille meos primus, qui me ſibi junxit amores
Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum, ſervetq; ſepulchro.

eſpecially one that was not like to be ſo very Honorable. *Deſdemona* had no ſuch tye, to ſteel her Heart againſt *Othello*'s Tongue, no reaſon to curb that Paſſion ſhe ne'er felt before, when the prevailing Virtue of the *Moor*, attaqu'd her Heart; well may we therefore believe *Deſdemona* ſhou'd yield to the ſame force, that conquer'd *Dido*, with all her Reſolutions and Engagements, to the memory of *Sichceus*. Hear how ſhe cries out to her Siſter *Ann*,

Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes
Quem ſeſe ore ferens? *Quam forti pectore & Armis?*
Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus eſſe deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit, heu quibus ille
Jactatur fatis, quæ bella exhauſta canebat.

and

and at the beginning of this fourth Book,

——— *Hærent infixi pectore Vultus*
Verbaq;——

and the latter end of the firſt Book confirms this

Multa ſuper Priamo *Rogitans ſuper Hectore multa.*

con'd *Æneas* his Story not, one jot more moving or probable make a meer ſtranger paſs for a God, with the Carthaginian Queen at firſt hearing; and muſt it be incredible, that the ſame ſhall not make *Othello* paſs for ſo much as a Man? The Parallel is ſo exact, that I am apt to think, *Shakeſpear* took the Copy from *Virgil*. Nor can it juſtly be urg'd, that theſe things were believ'd by the *Romans*, ſince they were ſo far from believing theſe trifles, that *Seneca* in his Epiſtles, laughs at thoſe Fables, that conſtituted their Hell, which was of much greater conſequence. But ſuppoſing they were believ'd, the ſame will hold good for *Shakeſpear*, in this particular, I vindicate him in: for 'tis built on as vulgar and general a tradition, as theſe Fables of old were, ſo that the advantage is equal betwixt theſe two great Poets in this particular.

By this time, I hope our *Drolling Caviller*, will grant it no ſuch monſtrous abſurdity for the *Doge* to ſay,

I think this Tale wou'd win my Daughter too.

ſince without doubt, that ſhort ſumming up of what was only the ſubject of his tale to *Deſdemona*, with only the ſuppoſition of the particulars, muſt move any generous Breſt.

But ſhould all I have ſaid fail of clearing the *Probability* of the *Fable* from Mr. *Rymers* Objections, yet ought not that to rob *Shakeſpear* of his due Character of being a *Poet*, and a great *Genius*: unleſs he will for the ſame reaſon deny thoſe prerogatives to *Homer*, and *Sophocles*. The former has often loſt the *Probable*, in the *Admirable*, as any Book of the *Iliads* and *Odyſſes* will prove; and the latter, as *Rapin* juſtly obſerves, has not kept to probability, ev'n in his beſt performance; I mean in his *Oedipus Tyrannus*; for (as *Rapin* has it) Oedipus *ought not to have been ignorant of the aſſaſſinate of Laius, the ignorance he's in of the Murder, which makes all the Beauty of the intrigue, is not probable*; and if a Man wou'd play the Droll with this *Fable* of *Oedipus*, it would furniſh full as ridiculous a Comment, as witty Mr. *Rymer* has done from this of *Othello*; and ſure I can't err in imitating ſo great a Critic.

Firſt, then let all Men before they defend themſelves on the High-way, think well of what they do, leſt not being Mathematically ſure he's at home, he kill his own Father, which perhaps is ſomething dangerous in this Age, where ſuch boon Blades frequent the Road, and ſuch good-natur'd Ladies have the diſpoſing of our fate. Next

Next, let e'ry Younger Brother, that ventures to ride in another Man's Boots, be very circumspect, leſt he marries his own Mother.

Thirdly and Laſtly, This may be a caution to the few Fools that doat on Virtue, that they truſt to a rotten Reed that will be of little uſe to 'em, ſince all is whirl'd about by an unavoidable neceſſity.

Theſe are much more the conſequence of this *Fable* of *Oedipus*, than thoſe wond'rous Truths, he draws from that of *Othello*. Nay, the moral *Sophocles* concludes his *Oedipus* with, will ſerve as juſtly for *Othello*, viz. *That no Man can be call'd happy before his Death.* But the whole *Fable* of *Oedipus*, tho' ſo much admir'd, is ſo very *ſingular* and *improbable*, that 'tis ſcarce poſſible, it ever cou'd have happen'd; on the other hand, the fatal Jealouſie of *Othello*, and the Revenge of *Jago*, are the natural Conſequences of our ungovern'd Paſſions, which by a proſpect of ſuch Tragical effects of their being indulg'd, may be the better regulated and govern'd by us. So that tho' *Othello* ends not ſo formally with a moral Sentence, as *Oedipus* does, yet it ſets out one of much greater Value. If it be a fault in *Shakeſpear*, that it end not with ſuch a ſentence, *Sophocles* is guilty of no leſs in his *Philoctetes*, which not only concludes without any Moral, but is alſo incapable of being reduc'd to any, at leaſt of any moment. Whereas the Morals of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and moſt of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, prove a leſſon of mightier conſequence than any in *Sophocles*, except the *Electra*, *viz.* that Uſurpation, tho' it thrive a while, will at laſt be puniſh'd, *&c.* Beſides the worſt, and moſt irre-

irregular of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, contains two or three ſuch Fables, as that of *Philoctetes*, which anſwers not one of the ends of Poetry; for it neither pleaſes or profits, it moves neither Terror nor Compaſſion, containing only a dry account, without any variety of the perſwaſions of *Pyrrhus*, to get *Philoctetes* to go with him to *Troy* with the Arrows of *Hercules*; who, after he had by Treachery gain'd 'em, as fooliſhly reſtores 'em to him again, and *Troy* might have ſtood long enough, if *Hercules* had not come from the Gods, to bend the ſtubborn Fool, that rather choſe to be miſerable himſelf; with his endleſs πάπαι, πάπαι, πάπαις and his Complaints of his Foot, ſomething like the *Tumors*, *Chilblains*, *Carnoſities*, *&c.* rak'd together by Mr. *Rymer*. And all that can be learnt from this Play of *Sophocles* is,

Firſt, That we never ſend Boys of our Errand, unleſs we have a God at command to make up the buſineſs he has ſpoil'd; if we mean our buſineſs ſhall be thoroughly done, and not the fate of a Nation ſacrificed to a pain in the Foot.

Secondly, Not to truſt Strangers we never ſaw before, for a fair Tale, with our Safety and Treaſure, without a Mathematical Demonſtration of their Fidelity and Truſt.

Laſtly, That all Men with ſore Feet ſhou'd not deſpair of a Cure.

But I have dwelt ſo long on the Fable, that I have not time enough to diſcuſs the other parts, as the *Characters*, *Thoughts*, and *Expreſſions*, ſo fully as I ought; eſpecially, the *Thought* and *Expreſ-*

ſion,

ſion, for 'twou'd require a Volumn near as big as *Shakeſpear*, to ſet them off according to their worth; with all the proofs from Grammar or Rhetoric of their Truth and Juſtneſs. The Fable is look'd upon by *Rapin*, and after him by our *Gleaner of Criticiſms*, as the Soul of the Play, and therefore I may be excus'd for my prolixity in its defence, and allow'd a little more time for a full Juſtification of the other parts of *Shakeſpear*, attaqu'd with leſs Reaſon and Juſtice: Mr. *Rymer* has taken above ten Year to digeſt his Accuſations, and therefore it can't in reaſon be thought I ſhou'd not in half ſo many days be able to perform all the work he has cut out: Nor can I proceed to a particular conſideration of all the Characters of this Play at this time. *Deſdemona* I think is the moſt faulty; but ſince our *Antagoniſt* will have *Jago*, the moſt *intollerable*, I ſhall confine my ſelf to that.

What I have ſaid in the beginning of my Vindication of *Shakeſpear*, muſt here be recollected on *Jago*'s behalf; beſides which, I have ſome other conſiderations to offer, which I hope will lighten the inſupportable load of Contempt, and Ridicule caſt on him by our Caviller.

Firſt, Therefore in our Judgment of *Jago*, we muſt follow the Rule of *Horace*, ſo much ſtood upon by Mr. *Rymer*.

Intererit multum
Cholcus an Aſſyrius, Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

We

We are not only to respect the profession of the Man in our Judgment of the Character, but we must also have an Eye to his Nation, the Country he was born in, and the prevailing temper of the People, with their National Vices; by this Rule we shall find *Iago*, an *Italian*; by Nature *Selfish*, *Jealous*, *Reserv'd*, *Revengeful* and *Proud*, nor can I see any reason to suppose his Military Profession shou'd so powerfully influence him to purge away all these Qualities, and establish contrary in their room. Nor can I believe the quotation from *Horace*, which our Caviler produces, can justly be extended to all degrees of Soldiers.

It runs thus in *Horace*.

——Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi Nata, nihil non arroget armis.

'Tis plain from what goes before, and what follows after that *Horace* meant not this, at least for a general Character of all Soldiers, but only as a direction for the drawing *Achilles*, or such a Hero; for he's enumerating the *Manners*, of those public Characters, that were generally made use of by the *Romans* in their Tragedies, for this follows.

Sit Medea ferox invictaq; Flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Jo *vaga, tristis Orestes.*

And a few Lines before he is giving the Characters of several Professions and Ages, from whence he proceeds

proceeds to these particular Characters of *Achilles*, *Ino*, *Medea*, &c. drawn from the known Stories of them, and this is confirm'd by what he joyns to this;

Siquid inexpertum scenæ committis, &c.

That is, if you take known Persons, that have for so many Ages trod the Stage, this must be their Character; but if you bring some new person on it, that was never there before, then take care that your Persons preserve that Character you give 'em at first, &c.

I know *Rapin* gives a Soldier these qualities; *Fierce*, *Insolent*, *Surly*, *Inconstant*, which partly are the effects of their manner of Life, but I can't conceive these to be opposite to those other in *Iago*. The *Characters* or *Manners*, as the same *Rapin* observes, are to be drawn from Experience; and that tells us, that they differ in Soldiers according to their Nature and Discipline; that also tells us that the Camp is not free from Designs, Supplantings, and all the effects of the most criminal of Passions, and this indeed is evident from the Draught *Homer* gives us of the Grecian Camp, where *Love* was not judg'd so contrary to the Character of a General, as Mr. *Rymer* wou'd have it thought: *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* having both their admir'd Captives. And let Mr. *Rymer* say what he please, I can prove that 'twas the Love of *Briseis*, that troubl'd *Achilles*, and confirm'd his anger, as well as the meer affront of having his prize taken

ken from him, but of that in another place. In short, the *Therſites* of *Homer* differs as much from the Soldiers of Mr. *Rymers* acquaintance, as *Jago* does; nor is he the only Soldier that cou'd diſſemble. *Sinon* in *Virgil*, and *Neoptolemus* in *Sophocles*, are as guilty of it as he.

But granting that *Jago*'s Character is defective ſomething in the Manners, *Homer* and *Sophocles* have been guilty (the firſt much more, the other not much leſs) of the ſame: what are the Wounds, Scuffles, Paſſions, Adulteries, *&c.* Of the Gods and Goddeſſes, obvious to the meaneſt Capacity, and beyond all diſpute? Is not the Character of *Oedipus Coloneus* of *Sophocles*, as *Rapin* remarks, extreamly unproportionable to *Oedipus Tyrannus*? And tho' Mr. *Rymer* is ſo ſevere, to deny that the Character of *Jago* is that of a Soldier, becauſe ſo different from his Military Acquaintance; yet I'm confident he wou'd take it extreamly amiſs, If I ſhou'd deny him to be a Critic, becauſe ſo contrary to all the Critics that I have met with, playing the merry Droll, inſtead of giving ſerious and ſolid Reaſons for what he advances.

The other Characters of this Play I muſt defer till another time, as well as a thorough defence of his Thoughts and Expreſſion, both which he wholly denies him; and with an extravagantly wonderful Aſſurance publicly tells us; that the Neighing of a Horſe has more *Humanity*, (for that is his Wittyciſm) than the Tragical Flights of *Shakeſpear*.

Mr.

Mr. *Rymer's* Friend *Rapin* tells us, that the Thoughts are the expreſſion of the Manners, as Words are of Thoughts, that is the natural reſult of the Manners, which being already clear'd from his Accuſations, the vindication of the Thoughts are included in them, as well as their Condemnation in his Charge againſt the other, for he diſdains to be particular in his proof. Then for the Expreſſions of *Shakeſpear*, none but Mr. *Rymer* can find fault with 'em. The excellence of expreſſion conſiſts in this, that it bear a proportion to the Things; that is, that it give us a full Idea of 'em; that it be *apt*, *clear*, *natural*, *ſplendid*, and *numerous*. There is ſcarce a ſerious part of *Shakeſpear*, but has all theſe qualities in the Expreſſion.

To omit ſeveral Scenes in *Hamlet*, particularly that betwixt him, and his Fathers Ghoſt: I'll only inſtance in two or three Speeches, that are, and have been on the Stage in our Memory, which may give ſome ſample of the Poetry, Thought, and Expreſſion of *Shakeſpear*. The firſt is in the *Midſummer Nights Dreams*, now acted under the name of the *Fairy Queen*. Act the Third, *Titania* ſpeaks thus,

Titan: *Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.*
Hop in his Walks, and Gambol in his Eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks and Dewberrys,
With purple Grapes, green Figgs and Mulberrys;
The Hony Baggs ſteal from the Humble Bees;
And for Night Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,

And light them at the fiery Glow-worms Eyes;
To have my Love to Bed and to Arise.
And pluck the Wings from painted Butter-flyes,
To fan the Moon Beams from his sleeping Eyes.
Nod to him Elves, and do him Courteſies.

is not this extreamly poetical and fine? The next I ſhall take from the 2d. Scene of *Richard* the Second.

York. *Then as I ſaid the Duke* (*great* Bullingbrook)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow but ſtately Grace kept on his courſe
While all Tongues cry'd God ſave the Bullingbrook.
You wou'd have thought the very Windows ſpoke,
So many greedy looks of Young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring Eyes
Upon his Viſage, and that all the Walls
With painted Imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee, welcome Bullingbrook.
Whilſt He, *from one ſide to the other turning,*
Bare headed lower, than his proud Steeds Neck
Beſpeak them thus; I thank ye Countrymen.
And thus ſtill doing thus he paſs'd along,
Dutches. *Alaſs! Poor* Richard *where rides he the while?*
York. *As in a Theatre the Eyes of Men,*
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious

Even

Even ſo, or with much more contempt Mens Eyes,
Did ſcowl on Richard: *No Man cry'd God ſave him,*
No joyful Tongue gave him Him *his welcome home.*
But Duſt was thrown upon his Sacred Head
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The Hearts of Men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pitty'd him.

Are not here all the Beautys of Thought joyn'd with all thoſe of expreſſion? is it poſſible any thing that has but the leaſt Humanity, ſhou'd be dull enough not to reliſh, not to be mov'd, nay tranſported with this? I muſt confeſs, it has fir'd me, ſo that I think our Critic better deſerves the Arraignment *Tiberius* gave the Poet, for ill repreſenting *Agamemnon*, whoſe Character at beſt, was but a Child of Fancy, and therefore ſubject to the Poets Will; but to Blaſpheme ſuch a viſible Excellence, Merits the higheſt contempt, if not a greater Puniſhment.

Shakeſpears Numbers carry ſuch an Harmonious Majeſty, that what *Rapin* and ſome other Critics ſay of *Homer*, is juſtly his due; they give a noble Beauty to the meaneſt things. 'Tis true, the Words he ſometimes uſes, by their abſoleteneſs renders ſome of his Expreſſions a little dark, but then we muſt remember the great alteration our Language has undergone ſince his time; but ex-

amine well the ſenſe of his Words, you'l ſeldom find him guilty of Bombaſt, (tho' laid to his charge by Mr. *Rymer*,) that is Words and Thoughts ill match'd. On the contrary, they are generally ſo well ſorted, that they preſent us with ſo lively and ſenſible Image of what they import, that it fixes it ſelf in our Minds, with an extream ſatisfaction; and the more we view it, the more it gains upon us.

I ſhall hereafter ſtep into the Scenes with Mr. *Rymer*, and alſo examine his Narrations, Deliberations, Didactic and Pathetic Diſcourſes, which are all that are made uſe of Tragedy, in which if he ſometimes err, he has yet perform'd well; and amidſt his faults you ſhall find ſome thoughts of a great Genius. I ſhall only now obſerve *en paſſant*, in defence of that Scene, betwixt *Iago* and *Othello*, that we ought not to be impoſed on by poſitive aſſertions, or think becauſe Mr. *Rymer* tells us ſo, that half words, and ambiguous Reflexions, do not naturally work up Jealouſie, or that 'tis not natural, for *Othello to catch at ev'ry blown ſurmiſe*. Theſe Aſſertions of our Critic ſhew him to be very ignorant of the very nature of this Paſſion, for as 'tis reduc'd to the primitive *Deſire* by the Moraliſts, ſo 'tis thus by them defin'd,

Jealouſie is a fear of looſing a good we very much value and eſteem, ariſing from the leaſt *cauſes of Suſpicion.*

now

now 'tis evident even from the trifling, and falſe Objections of his enemies that *Shakeſpear* had this very notion of this paſſion. For this reaſon 'tis, he makes *Othello* ſwallow the very firſt bait laid by *Jago* for him. *Caſſio* is found with *Deſdemona*, and on *Othello*'s approach, conſciouſly retires, which tho' he did to avoid his Anger not Jealouſie; yet *Jago* improves the opportunity to his purpoſe, with an——*I like not that*; then to awake the *Moors* Jealouſie by degrees, he takes occaſion from *Caſſio's* departure to queſtion him—— *did* Caſſio *when you woo'd my Lady know of your Love?* Which he purſues with *half-words*, and ambiguous *Reflexions*, that plainly imply more than they barely expreſs, in which he diſcover'd, fear to ſpeak on't what he deſir'd *Othello* ſhou'd know, the natural conſequence of which is the touching a jealous Nature, with curioſity in a thing, that ſo nearly related to his Happineſs. E'ry word rous'd ſome ſurmrize; and as *Ovid* obſerves, *cuncta timemus Amantes*, Lovers fear any Appearance. But more of this hereafter. In the in the mean while I'm pretty confident, e'ry Mans own Sence will ſupply my defect of a particular defence of the working up of *Othello*'s paſſion of Jealouſie.

And now Sir, 'tis time to turn my Thoughts from a defence of *Shakeſpear*, to an excuſe of my own Tranſgreſſion, in addreſſing this Eſſay to you without asking your Leave. I'm not for asking pardon for an Offence, before I have committed it, and then I am willing if poſſible,

to extenuate it from all its heightning Circumſtances; and Sir, I hope I have enough to ſay for my Self in committing this.

Firſt, I knew your Nature ſo well, that tho' no Name, cou'd have given more Authority to my defence of *Shakeſpear*; yet wou'd you never have conſented to the manner I thought my ſelf oblig'd to treat his accuſer in; for tho' he has had no regard to the public Friendſhip you have expreſs'd for him; yet I know you have not reſented the groſneſs of his public abuſe of you, with indignation enough to permit me to deal with him in the ſame manner; for what was ſaid of a great Lord, is fully as true of you, *viz.* that you are

The beſt natur'd Man, with the worſt natur'd Muſe,

for tho' there is nothing ſo ſtrong and ſo cutting as your Satire; yet is there nothing ſo eaſie and ſo affable as your Temper and Converſation. Pardon me, I will ſpeak what I know of you, and let my Enemies make the beſt on't, whoſe Malice I value not, if I can but prevail with you to forgive this boldneſs

THE

The Ingenious and Honourable Theocrine *to* Theopompus; *ſhewing Her the faithfulleſt of* Lovers, *and moſt Pious of* Children.

ALL your Letters are at laſt arriv'd ſafe, tho' it happen'd with them, as in a great many other things: what ſhou'd a came firſt, came laſt, by which I'm ſorry to find, that one who is to judge of Souls, knows no better how to judge of Merit; elſe whatever your requeſt had been, it had been granted. I wiſh all that can ſerve the generous *Theopompus*, had my ſenſe of his deſerts, then ſhou'd the Friend of my dear *Poliarchus* be rais'd, as far above thoſe ſelf Intereſt'd Wretches, as his Soul now is, and *Generoſity* was above theirs. For moſt of the ſordid World, neither know how to reward the living, nor how to do juſtice to the dead; but theſe are crimes unknown to all that were inſpir'd with the Friendſhip for our dear *Poliarchus*.

There are few of the Troubles that attend us in this Life, but when we ſeriouſly examine their

Cauſe, we ſhall find we our ſelves in one kind or other, have in ſome degree contributed to 'em. For who can be of a generous Temper, and not bear a part with the Afflicted? this has (as it it does with all that are good) made you ſenſible of my ſufferings, which has by an unforeſeen Conſequence brought the trouble of many impertinent Letters on your ſelf; for 'tis impoſſible to ſuffer you ever to give over that pleaſing Melancholy Subject you ſo ingeniouſly entertain me with. The Death of my *Poliarchus* is as laſting in my Memory as I am: and as I am the moſt unfortunate of Women by his loſs, ſo can all other Afflictions be but like drops of Water into the abyſs of the Sea: Yet have I met lately with an additional Grief, that bears a much greater proportion. That dear Mother I have been in care for, is now taken from me to augment the number of the bleſt above; my tender *Love*, and grateful *Duty*, was ſuch for my unequal'd Parent, that had I not known how to live after the *Loſs*, and Affliction you ſaw me in, I cou'd ſcarce have ſupported this; but **That** has made me know that *there is a vaſt difference betwixt Tears ſhed for thoſe whom* **Death** *chooſes, and* **Thoſe** *who make choice of* **Death**, rather than live without what they too much valu'd. This vaſt conflux of misfortunes, gives me a greater deſire to be aſſur'd what knowledge my departed Friends will have of me at our meeting in their bleſt abode, for ſince I've committed the ſacred Memory of *Poliarchus* to your care, (which whilſt I live, can never dye.) I am eternally entertaining

all

all, I can get to liſten with my ſad Story; but you can make it from age to age endure. Time the certain cure, of all other ills can never leſſen mine, ſo that I often reſolve to ſeek out a ſolitude, where if Reaſon cannot overcome my *Grief*, *Grief* may overcome me, and make my wretched days ſhort as I wiſh 'em, and my unhappy ſtate requires.

I am extreamly ſenſible of your generous compaſſion, and muſt tell you that when I firſt converſt in this kind with the ingenious *Theopompus*, my Eſteem cou'd then be grounded on no other ſcore, but what great value he had for what deſerv'd *Love* and *Eſteem* from all the World, my *beſt* and deareſt *Poliarchus*: But now you have engag'd me the way that moſt prevails with Humane Nature, by a *Real Senſe* of my Pain. That is ſo generous a piece of good Nature, that 'tis to be admir'd wherever 'tis found; and in return, I wou'd if I cou'd forbear tormenting you any more with my Grief. But Ah! How can I ceaſe my complaints to one, who ſo tenderly apprehends 'em, and ſo excellently applys the Cordial of unequal'd Advices. This makes you often troubl'd with my Melancholly Life; for I declare I had rather read your obliging Expreſſions for our dead Friend, than all the fineſt things the greateſt of Mankind can ſay on any other Subject, but not to tire you all at once; I ſhall here conclude, that I am your Friend, and Servant.

Theocrine.

TO

To ACME, *before I had seen her.*

I Ought not in Prudence (Madam) to let you know the unreasonable extent of your Charms, for fear it destroy the Happiness I aim at in your *Pity*; Cruelty and Pride being generally the effect of so *Unlimited* a Power. Yet, since you cannot pity, without knowing the Sufferer, I must inform you, Divine Maid, that I have increas'd the number of your Slaves, without so much as the pleasure of seeing you for all the Sighs you have cost me.

Love indeed is an Off'ring that ought to be laid on the soft Altars of Beauty; But, Madam, sure never was by any, but my self, on that of an *Unknown Deity*. We keep the *Bleeding Victims* of our Hearts, as long as we can, and only yield 'em up to the *Irresistible Force* of the *present Fair One*.

This, Madam, is the common Condition of Lovers; but as my Passion has an extraordinary Object in you, so have your Beauties an uncommon Influence on me: for Charm'd by I know not what *Divine Witchery*, I Sacrifice my poor Heart to your very Name, without putting you to the expence of one killing Look, to oblige me to't; Report has often engag'd the *Curiosity*, but never till now won the *Affections*.

The first mention of you inspir'd me with all the tender Thoughts of Love; and being oblig'd to personate the Lover in Print, I had Recourse to the *Divine Idea*, I had form'd of you, Madam, to qualifie

qualifie me for it; you were the only *Heavenly Muſe* that I invok'd, which abundantly furniſh'd me with all the Tranſporting Raptures of Love. But alaſs! Madam, while I too much gave way to Imagination, it carry'd me to a View of thoſe Joys, none but you can impart, at leſt too charming fair one, ſo much juſtice is due to the moſt uncommon of *Lovers*, as to permit him the Bleſſing of your Converſion.

Ah! Madam, excel the reſt of your Sex in Perfections of Mind, as much as you do in thoſe of Body, and let not *Pride* and *Cruelty* level you with 'em; like a lawful Prince maintain the Glory of your Empire, by the happineſs of your Vaſſals, and be not like a Tyrant, proud of their Deſtruction, at leaſt permit the addreſs of the greateſt of

Slaves,

Septimus.

To ACME, *after I had ſeen her.*

WHat-ever Doubts you were pleas'd to make of my paſſion before I ſaw you, Madam, becauſe ſo uncommon; yet ſince I have now ſeen you, I hope you can no longer ſuſpect the Reality of my love, for ſure you muſt know 'tis impoſſible to behold that Face with an unwounded Heart.

'Twas

'Twas not at leaſt poſſible for me (who came preingag'd with ſtrong deſires) to ſee you, without the extremity of Love.

I ſigh'd and languiſh'd for you before, without the pleaſure of feaſting my greedy Eyes with the delicious banquet of your Looks. How often did I envy thoſe your Eyes made ſlaves, whilſt I fell a victim to your very Name, without a ſight of that Heav'n I dy'd for? How often have I ſaid,

How bleſt, how more then happy muſt he Prove
Who from her looks drinks in full draughts of Love,
For after Pain he meets with preſent Joys;
With a too envy'd Fate, diſſolves and Dyes,
In the vaſt Beatific Viſion of her Eyes.

theſe were my thoughts then Madam, and Imagination fell ſhort of Reality; for I wou'd not for a thouſand greater torments, than the vaſt increaſe of my paſſion has brought me, have been without that too too fleeting pleaſure of ſeeing you laſt Sunday. 'Tis true, that was not ſufficient to calm all my Griefs and Sighs. An empty view of Heaven, was not the utmoſt bounds of my Longing: and Love took it only as an earneſt of greater Satisfaction, and now makes uſe of it, but to aggravate my ſuff'rings, which nothing but your Pitty can leſſen.

I wou'd not Madam, put you to too great an expence of Pitty at once, I only deſire your leave to adore you, and a reviving look now and then to ſupport my languiſhing Soul. I wiſh

I must confess your welcome Pitty shou'd extend so far, as to admit the humblest and most loving of your Slaves sometimes to your Conversation; I wish too—but shou'd I trouble you with all my Wishes, it wou'd be endless, and thought perhaps presumptuous, for they are extravagant, and have no limits but in you, soaring as my *Love*, and Boundless as *your* Charms.

And cannot a Wreath thus toss'd, thus distracted with such hopeless Wishes, merit your Compassion? Can nothing but Death attone for my loving you? And oh too charming *Acme!* I wish I were but as sure of your Pity, as I am of being the most miserable of Men whilst I live, and soon a Ghost without it.

Give me leave Madam, to hope you will not always deny it me——mistake me not. This hope is not built on an over-weening Confidence in my own Merits, (yet if Love be so I have the greatest) but on that noble Idea, I form of your Mind from the Beauty of your Body, for sure Nature cannot be so preposterous in the most *Solemn* of her Works, as to leave such outward perfection unfinish'd within. And pitty Madam, is the greatest and most consummate attribute of the Noblest Mind, as Beauty is of the Body.

Nay, Beauty is of no use nor Advantage without Pitty, and the cruellest of your Sex must at last have recourse to it, after they have foolishly sacrific'd many of the precious hours of flying, and irrecoverable Youth to a barbarous and unaccountable Custom; if they resolve not, still more foolishly to fling away the greatest, and most

moſt valuable of Heav'ns Bleſſings Beauty, and Youth without making uſe of 'em.

The Miſers of Money have more Reaſon, than thoſe of Beauty: for the former have the ſtore they ſpare ſtill by them, to gratifie their Ambition or Pleaſure of viewing it; but the latter deny themſelves the enjoyment of that Treaſure, that has no other uſe, and which they can't preſerve with all their care; and 'tis the heighth of folly to ſpare that, which tho' we uſe not, flys ſwiftly fromus without any Advantage, and which can never be recover'd.

Be not therefore, my adorable *Acme*, ſo *improvidently Provident*, of the fleeting Store, as o complement a ſenſeleſs and cuſtomary Barbarity, at the expence of your *Juſtice* and *Reaſon*; they both demand your Pitty and your Love. For *Retaliation* is the Law of Juſtice, Love for Love, and Heart for Heart, as well as Eye for Eye, and Hand for Hand, And Reaſon wou'd perſwade you to lay your coming Years out in Pleaſure, and none ſo innocent, ſo laſting, and ſo vaſt as Love.

Love's the moſt generous Paſſion of the Mind.
The ſafeſt Refuge Innocence can find.

'Tis founded in Nature, the World and all Mankind owe their beings to't.

'Tis true Madam, I am not form'd with all that nice proportion, and that curious ſhape, that Fops are ſo proud of, and Women ſo much covet; but yet my Mind (nor is it a boaſt to ſay ſo) excells them. I dreſs not like a *Beau*, nor do I move

move by *Art*, but then, too charming *Acme*, I do not love by art as he does. My Form, my Mien, and my *Love* are of a Piece, plain and sincere, and only inform'd by Nature.

If all this merit not your Love, it must your Pitty and Friendship, and on any Terms I wou'd be admitted to the number of your Slaves.

Septimius

To the Proud Acme.

THe sending back my three last Letters, Madam, makes me suppose you can take no great Pleasure in detaining the former, and that I now do you a very grateful Office in sending for 'em. And Madam, you can't doubt but that it must be a wond'rous Satisfaction to one so infinitely enamour'd, as I am, to please you at *any Rate*. If you send 'em not, I shall conclude, that how-ever unacceptable the *Offerer* was, the *Sacrifice* was welcome; but if you return 'em, I shall have the mighty comfort amidst my *Sighs*, to kiss something that has touch'd those *Hands*, that are not us'd to bestow any Favours on Men in my Circumstances.

Well, Madam, since you are so cruel, 'tis well I've some other Balm in store for my wounded Heart; for Women, to me like Scorpions, have always been their own Cure. If their *Eyes* have pierc'd my Heart, their *Vanity*, *Folly* or *Pride*, has generally restor'd it to *perfect Health*. And I am sensible that I shall never be entirely *undone* or *lost* in Love, 'till I meet with one as free from *affected Coyness*, as from

from *affected Languishments*, and such pretty *artificial* **Tweers**, *designing* **Glances**, betwixt *Invitation* and *Denyal*, as are no small Auxiliarys in *Acmes* Conquests. The only Bond, Madam, that tyes my poor Heart for ever, to the *Oar* of **Love**, is an *Innocent*, *Free*, *and Obliging* **Kindness**, **Sense**, and an *Agreeable* **Conversation** and **Humor**, with an Exemption from Defects of Constitution, and Body, that shall be nameless, for Reasons best known to my self. And 'till I meet with such an one, my Heart, I thank my Stars, has so much the command of it self, as to admit as much, or as little of *Love* as it pleases; else Madam, in what a *miserable* pickle shou'd I now have been d'e think? —*Sighing*, *Mourning*, and **Dying**, to no purpose? besides, cursing, *Fate*, *Stars*, *Planets*, and all that (as Mr. *Bays* says) for a damn'd Ingrate?

But since 'tis now over no more of that, thou wondrous fair one, lest you shou'd think me yet your Power: but as my Passion for *Acme*, had a plaguy odd *Beginning*, so shall it here have full as *Odd* an ending. — For the Duce (or any thing, but your Eyes) take me, if I am not at this very individual Moment within ken of the *very* place, whence I set out in my Voyage of *Love*; in which since you'l not permit me to be your Fellow Traveller. I wish you *un bon Voyage*. Adieu,

Ma Belle Dame,

Adieu,

Septimius.

THE

To the Ingenious URANIA.

LETTER I.

I Was extreamly uneaſie, Madam, to be on ſuch unequal Terms with you, whilſt you know where to direct to me, tho I don't to you; and I confeſs, I thought it as great a Grievance as Vizor Masks, by which Women have the unreaſonable Advantage of walking inviſibly, when Men are forc'd e'ry where to go bare-fac'd: Yet as thoſe would be more tolerable, if none but the Ugly and Indifferent wore 'em, ſo ſhould I with the greater Eaſe diſpenſe with my Ignorance of a Direction to you, had you either none, or elſe leſs Wit than your Letters prove you have: For 'tis that Divine Charm that makes me deſire to ſettle a Correſpondence with *Urania*. Nor is this Deſire oppoſite to your Reſolution of remaining unknown: For there ſhall, upon Honour, be no further Inquiry made after you than you ſhall allow; tho *G*— perſiſts in his Opinion, that you ſacrifice your Wit and Senſe to the Reputation of that trifling Sex you are not of; this not only the Wit of your former, but the polite Accuracy of all your Letters perſuade him, ſince you are not only free from the falſe Spelling of moſt Women, but are ſo entirely exempt from falſe

Engliſh and Grammar, that you diſcover a better Acquaintance with *Lilly*, than to've paſs'd no further, than that Caution you quote from his *Accidens*; beſides ſome Beauties in the meer Writing down your Thoughts, which few Men Practiſe or Know.

I am of the ſame Opinion of you, Madam, I declared in my former; and becauſe I would fain have you a Woman, believe you firmly to be ſo: And though *G*— be ſo poſitive, that the Diffidence you pretend of your ſelf, is nothing but a cunning Subterfuge from the ſureſt Evidence of your Sex, your Converſation, yet am I (taking you ſtill for a very Woman) both pleas'd and diſſatisfy'd with it; for tho' I am pleas'd, becauſe it ſeems the Child of Modeſty and Diſcretion, which ſeldom join with Wit, eſpecially in a Woman; Yet am I diſſatisfy'd with it, ſince I find 'twould deprive you of what it qualifies you for; Converſation, I mean, with Mankind, ſince that, not only ſecures you from the Fate which the Imprudent of your Sex, have for want of it, incurr; but alſo becauſe it renders you more deſirable to Men of Senſe.

But Madam, were we ſuch formidable Creatures as you ſeem to make us, that you cou'd not Converſe with us but you muſt be Ruin'd, yet is there no Danger from me, who have none of thoſe engaging Accompliſhments, that are the wondrous and bewitching Engines of your Sex's Deſtruction; as Wit, Shape, Dreſſing, Dancing and Singing; with the reſt of the gay Train

Train that take with the Fair: For I assure you I'm Ugly enough, and Dress ill enough to be a Wit, and yet am Dull enough to be Handsome, and a Beau. I can neither Sing nor Dance, and am yet very Impertinent; for though I talk little, yet even that is nothing to the purpose. So that, Madam, from such a Man, the most distrustfull Lady need fear no Stratagem on her Affections, since they are generally taken by the Eye or Ear; and if neither of them be won, the Fort of your Heart is secure, and Impregnable.

But referring this wholly to your self, all I shall beg, is a settl'd Correspondence with you, whether you be a real or counterfeit Woman; and shall therefore conclude with acknowledging my Error in not taking more Notice of your *Welsh* Friend; though it may well be Pardoned, if the Wit of the Indicter disarmed all my satyric Rage, and made me rather sacrifice a just Indignation to her Praise, than forsake so pleasing a Theme, for so fruitless a Labor, as chastising those inhospitable *Britains*, who wou'd no more now have understood or improv'd the wholsom Satyre to Practice, than they did their Duty, when they made the Ingenious *Urania* their Enemy; whom to retain my Friend, shall be the Endeavour of,

Madam,

Your humble Servant,

Viridomar.

LETTER II.

April the 2d. 93.

HAving at laſt recovered your Letter, Madam, I ſend this Anſwer to prevent your Trouble of Tranſcribing another Copy. Firſt therefore, Madam, I muſt tell you, I'm infinitely Proud that you do me the Honor to fix your Correſpondence with me; nor wou'd I for the World have the Happineſs of this entercourſe of Letters broke off on any Account, much leſs on one ſo trivial as you mention: For there's not a Line you ſend, but I eſteem it more than the whole Revenue of the *Poſt-Office*. Though I muſt confeſs I could wiſh (and that with all my Heart) that you were not leaving the Town, becauſe I find by this Letter, that there is no Danger of your Heart, if I ſhou'd be admitted to your Converſation: For I aſſure you, Madam, I am far from a Phœnix; though I may perhaps, have ſome Pretence to thoſe your darling Qualities: And I hope the Ambition I ſhall always avow to be the Friend of *Urania*, will excuſe the Vanity of being more Particular.

I hate Ingratitude where ever 'tis, and can't therefore think them Hero's, who eſpouſe the Quarrel of the Ingratefull, let their Perſonal Bravery or Courage be never ſo great. Then, Madam, for Diſſimulation, I can ſay this, that I'm far from loving it, and only practiſe it ſometimes

times on Compulsion, as a necessary Evil; and to say Truth, the evident Necessity of it, has made it lose the Infamy of a Vice, with almost all, and gain'd it the Reputation of a Vertue, with the Politick and Wise: Nor can indeed any Man be free from it, unless he design to purchase the Name of a Mad-man, and frighten all he knows from his Company. Consider it a little, Madam, and I'm confident you'll allow a little Dissimulation necessary to the Decorum of good Breeding; for you can't think it proper to tell this superannuated Matron, that all the Paint on her Face will not hide the tell-tale Marks of Old Age; or that pretty prating Virgin in all the gay Bloom of her Youth, that she's a Fool, and that she should be silent if she hain't a mind to sacrifice all the Trophies of her Eyes to the Impertinence of her Tongue: Or that Beau of Sixty, that all his Charms are borrowed from his Dress and Garniture; or that he's more the Creature of his Vallet, than of God Almighty, since the Vallet has so extravagantly Transformed him from what God made him. And so on, to the rest of the Follies and Vices of Mankind. This you'd be to make one's self more unacceptable than a *Memento Mori* in the midst of Joy and Pleasure. But to proceed, Madam, I'm free from Hypocrisie: Nor can I think any one an Hypocrite but an Athiest; nor any one an Athiest but a Fool. As for the Two next Endowments you require, viz. a Great Soul, and a true Nobleness of Mind, the Prac-

ctice and different Opinions of the World, have rendred the Terms so ambiguous, that the Definitions of Philosophy are of small Use: I must therefore desire you to explain in your next, what you mean by them, that so I may find how far I can pretend to 'em; for I'd fain be qualified for the incomparable *Urania*'s Friend. Generosity (if I mistake not your Sense of the Word) has been my *Vice* and *Punishment*. In short, Madam, if by Good Humour you mean *Good Nature*, I can put in some Claim to't; but if by't you understand a brisk Jest and jovial Air, much Talk and more Laugh; Faith, Madam, I must own I'm not fond of making any Pretence to't.

Thus much for the Qualities both Negative and Affirmative you require in a Friend: Then as for the Follies and Vices you Abominate, I thank my Stars: I'm not very guilty of 'em, and think Affectation equally criminal in Gayety, as well as Gravity.

And now, Madam, since you have describ'd the Phœnix that must win your Heart, give me Leave to present you with a rough Sketch of her (that's almost as rare) that must make an absolute Conquest of mine; (for as for transient *Amorets*, one indifferently qualified may do.) She must be moderately Fair but no Beauty; (and that's the reason I hinted at in my last, that I was sorry you told me you were no Beauty) or at least, if possible, only so in my Eye: She must be neither Proud, nor Affected; as Witty as *Urania*,

nia, yet as free from Opiniature and Obſtinacy as I think her. I mean not by Wit, thoſe noiſie Repartees of the Cocquets of the Town, which you with juſtice Condemn, but a ſenſible Apprehenſion of things, which I'm confident you can't mean, when you term Wit a Scandal. In fine, Madam, ſhe muſt be Eaſie and Free in her Converſation, very Gratefull, very Generous, and very Loving in her Nature: And when I find one ſo qualified, I'm entirely her Slave.

But whilſt I purſue my Thoughts, I find my Letter grow too long, which is one Fault of a whining Lover, who being much your Averſion, I'll here conclude with an humble Requeſt that I may have Leave to hope I ſhall one Day be ſo Happy, as to be admitted to your Converſation: For that, Madam, I muſt own is the greateſt Ambition of

Your humble Servant

Viridomar.

LETTER III.

YOur Raillery, Madam, on my Loſs of your Letter, is as Juſt, as Witty; and I confeſs with a great deal of Confuſion, I can make no Apology for't, unleſs an Aſſurance that I'll never truſt your Letters in my Pocket again, at leaſt with any other Papers.

I think my ſelf extreamly Happy that I can pleaſe *Urania* in any thing; and truly, Madam, 'twas the real Value I have for you, that made me alter the Medium of our Correſpondence, becauſe my Brother had the Aſſurance not only to reflect upon the Direction you ſent me, but alſo to ſhew your Letter to more than I deſir'd ſhou'd have that Pleaſure without your Permiſſion. This Dealing with his Brethren of— might be Pardonable, becauſe they have ſome Dependance on him; but the Reſpect that's due to your Merit, and the Juſtice that's due to me, might have curb'd his Curioſity within the Bounds of Good Manners.

I hope, Madam, you'll forgive me this Diſcovery and Heat, for your Letter has made me an irreconcileable Enemy to Diſſimulation, who before was never any Friend to it. You have, Madam, new Molded me to your own Deſire; and that Vice appears now ſo very Ugly and Unmanly, that I'm extreamly aſham'd I ever ſaid a word in its Vindication: But above all, I ſhall think it a crying Sin, to diſſemble with the Divine *Urania*, and for that reaſon, Madam, I muſt tell you, that my Converſation with both Sexes, has given me ſome reaſon to think I'm pretty well acquainted with the general Inclinations of Mankind; this, when I read your account of your ſelf, makes you ſeem to me to deſcribe an Angel, not a Woman: The glorious Image you give me of *Urania*, by the Vertues ſhe doats on, and the Vices ſhe abhors, is ſo extreamly

treamly uncommon, that it looks like the divine Draught of ſome Inſpired Poets Fancy, when he informs us, by a great Example of his own Creating, what we ſhou'd be, and not like a Reality. And your Proſe has the effect of his Numbers, conveying Inſtruction in its moſt grateful Vehicle Pleaſure, and ſo fixes the noble Idea in my Soul, and makes me in love with your Mind, before I ſee your Perſon: And you ſhall never perſwade me, that Converſing with you, can ever leſſen my Eſteem for you: For tho the Writings of ſome of the moſt Ingenious afford a more agreeable Entertainment, than their Company, yet we may loſe a great deal of their Excellency by not taking their Thoughts right; which made *Martial* tell *Fidentinus*, that by ill repeating his Verſes, he made 'em his own: Beſides, Madam, there are a thouſand Graces in the delivery, that abundantly improve the Senſe, a fair Lady ſpeaks, which muſt encreaſe her Eſteem, and which we loſe when Abſent. And, Divine *Urania*, ſince your Heart is ſecure in very good hands already, I can ſee no reaſon, (forgive my Freedom) why you ſhou'd deny this Favour, ſince I leave to your ſelf the management of the Interview, and give you my Word, that you ſhall have the entire government of my Diſcourſe and Actions.

But, Madam, tho I have a more earneſt longing to Converſe with *Urania*, than Slaves for Liberty, the ſick for Health, the poor for Riches, and the Ambitious for Honours; yet Divine,

unknown,

unknown, such a respect I have, such a profound Veneration for you, that I would Sacrifice even this Content (which perhaps is not of less value than even Life it self) to your least Inconveniency, if I was sure it cou'd not be obtain'd without prejudice to *Urania*.

I have a great deal to say about the Greatness and Nobleness of Mind you describe, but that wou'd be too long for a Letter that has already exceeded its just Bounds; and I hope, I may have the liberty to deliver my Sentiments by word of Mouth; only I must say that reason, not Opinion, general or particular, ought to decide so weighty a Point. But upon the whole, Madam, by the Vices you lay down as its Opposites I may presume to make some small pretention to it.

I wou'd fain know what more than good Nature goes to the composing good Humour, since *Urania* says there is more; I take not good Nature in that general sence you hint at, but for a freedom from Malice, Envy, Moroseness, *&c.* but if any part of Gaity be required, I'm at a loss, for I'm naturally of a Melancholy disposition, and dull heavy Conversation, as I formerly told you; and perhaps this want of an Airy Temper, with a little fooliſh Modesty I've always been troubled with, is that, that has made me still so Unsuccessful with the Fair, that none cou'd ever be in Love with me, whilst others with as few Brains, more Vanity, and if possible, less agreeable Persons have prevail'd. *Waller* says, *Women stoop to the Forward and the Bold*, which

which are no ingredients in my Character, at leaſt in Love, and my Converſe with your Sex. So that, Madam, I hope you'll ſcruple no more to give me leave to wait on you, and as I prove, admit me into your Eſteem, at leaſt as far as cold Friendſhip will allow; or diſcard me for ever, a greater Curſe than which cannot fall on the Head of,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant,

and (if you'll give me leave to ſay ſo)

True Friend,

Viridomar.

LETTER IV.

May 5. 83.

COming to Town laſt night, and having peruſed yours, I think your Anger, Madam, againſt the Bookſeller, very juſt, ſince 'tis indeed a Scandal to any Name in the opinion of the moſt Senſible part of the Town, to be in theſe *Mercuries*; and the Zeal I was told you had for 'em, made

made me read your first Letters with some Prejudice, till spight of all that disadvantage, your Wit and Address raised my Admiration, which with each Letter encreasing, begot this importunate desire, you resist with so causeless and severe an Obstinacy. *Causeless*, Madam, because my Opinion of a grant of a Request, pursued with that ardour and importunity, wou'd be pure as your Stile, and just as your Thoughts; for I'm none of those censorious formal Hypocrites, that can receive the Favour, and yet condemn the Benefactor that bestowed it. *Severe* to Extravagance to make the very Desire its own Obstacle, after our most reasonable Parts have brought us acquainted. Sure, Divine *Urania*, you'll grant, that our Correspondence is in reason a more honourable Introduction to Friendship, than a Visit or two with a Friend; yet after this last, the most scrupulous Lady will permit one to wait on her.

You must therefore, Madam, Pardon me, if what you have urg'd, do not reconcile me to your Denial; nor have you by any means as good Reasons for this, as against Dissimulation; for there you oppos'd the common Practice generally Erroneous, but here vindicate its falsest Principle.

The Body of good Humour I have, but want the Spirit and Life, Facetiousness, which perhaps your Conversation may inspire, as Dull as I am.

Your

Your Letters Madam, can never be too long, for as you find I can never write a ſhort Letter to you, ſo I deſire none from you but long ones, ſince their peruſal is, if not the only, yet the greateſt Pleaſure of,

Madam,

Your Humble Servant,

and Admiring Friend,

Viridomar.

LETTER V.

ASſure your ſelf, admired *Urania*, that this generous Compliance of yours with my repeated Importunities to ſee you, ſhall never cauſe any opinion but what is the natural Reſult of your Conduct in it; that is, that you are a Lady of Senſe and Honour; and I only think you have us'd too much Caution in this tedious delay: You have ſacrificed abundantly too much time to Formality and Cuſtom, for 'tis thoſe two, that make the Ladies more hard of acceſs than Men. My firſt Letter had been ſufficient to have gain'd me admiſſion to any *Man*, nay, to *Hobbs* himſelf; and where our Eſteem for a Lady

Lady is of the ſame nature, *viz.* a Love of her Mind, bounded with a juſt Friendſhip, all delays are but needleſs Cautions. I only urge this, Madam, to ſhew you how far I'm from entertaining any ill thoughts of the dear Favour you beſtowed on me in your Laſt; and I'm abundantly aſſured, that the ſatisfaction of your Converſation will anſwer my Expectation; for whatever you may think of dull Terreſtrial Converſation (true in reference to what my Alloy will give it) 'tis my opinion it cannot be daſh'd with much of Earthly Dulneſs where *Urania* is to give it Life and Spirit.

You have reaſon I muſt confeſs to be ſomething cautious in making a new Friendſhip with one you know not, ſince you have been Deceived; ſo much deceived in one you thought you might ſo well depend on as *Aſdrubal*, whoſe Name was well ſuited to his Nature, and if of his own choice, certainly his *Punick* Faith made him ſo fond of a *Carthaginian* Name. But ſince Experience can't ſecure you in a Friend, I fanſie Madam, 'twould not be Impolitick to try what Chance will do; throw your ſelf entirely on that, and be abſolutely my Friend without any more Caution. Mr. *Dryden* ſays,

——— There's a neceſſity in Fate
Why ſtill the brave bold Man is Fortunate.

The Cautious ſift things with a too nice and jealous Eye to be eaſily Happy, whereas, if we will

will really be ſo, we muſt a little contribute to the cheating our ſelves into an opinion of it; for Happineſs is nothing but Opinion; and tho this ſometimes end too ſoon, yet it makes ſome amends, by the Pleaſure it gave us whilſt we entertain'd the dear Amuſement; whereas, the Cautious are always in pain to avoid Pain, which is like dying for fear of Death. Let not therefore the perfidious Ingratitude of the faithleſs *Carthaginian* influence your Judgment of *Viridamar*, who is not only an irreconcileable Enemy to Ingratitude and Inſincerity, but a hater of all Common Wealths, becauſe they have always ſignaliz'd their Ingratitude, and indeed lie under a neceſſity of always being ſo: So that the thing you diſlike in me, ought to be your greateſt ſatisfaction and aſſurance of my Fidelity and Honour, in chuſing rather to Suffer, than Triumph; for I have a Soul ambitious as any Man; but, *Urania* 'tis a brave Ambition governs me; I wou'd be Great and Juſt, but rather Juſt than Great. I wou'd be Great, to have it in my power to do Good, to deſtroy thoſe Villains that Influence the Beſt of Princes, and make them act contrary to their Natures; for I cou'd ſhew a Path Princes might tread to Power, Wealth and Honour, conſiſtent with the Love, the Intereſt, and the Glory of their Countries: But cou'd I make my Country the Envy of *Europe* and Miſtreſs of both the *Indies*, and of a laſting Unity at Home, I wou'd not part with my Faith, my Honour, nor my Sincerity to effect it.

it. Let not *Asdrubal* therefore be the Rule of your Judgment of *Viridomar*, but assure your self I won'd not yield to you in Faith and Sincerity: And as you will atone for all the faults I have experienced in your Sex, so I'll act with such an emulation of your Vertues, that I'll force you to confess I differ from most Men. Oh! I wou'd Die before I'd make my Friend and Benefactor my Tool, my Step to pass the dirty Plashes of my Fortune, and then Regard her no more, as *Asdrubal* has done: No, let me be Just and Poor, rather than thrive by Villainy. A Woman qualified like *Urania*, ought to be valued above the World, and shall by *Viridomar*, if she admits his Friendship.

I tell you my whole Soul, *Urania*, you see it naked as *Heaven*, and void of all Disguise; I'm weary of this Villainous World, and the endless as well as bootless Impertinencies of the Conversations of my own Sex, a wretched Circle they move in, of Prophaneness, Nonsense and Hurry; I have had too large a share in this foolish Prize, these destructive Baubles of the Town, that Men like Fools, bedeck themselves withal; proud of their very Infamy: I Long, I Sigh for a dear Refuge from them all, and nothing like the Converse of *Urania*, whose Sense, as well as Sex, affords a more reasonable and calmer Joy; the sense of it transports my Mind with such a strange Impetuosity to establish a Friendship with you, that I'm extreamly uneasie till I see you, and shall expect *Friday* with the most impatient desire, when according

cording to your appointment, I'll certainly wait on you, and with this ſend you the thanks of the moſt grateful Mind, for this Generous Condeſcention to the Importunity of,

Madam,

Your faithful and ſincere
Friend and Humble Servant,
Viridomar.

An Eſſay *at a Vindication of* Love *in Tragedies, againſt* Rapin *and Mr.* Rymer.

Directed to

Mr. *DENNIS.*

THE ſhort yet juſt Account you give in your Prefatory Epiſtle to the *Impartial Critic*, of the Reaſons that hindred the *Grecians* from bringing the tender Scenes of Love on the Stage in their Tragedies, makes me wiſh you had proceeded to a full Vindication of the Practice of our Poets in that particular; and indeed this Letter is deſign'd to provoke you to ſuch an Undertaking, which wou'd effectually ſtop the Clamours of ſome *Cynical* Critics, that will not

allow any thoughts of Love agreeable to the Majesty of Tragedy.

The chief Arguments indeed which these Gentlemen bring, are from the Practice of the Ancients, (the cause of which, you have given in the above quoted Epistle) whose Authority they are of opinion shou'd out-weigh Reason. But since the *Ipse dixit* has been so long laid aside in Philosophy, as an enemy to our Enquiries into Nature, I can see no reason why it shou'd be of so much greater force in Poetry; since 'tis perhaps almost as prejudicial to our imitation of Nature in *This*, as to our discovery of it in the Other. As far as the Ancients and the Rules *Aristotle* draws from them, agree with the Character you give these, of being *nothing but good sense and Nature reduc'd to Method*, I shall close with them; but when they either deviate from this, or reach not up to what may be done, I must think it but just to withdraw my self from the subjection of the *Stagyrite*, who has had a Reign long enough o'er the Minds of Mankind, and an Empire that far exceeded the Extent and Continuance of his Royal Pupil *Alexander*.

But to deal fairly with our Opponents, I shall first propose all their Objections against this Opinion I Defend, as I find them in *Rapin*, and his Copier, Mr. *Rymer*; and then examine how far they are from being fortified by Reason, as their Admirers boast. I shall begin with *Rapin*; and that he may be sure to have Justice, I shall Quote him as his Friend has Translated him. *Reflect.* 20. p. 110. Modern

Modern Tragedy *turns on other Principles: the* Genius *of our (the French) Nation is not Strong enough to ſuſtain an Action on the Theatre, by moving only* Terror and Pity. *Theſe are* Machines *that will not* play *as they ought, but by great Thoughts and noble Expreſſions, of which we are not indeed altogether ſo capable as the* Greeks. *Perhaps our Nation which is naturally* Gallant, *has been oblig'd to the neceſſity of our Character, to frame for our ſelves a new* Syſtem *of* Tragedy, *to ſuit with our humor. The* Greeks, *who were Popular Eſtates, and who hated* Monarchy, *took delight in their Spectacles, to ſee Kings Humbled, and high Fortunes caſt down, becauſe their Exaltation griev'd them. The* Engliſh, *our Neighbours, love Blood in their Sports, by the quality of their Temperament. Theſe are* Inſularies *ſeparated from the reſt of Men; we are more Humane.* Gallantry *moreover agrees with our* Manners; *and our Poets believ'd that they cou'd not ſucceed on the Theatre, but by ſweet and tender* Sentiments; *in which perhaps they had ſome Reaſon:* For in effect, the Paſſions repreſented become Deform'd and Inſipid, *unleſs they are founded on* Sentiments *conformable to thoſe of the* Spectator. *'Tis this obliges our Poets to ſtand up ſo ſtrongly for the Privilege of* Gallantry *on the Theatre, and to bend all their Subjects to* Love *and* Tenderneſs; *the rather to pleaſe the* Women, *who have made themſelves Judges of theſe Divertiſements, and uſurped the Right to paſs Sentence. And ſome beſides have ſuffer'd themſelves to be prepoſſeſs'd, and led by the* Spaniards, *who make all their Cavaliers Amo-*

rous. 'Tis by them that Tragedy began to degenerate; and we by little and little accuſtom'd to ſee Heroes on the Theatre ſmitten with another Love than that of Glory; and that by degrees, all the Great Men of Antiquity have loſt their Characters in our Hands. 'Tis likewiſe perhaps by this Gallantry that our Age won'd deviſe a Colour to excuſe the feebleneſs of our Wit, not being able always to ſuſtain the ſame Actions by the greatneſs of Words and Thoughts.

However it be, (for I am not hardy enough to declare my ſelf againſt the Public) 'tis to degrade Tragedy from that Majeſty, which is proper to it, to mingle it in Love, which is of a Character always light, and little ſuitable to that Gravity of which Tragedy makes Profeſſion. * Hence it proceeds, that theſe Tragedies mixt with Gallantries, never make ſuch admirable Impreſſions on the Spirit, as did thoſe of Sophocles and Euripides; for all the Bowels were mov'd by the great Objects of Terror and Pity, which They propos'd. 'Tis likewiſe for this that the Reputation of our Modern Tragedies ſo ſoon Decays, and yields but ſmall Delight at two Years end; whereas the Greek pleaſe yet to thoſe that have a good Taſte, after two Thouſand Years; becauſe what is not grave and ſerious on the Theatre, tho it give Delight at preſent, after a ſhort time grows Diſtaſteful and Unpleaſant; and becauſe what is not proper for great Thoughts and great Figures in Tragedy, cannot ſupport it ſelf. The Ancients who perciv'd this, did not Interweave their Gallantry and Love, ſave in Comedy. * For Love is of a Character that always degenerates from that Heroic Air

of

of which Tragedy *must never diveſt it ſelf. And nothing to me ſhews ſo mean and ſenſeleſs, as for one to amuſe himſelf with whining about frivolous Kindneſſes, when he may be admirable by* great *and* noble Thoughts, *and ſublime Expreſſions.* * *But I dare not preſume ſo far on my own Capacity and Credit, to oppoſe my ſelf of my own Head, againſt a Uſage ſo Eſtabliſh'd: I muſt be content modeſtly to propoſe my Doubts, and that may ſerve to exerciſe the Wits, in an Age that only wants* Matter. *But to end this Reflection with a touch of* Chriſtianiſm, *I am perſwaded, that the Innocence of the Theatre might be better preſerv'd, according to the* Idea *of the ancient* Tragedy; *becauſe the New is become too Effeminate, by the Softneſs of later Ages; and the Prince* de Conti, *who ſignaliz'd his Zeal againſt the Modern Tragedy, by his Treatiſe on that Subject, wou'd without doubt, have allow'd the* Ancient, *becauſe that has nothing that may ſeem Dangerous.*

Then for Mr. *Rymer*, in his jovial way of Criticiſm, he condemns Love on the Stage in theſe Words, brought in indeed by Head and Shoulders.

After all, it is to be obſerv'd how much that Wild-Gooſe Chaſe of Romance runs ſtill in their Heads, ſome Scenes of Love muſt ev'ry where be ſhuffled in, tho never ſo Unſeaſonable.

The Græcians *were for* Love *and* Muſic, *as mad as any* Monſieur *of them all, yet their Muſic kept within Bounds, attempted no* Metamorphoſis *to turn the* Dramma *into an* Opera: *Nor did their Love come* Whining *on the Stage to* Effeminate the Ma-

jesty of Tragedy. *It was not any Love for* Briseis, *that made* Achilles *so Wroth, it was the Affront in taking his Booty from him, in the Face of the Confederate Army. This his Stomach could not Digest.*

——————— Nec gravem
Peleidæ Stomachum cedere nescii. *Hor.*

These are the Pillars and Supports of the Gentlemen of this Opinion; so that I hope, if I can but obviate these Objections they bring, I have gained the End propos'd to my self in the Justification of the Practice of the best of our Poets, in presenting us with the tenderest Scenes of Love in Tragedies. 'Tis true, the Charge of both these Critics, is directed against the *French* Poets, but in the excluding Love, as derogatory to the Majesty of Tragedy, it reaches our Poets, who do the same. I have Quoted *Rapin* at large, because one part of the Reflection seems to answer the other to my Hand; for the ground of his Accusation is the deviating from the Practice of the Ancients; for which he gives so good Reasons, that 'twould have been a madness not to have form'd a new System, since the Genius, the Character, Humour and Manners of the People, required as much. He says, that, *In effect the Passions represented become deform'd and insipid, unless they are founded on Sentiments conformable to those of the Spectator.* But before I proceed to any particular Reply, I shall draw the Objections

ons both contain, into ſhort and poſitive Heads, to make their Confutation the more Evident.

The whole Charge therefore, may be reduc'd to theſe three Heads, the 1. Motives the Moderns (particularly the *French*) had to Introduce Love into Tragedy. 2. The Objections againſt it: And, 3. The Effects of it. *Firſt*, As to the Motives, *Rapin* tells us, they were the *Neceſſity* of the Character, Manners, and Temperament of the People, (which, without doubt, was the Poet's Duty to regard.) *Next*, to gratify the Women Judges, (which is the Poet's Duty as a Man, both in Regard of his Profit and Sex, eſpecially when the Intereſt and Power of the Women ſtrike in with the Character, Manners, and Temperament of the People.) *Laſtly*, To excuſe the Feebleneſs of their own *Wit*. Theſe are the Motives *Rapin* ſums up of this Innovation on the Stage; which, as I have before obſerved, are a ſufficient Juſtification of it, even according to himſelf: But for the laſt, 'tis only a moroſe Caprice of his own Fancy, for certainly there is as much Wit required to the Juſt, and artificial Management of the Paſſion of Love; as thoſe of Fear and Terror, and thoſe other Species of Paſſions that are ſubſervient to the moving of them.

I ſhall therefore paſs to the Objections, which are four in Number, the Firſt and Chief (in ſome Mens Opinion) is, That it deviates from the Practice of the Ancients; who, as the Inventors of Tragedy, challenge our Imitation.

'Tis they muſt be our Model, and as we make more or leſs Approaches to that in the Fabrics of our Plays, we are in a greater or leſſer Degree of Perfection. I grant indeed, that the Ancients were the Inventors of Tragedy; nay, and of Comedy too; 'tis their due Glory. Nor will I pretend to rob 'em of it. I will alſo grant, that there is ſome Regard to be had to their Performances, as to their Model; but then I deny that by the Rules of Reaſon, we are oblig'd to a ſervile Obſervation of their Precepts, or Practice, without all Addition, or Improvement. Had the Practice of the Firſt Inventors been of ſuch *Inviolable* Authority, *Theſpis* had brought *Tragedy* to its Perfection, and one *Actor*, and a deal of *Chorus* (more ridiculous than an entire Opera) had been the *non plus ultra* of the Stage. But if it were lawful for *Æſchylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles* and others, to improve upon the Model *Theſpis* had left them, why ſhould other Poets, great as thoſe in Genius, be deprived of the ſame Liberty, provided it be for the Advancement of the Profit, and Glory of *Tragedy?* Upon this Condition I do ſuppoſe, none will deny the Moderns this Liberty to forſake the Steps of the *Greeks*. But that our Alterations are for the better, will appear from the After-proofs, as well as from what I ſhall here ſay on this Particular.

Firſt, Then 'tis evident from what you, Sir, have urged in the *Impartial Critic*, That the leaving off the *Chorus* is for the better, ſince it frees

frees it from an unnatural Part, which took up ſo large a Share of the ancient *Tragedies*; and in that, delivers it from the abſurdeſt Improbabilities in Nature, which are as deſtructive to the End of Tragedy as any thing that can be introduced. Next, it has enlarged the Bottom on which the ancient *Tragedy* ſtood, and by Conſequence extended its Uſe and Advantage further. It has made it a more perfect Image of Humane Life, in taking in that which has ſo great a Share in it, LOVE; which whether it be derogatory to the *ſuppoſed* Majeſty of Tragedy, I ſhall next examine; if not, my Aſſertion is evident.

This indeed is the next Objection of our Adverſaries, who tell us, *That the* Lightneſs *of* Love *degrades the* Majeſty *and* Gravity *of Tragedy, diverting it from* Great, *and* Noble Thoughts, *and* Sublime Expreſſions, *to whining about frivolous Kindneſſes.* This I confeſs is the heavieſt Charge in Reality, if true, and therefore I ſhall take the greateſt Pains to remove it; for if *Love* be not guilty of this, 'tis evidently an *Improvement*, and therefore to be continued in that Poſſeſſion of the Stage, it has gain'd with ſo univerſal an Approbation.

All the Arguments I ſhall bring to prove that it is not derogatory to the Majeſty of *Tragedy* ſhall be drawn from — *the Conſideration of their Beloved Ancients*; *the very Meaning of the Word* Majeſty; *and the Nature of the Paſſion of* Love, *and its Place in Regard to the others.*

Firſt,

First, 'Tis evident from the very Conceſſions of *Rapin*, the Agreement of all Critics, and the very Nature of the Thing, That *Tragedy* is not of greater *Majeſty*, and *Dignity*, than an *Epic Poem*. In his Fourth General Reflection, he tells us, That from *Homer's* Epic Poems, Sophocles and Euripides *took the Haughty Air of the Theatre, and* Idea's *of* Tragedy; and begins the ſecond Particular Reflection thus: *The* Epic Poem *is that which is the Greateſt, and moſt Noble in* Poeſie. To prove which he ſpends all that Reflection, and the magnifying of it takes up the Third and Fourth, and at the End of the Tenth particular Reflection he tells us, *That* All *ought to be* Majeſtic *in an Heroic Poem*. This alſo ſeems to be confeſs'd by Mr. *Rymer*, when he, ſpeaking of Love's effeminating the *Majeſty* of *Tragedy*, Inſtances an *Heroic Poem, viz.* the *Iliads* of *Homer*, foreſeeing perhaps that that might be objected againſt his Aſſertion, which is ſtill in full force notwithſtanding his ſaying, That 'twas not the *Love of* Achilles *for* Briſeis, *that made him ſo wroth, but the Indignity received in the Face of the Confederate Army*. But beſides this Conceſſion of our Oppoſers (which is indeed Argument good enough *ad Hominem*) the very Nature of the thing proves the ſame. *Hero's* and *Kings* are the Subjects of both, and the principal Character of an *Epic Poem*, conſiſts in the *Narration* (as *Rapin* truly obſerves) in which it is only oppoſed to Tragedy, which conſiſts altogether in *Action*.

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The **Majesty** of an *Epic Poem* being thus demonstrated equal, if not superiour to that of Tragedy. If I can prove by the Practice of *Homer* and *Virgil* (the greatest of Heroic Poets) that they esteem'd not Love derogatory to the Majesty of their *Poems*, 'tis Proof-sufficient that it cannot degrade the Majesty of *Tragedy*, which is not greater than the other.

But this is evident from the *Iliads* of *Homer*, and the *Æneids* of *Virgil*. *Homer* in his *Iliads* makes *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* in *Love*, one with his Captive *Briseis*, the other with *Chryseis*: For *Agamemnon* tells *Achilles* and the Council of the *Grecians*, that he preferrs *Chryseis* to *Clytemnestra* the Wife of his Youth; and that she is not inferiour to her in any of her Qualities or Beauties. He often calls her Beautiful *Chryseis*, and always speaks very feelingly when he mentions her. And *Achilles* his Anger had not rose to that Degree, but that he was depriv'd of his Rosie-Cheek'd *Briseis*. *Horace* was of my Opinion, in his Second Epistle Book 1.

Hunc Amor, *ira quidem urit utrumq;*

Which you very justly *English* thus,

Whose injur'd Love, in both strange Fury breeds.

For the Rise of *Agamemnon*'s Passion is evidently from his Love to *Chryseis*, as he plainly confesses in his Expressions; and that of *Achilles* was

was not only exaggerated, but confirm'd by the ſame Loſs of her he Lov'd. *Ovid* in his Amours, *lib.* 2. is of the ſame Mind.

Theſſalus ancillæ facie Briſeidos arſit:
Serva Mycenæo Phœbus amata duci.

And in other Places he has to the ſame purpoſe. Beſides in the Third Book of the *Iliads*, when *Hector* proclaims the Challenge of *Paris*, to fight *Menelaus* in ſingle Combat, the Condition is, that the Victor ſhou'd poſſeſs *Helena* for his Wife. If this be not below the *Majeſty* of an *Epic Poem*, certainly the Nobler Scenes of Love cannot be below that of *Tragedy*. But the Caſe is yet plainer in *Virgil*, for the Fourth Book of his *Æneids*, is wholly on the Intrigue of *Æneas* and *Dido*, where that Divine Poet has given the fineſt Draught of that Paſſion that Antiquity can boaſt of. But if this Criminal Paſſion of *Dido* and *Æneas*, do not degrade the Majeſty of an *Epic Poem*, can the ſame, or leſs Criminal, be below that of *Tragedy*? This Book is not arraign'd by our Criticks for any Defect in this, and by others allow'd as noble a Piece as any of that Poet, ſo that *Love* is not ſuch an Enemy to Noble Thoughts, but that 'tis conſiſtent with them; nor to the Majeſty of Expreſſion, as this Fourth Book of *Virgil* evinces. Beſides, we find in the *Alceſtes* of *Euripides*, an Attempt of *Love*, and ſomething of it in the

Ajax

Ajax of *Sophocles*; nay, 'tis the Foundation and Fable of the *Phœdra* of *Euripides*.

Thus we ſee the Enemy beat from one of their beloved Holds, the Authority and Practice of the Ancients. I ſhall now therefore, proceed to the very Meaning of the Word *Majeſty*; by which we ſhall be able to diſcover how far it will contribute to the Confirmation of our Poſition.

To let alone the Grammatical Etymology of the Word, and take it in its Poetical Sence, where 'tis Metaphorically us'd, it means ſomething that is Great and Pompous. And *Horace* in the fourth Satyre of his Firſt Book, means this *Majeſty* we talk of, when he ſays,

Primum ego illorum dederim quibus eſſe Poetas
Excerpam Numero: Neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis; neq; ſiquis ſcribat uti nos
Sermoni propriora, *putes hunc eſſe Poetam*
Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atq; os
Magna ſonaturum, *des nominis hujus honorem.*

So that Majeſty, is nothing elſe but an *Elevation of Thought, and Expreſſion above the Common and Vulgar Diſcourſe.* By this Explanation of it, it becomes intelligible, and we ſhall ſee, that the Critics wou'd only amuſe us with Words. Now if they can prove by Reaſon, that the Thoughts and Expreſſions of Love in its ſeveral Effects and Emotions, cannot be exalted above the Vulgar, and Common Diſcourſe, then is *Love* of too low a Character for Tragedy.

dy. But if Love be not incapable of this Elevation, then is our Point gain'd in this Particular too, which will be evinc'd from the next Proof, drawn from the *Nature of the Paſſion of* Love, *and its Place in regard to the others.*

A Paſſion is more or leſs *Majeſtic*, (and by Conſequence, more or leſs fit for Tragedy) in regard either of the Rank or Degrees of the *Paſſions*, of the Sentiments it inſpires, the Effects it cauſes, the Actions that depend upon it, or in fine, the Influence it has on the Life of Mankind.

If the Firſt, 'tis evident that *Love* has much the Preheminence above *Terror* and *Pity*. *Des Cartes* reduces all the Paſſions to Six principal Heads, *Admiration*, *Love*, *Deſire*, (or rather *Concupiſcence*, *Joy* and *Grief*.) Dr. *Moor* reduces them to Three Heads only, *Admiration*, *Love* and *Hate*. The firſt of which being plac'd in the Brain, and being but the Step to the other, he with the School-men reduces them yet to Two, the *Concupiſcible* and the *Iraſcible*; which *Des Cartes* terms in other Words, properly *Love* and *Hate*. So that we ſee *Love* on all Hands, appears to be a Primitive Paſſion, out of ſeveral Degrees of which, and its Oppoſite, are the reſt compounded and deriv'd. *Fear* or *Terror* is deriv'd from *Deſire*, *Deſire* from *Love*, *Commiſeration* is deriv'd from *Grief*, *Grief* from *Hate*; and is compounded of *Love* and *Grief*. So that if we reſpect the Degrees of the Paſſions, *Love* is the more Excellent, as being a Primitive Paſſion, but *Fear* and *Pity*, only under-

der-Species and Derivatives from it: So that in Nature, Love is more Noble than thoſe. Let us therefore proceed to the *Sentiments it inſpires*, &c. By Sentiments I mean the *Thoughts* that a *Lover* derives from the Paſſion he's poſſeſs'd with. But theſe are ſo different, that we muſt run through the ſeveral Conditions of Lovers to make any Judgment of 'em: For thoſe Thoughts that proceed from *Anger*, *Fear*, *Jealouſie*, *Hope*, *Deſpair*; nay, and *Hate*, with the reſt of the Paſſions, are to be look't for in a Lover, according to his ſeveral Circumſtances. But take him in his moſt eaſie and tranquil Station, when tendreſt Deſires are fann'd with ſure Succeſs, his Thoughts are more or leſs elevated, according to the State and Degree of the Perſon that's affected. Thoſe of a Shepherd might be too low, thoſe of a *Beau* too Gay and Light, but thoſe of a *Hero* muſt retain ſomething of his Character, and muſt be Noble as the Object that inſpires, or the Perſon that receives the Inſpiration. The Two Firſt indeed may be below the Dignity of Tragedy, but the latter can no more derogate from that, than from the Character of the Perſon. But ſuppoſing the moſt tender and the ſofteſt Scenes of a *Hero*'s Love are not Majeſtic enough for Tragedy; yet muſt they be Granted as lofty as thoſe of his *Griefs*; and in the latter, *Horace* will have the deſcending from the haughty Air and Majeſty of Tragedy, not only allowable, but abſolutely neceſſary: *De Arte Poetica:*

Et Tragicus plerumq; dolet ſermone pedeſtri
Telephus & Peleus, *cum pauper & exul uterq;*
Projicit ampullas, *& ſeſquipedalia verba,*
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ, &c.

There is a time therefore when the *Hero* not only may, but ought to quit his Grandeur, in *Horace*'s Judgment; and that is when he's in Diſtreſs and in Exile. And why is it leſs lawfull to depart from this Majeſty (that is, ſuppoſing Love requires it) on the Account of the tendreſt Hours of Love? This is more natural in my poor Opinion, than in the Caſe juſtified by *Horace*. For to Love, is natural to all Great Souls, and I think, as Noble and Eſſential to their Character, as any that make it up: But it may be doubted whether a *Hero*, that is, a Man of Invincible Courage, can ſuffer all his noble and towring Thoughts, all his *Elation of Mind*, to be ſo depreſs'd by Adverſity, as to ſubmit to ſordid and mean Grief and Sorrow: This may be the Reaſon why ſome Critics have reflected on the *Oedipus Coloneus* of *Sophocles*, as too low and mean for the Dignity of a *Hero* furniſh'd with Reſolution, Courage and Virtue in his other Play of him. 'Tis true, 'tis the general Frailty of Mankind to be dejected in Misfortunes; but Tragedy, as our Critics contend, ſhou'd be ſomething better than the Life, ſomething more Philoſophical, affording a Draught of what Man ſhou'd be: Now 'tis certain that Philoſophy will not allow Fortune any Influence on the Thoughts and Mind, at leaſt ſo far as to make 'em degenerate. Thus

Thus we see if Love were what our Adversaries wou'd have it, yet is it as reasonable to be allow'd, as what their Masters hold necessary in *Tragedy*. But this is a Concession I am by no means oblig'd to make; for I am not of Opinion that there is any Necessity that the most tender Scenes of Love, shou'd be void of that Elevation of Thought and Expression, that constitutes *Majesty*. or that they shou'd be deliver'd in that *Sermone pedestri*, *Horace* judges so requisite to the Expression of Grief. This is evident from *Virgil*'s Fourth Book, and the *All for Love* of Mr. *Dryden*: Both which abound with noble Thoughts and Language.

But the tender Scenes are the least Advantages Love brings to *Tragedy*. There are a great many beautifull Occasions offer'd to the Poet by it; from the Effects of it; the other Passions concerned in it, of Descriptions; *&c.* as we may find in all the best of our Plays, particularly in that admirable Piece of the best of Poets, which I mentioned but now, *viz. All for Love*. 'Tis the Love of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, that furnishes the Occasion of all the admirable Scenes of that Play: The same is to be said of the Fourth Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneids*.

To conclude this Point, it must be granted that Love in its Nature, must inspire Noble and more August Thoughts or Sentiments, than *Grief* or *Terror*. For the Soul is more dilated, and exerts its noblest Faculties more in Love, than in *Sorrow* or *Fear*; which both contract the Soul and

its Operations. Love pushes a Generous Mind on to Great Actions, to render it self more agreeable and taking to the Object of his Desires than others. Whereas *Grief* and *Fear* are Opposites to all that's Great and Noble. All the Steps to Love are Great, and much a-kin to that Glory *Rapin* will have the only Object of an Hero's Passion; for *Admiration* is the first Illustrious Step by which a Man mounts to Love: And to acquire Admiration, a Man must perform something extraordinary: For 'tis not the Beauty or Manly Fabrick of the Body, that are suppos'd capable alone of making that Impression on an *Heroine*, (for such must the Mistress of a Hero be) 'tis his Acts that render him Admirable and Charming in her Eye. And indeed, common Experience will convince us, that a Person of Quality that has Signaliz'd himself by any Noble Deeds, shall gain the Fair much easier than a Son of the Earth unknown to Fame, and yet not born to Reputation. Love therefore, being the Spur to Noble Actions, cannot but inspire Noble Thoughts or Sentiments, and Noble Thoughts being agreeable to the Majesty of Tragedy, Love in respect of the Sentiments it inspires, cannot derogate from that Majesty; which is the Second Proof I propos'd in Defence of the Nobleness of this Passion. From whence I shall pass to the Third and Fourth, which have an immediate Dependance on these, and are pretty well cleared, by what I have produc'd toward the latter end of this Second Particular.

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In the next Place, Love is either oppoſite, or agreeable to the Majeſty of Tragedy, by *its Effects*, or *Actions that depend upon it*. If the Nobleſt Actions, and the moſt Tragical Events be agreeable to the Majeſty of Tragedy, the Effects of Love are: Witneſs the Performances of the Hero's in ſome of the beſt of our Modern Plays; and the *Cataſtrophe's* of many that depend on the Effects of Love, as that of the inimitable, and ſo often mention'd *All for Love*, &c. Beſides, 'tis already prov'd, that Love provokes to Noble Actions, in the foregoing Paragraph; and Noble Actions are properly dignify'd for Tragedy; therefore the Actions that depend on Love, are not derogatory to the Majeſty of Tragedy. Nor do the other Effects of it afford a leſs Noble Subject for the Poet, the many Paſſions that depend on them, the Jealouſies, the Revenge, the Anger, the Conteſts of Deſire, of Hope and Deſpair, *&c.* give unexpreſſible Beauty to any Poem: There is nothing ſo fine and moving, as the curious touching of the Paſſions, for thoſe are the Engines that are to work the Effect of Tragedy, in producing *Terror* and *Compaſſion*. The Diſtractions and Diſaſters of thoſe who are Sacrific'd by Love, are of a more general concern than thoſe that are made miſerable by Ambition, or other Villainies. And this brings us to the Laſt Teſt that is to try whether Love be ſuch an Enemy to the *Majeſty* of *Tragedy*, viz. *The Influence it has on the Life of Mankind*. And here I believe *Rapin* places the

chief Distinction betwixt *Majesty*, and the *Lightness* of *Love*. For he supposes the Influence Love has on Mankind, is of that light Nature, that it can produce nothing but soft whining about trifling Kindnesses; whereas *Ambition*, which is a Love of Glory, furnishes the Poet with Incidents as well as Thoughts, that are Noble and Surprizing; which, with the Augustness of expression, compose what he understands by Majesty. But 'tis evident from what has been said, and Experience, that there are as many Noble Actions, as many extraordinary Events, and as many surprizing Thoughts, the Effects of *Love* of Woman, as of the Love of Glory, both which are the Ingredients that *Virgil* and *Homer*, and the other Great Poets of Antiquity compos'd their Hero's of. *Achilles* had his *Briseis*, his *Polixena*, &c. *Pyrrhus* his *Hermione*, *Hercules* his *Omphale*, *Megara*, *Deianira*, &c. *Ajax* his *Tetmessa*, *Telamon* his *Hesione*, *Hector* his *Andromache*, *Æneas* his *Creusa*, *Dido* and *Lavinia*. And none of the Hero's Race wounded the Goddess of Love but *Diomedes*. So Heroical a Passion is the Love of Woman, that I must think it as Majestical, as that of Ambition and Glory. The *Love* of *Paris* gave *Homer* the Ground of his Poem, *viz.* the *Trojan* War, founded on the Rape of *Helena*, by her *Trojan* Admirer; which shews that the Influence it has on Mankind, is very great, when it was so powerfull to prevail with the *Trojans* to keep *Helena* for the Love *Paris* bore her, at the Expence of their Peace and

and Safety. And Dr. *Burnet* in his Anſwer to *Varillas*, obſerves very truely againſt that Hiſtorian, that Intereſt or Ambition, are not the only Motives of the Actions of Mankind, there is much to be attributed to the Paſſions, and of them, none more Violent and Sovereign, than this of Love. Tragedy therefore wou'd not be a perfect Image of Humane Life, if it left ſo conſiderable a Share of it untouch'd, as Love Commands or Influences.

Having thus prov'd (as I think at leaſt) that Love does not degrade the Majeſty of Tragedy, and that it therefore ought not, for that, to be diſcarded by our Tragic Poets, I ſhall now prove by the very end and deſign of this Poem, that 'tis neceſſary to be preſerv'd by them; and by conſequence, that the Poſſeſſion of the Stage the Moderns have given it, is an Improvement of Tragedy and not a Derogation. The end of Tragedy is, as *Rapin* more than once aſſures us, *the rectifying the Paſſions by the Paſſions themſelves, in calming, by their Emotion, the Troubles they wou'd excite in the Heart.* From hence 'tis evident, that unleſs Love be taken in, the moſt predominant and violent of Paſſions, Tragedy cannot perfect its Cure, ſince it muſt leave the moſt conſiderable Diſtemper (for ſo are all the Paſſions that are not regulated by Reaſon) without any Remedy. But in his 17*th.* particular Reflection, where he mentions the end of Tragedy, he ſeems to contradict himſelf, when he firſt ſays, *Pride* and *Hardneſs of*

Heart, were the moſt important Faults (not moſt important to be cur'd if not general, by ſo public a Cure) to be regulated, and yet a little after he tells us, that Man is naturally timorous and compaſſionate: Now he that is naturally compaſſionate, can never be accus'd of Hardneſs of Heart, with any Shew of Reaſon and Juſtice. But ſomething muſt be ſaid to reduce the end of Tragedy to their Notions; whereas 'tis indeed the regulating all the moſt important Paſſions and Vices of Mankind, which contribute to the Diſturbance of his Peace and Happineſs, and obſtruct his Progreſs in Vertue. Now it muſt be granted that Love, as well as other Paſſions, when it has paſt the Boundaries of Reaſon, becomes deſtructive to our Happineſs and Vertue, and ought therefore as much to be Purg'd as Fear or Pity. In ſhort, if the chief Aim of Tragedy be the moving of *Terror* and *Compaſſion*, 'tis evident, Love is extremely conducive to that end, and therefore not ill made uſe of by our Poets.

The next Objection that is made againſt Love in our Tragedy, is, that it diſcovers a Weakneſs of *Genius*. For *Rapin* tells us that it diſcovers a Weakneſs of Genius not to be able to ſuſtain an Action on the Theatre, with moving *Terror* and *Pity* only. But he here ſuppoſes that Love does not contribute to the ſame end, as I have made evident already. He muſt be extremely out of Humor with the Moderns, elſe he wou'd never make this an Objection againſt

gainſt their Strength of Genius, which is an Argument of their Judgment; for they evidently ſaw by the Performances of the *Grecians*, that Terror and Pity, could not be mov'd always by the barren Repetition of the ſame Method to it: And it were to be wiſh'd that *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had been ſenſible of this, they wou'd then never have fail'd in keeping up the Dignity and Majeſty of the Theatre, as they have in ſome of thoſe few Plays we have of theirs. For we find a great Sterility in ſome of thoſe Seven Plays of *Sophocles*, as to the Deſign and End of Tragedy, as well as Noble Thoughts. What *Terror* or *Pity* can *Philoctetes* move, or where are the Great and Noble Thoughts to ſupport it? Where is the Majeſty of *Oedipus Coloneus*, which *Rapin* himſelf grants to be low and degenerate? Nor can I diſcover the mighty *Pity* and *Terror* that can be mov'd by the bringing in a Madman on the Stage, and a company of dead Sheep about him. I'm ſure 'twou'd make an Audience here laugh. Nay, I muſt declare (nor am I troubl'd at what Uſe the Critics will make of it) I think his Maſter-piece out-done by Mr. *Dryden* in his *All for Love*, both in the *Intrigue* and *Diſcovery*; which are built on an abundantly more probable Foundation, and not one jot leſs ſurprizing and fine. Nor will I yield that the Thought and Expreſſion of *Sophocles* at all excell our *Engliſh*.

The laſt Objection *Rapin* conjures up againſt Love, is, *That it is oppoſite to the Reformation of the*

Stage. I can discover no such matter in any or at least in the best of our English Tragedies; and by *Corneil*'s Discourse on his *Theodora*, we find the *French* Theatre more Chast than the Pulpit. Nor can I discover any thing in ours that comes short of that Purity that becomes Ladies of the severest Honour to hear: I cannot say that for the Comedy of our Stage, which as to Tragedy I think needs no Reformation.

To pass therefore from the Objections against Love, to the prejudicial Effects, our Plays owe to it; I find them too in Number; 1. That it hinders those admirable Impressions those of the Ancients made on their Audience. 2. That it causes the decay of a Tragedy's Reputation, in a Year or two.

The first he builds on a Fallacy, *viz.* The wonderful Impressions the *Persens* and *Andromeda* of *Euripides* had on the *Abderites*. This is not to be attributed to the Excellence either of the Poet or the People, who were so gross to think *Democritus* Mad, when in the most reasonable Employment of his Studies, the Dissection of Animals: Besides, the true cause of this Success of these Poems, is not to be granted to the Excellence of the Poet, but the Distemper the People of that City were Infected with at that time, being all Poetically Mad. As a Witness of the truth of this, hear the Account *Cœlius*, *lib.* 3. *Cap.* 4. (as I find it Quoted) gives of it.

'Tis

'Tis reported, that the Abderites *in the time of* Lysimachus, *were Infected with a new and strange kind of Distemper, the progress of which was in this manner: First of all, an extream violent burning Fever seiz'd them, and rag'd through the whole Town; on the Seventh day, the Blood in great abundance, burst out at their Noses; and some of them were affected with violent Sweatings, after which the Fever ended; but still a very ridiculous Distemper possess'd all their Minds, they all ran Mad after Tragedies, thundring the* Iambics *about as loud as they could possibly bawl, but what they chiefly Sung, was the* Andromeda *of* Euripides, *and the Words of* Perseus. *This strange and uncommon Madness diffus'd it self very far, till the Winter and the severe Cold coming on, put an end to this Evil.*

Thus he: —— And can there be any thing more unfair, and absurd, than this condemning our Plays, for not making such Impressions on the Audience as the *Andromeda* of *Euripides* did on the *Abderites*, who were Distracted with a Fever, that made them Ravish'd with any Poetry; for we find, that it was not the *Andromeda* of *Euripides* only, but chiefly That they Recited.

But were it true, that these Plays of the Ancients made these wondrous Impressions on People in their Wits, I'm sure it is not our Poets fault, that ours are less Efficacious; the Passions cannot be more finely touch'd than in *All for Love*, and several other Plays of Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Otway*, &c. We must therefore attribute it to another

another Cauſe. The Audience, at leaſt the Major part of it, was compos'd of People not acquainted with the diſmal *Cataſtrophe's* of Princes, which Hiſtory now ſo abundantly furniſhes us with, and ſo the uncommon Miſeries of Princes on their Stage, influenc'd them; as I have ſeen a Ballad of ſome Tragical Story, without any Poetry in it, draw Tears from ſome of the Female Mobb, and make the Male ſhake their Heads, and go very ſorrowfully away. But our Audience that is generally compos'd of the better ſort, are not ſo eaſily mov'd with theſe Events, they being made familiar to 'em by Hiſtory and Obſervation; with theſe the nice touching of the Paſſions chiefly move; and I my ſelf, dull as I am, have often experienced thoſe effects in me, for which the Critics boaſt ſo much of the power of the Ancient Poets.

The other Effect is Ridiculous, *viz.* That it cauſes the decay of a Tradegy's Reputation in a Year or two. I know not indeed how far this may hold good againſt the *French* Poets; but I'm very ſure 'tis evidently falſe as to our Plays. Witneſs all Mr. *Drydens*; the *Orphan*, and *Venice Preſerv'd*, of Mr. *Otway*; *Alexander* and Others, of Mr. *Lee's*; which are ſtill in Eſteem, after ſeveral Years, and e'ry day encreaſing their Reputation.

Finally, Since the Motives that are urg'd as the cauſe of this Innovation, are either falſly pretended, or ſufficient to Juſtifie it; ſince the Objections are invalid, and the Effects not ſo

Defective

Defective as our Adversaries wou'd have them: We must conclude, that Love is an Improvement of the Old *Dramma*, and ought therefore to be Continu'd.

I desire you'll excuse the length of my Letter, and hereafter confirm what my Arguments have aim'd at, both by your Practice and better of your own; since you have both more leisure and better Penetration and Judgmeat, to secure so Noble a Cause against the frigid Opposers of it. Woman is a glorious part of the Creation, therefore I wou'd willingly see the Love of them Establish'd on as Noble a Foundation, as the Love of Glory, in the opinions of Men, which in Reality is so far more Excellent and Happy. 'Tis a Cause indeed, that deserves a greater Champion than my self; and, I hope, 'twill find one in you.

To my Honour'd, Ingenious and Learned Friend, Dr. Wdgely, about SLEEP and its Medicinal Property.

ALL your good Nature, your readiness to serve your Friend, as my self have experienc'd; your Learning, Ingenuity, and the other Qualities that justly render you dear to all that know you,

you, will not atone for one great Fault you are guilty of. That fault indeed is an excess of an uncommon Vertue; yet since an enemy to your own Good, it must be condemn'd by those that love you: Your *Modesty* I mean; for by this you keep your self too much Unknown. This hinders you from pushing forward in the World, whilst Men of abundantly less Parts, both Acquir'd and Natural, Shoulder one another for Preheminence. Your Modesty, Doctor, does an Injury to the Public, as well as to your self, in robbing both of the Advantages to be deriv'd to and from each other.

My self not long ago, plaid the Physician with Success, tho I am yet to seek in the cause of it: One complaining of some approaches of an Ague, and Feverish Symptoms, I gave him something that could have none or very little influence in his Cure; a little Chalk scrap'd very fine to take in a Glass of Ale, and bid him Sleep after it, and this perfected the Cure. I am apt to believe the Sleep that he got, (for he slept hartily all that Night and part of the next Morning) was the chief Remedy; the grounds of my Opinion I'll here give you.

Sleep, according to *Galen*, is *nothing else but the Quiet or Rest of the Animal Faculties.* This Definition is taken from the *Effects*. *Aristotle* terms it, the *Impotence of the Senses*, with a great deal of Reason, which his Interpreters rightly observe, is not a destruction and loss of the Senses, but a difficult and clog'd Sense: For, a Man that

that is a Sleep, is not without his Senſes, tho they are with ſome difficulty affected: The defect of Perception in the Senſes of a ſleeping Man, is attributed to their Impotence and the force of Sleep, by which all the Senſes and Animal Actions are lock'd or bound up. But *Galen* in the above quoted Definition, does juſtly term *Sleep*, the Reſt or Repoſe of the Animal Actions, becauſe both the *Vital*, as the *Pulſes* and the *Breathing*, and the *Natural Actions*, as the *Concoction of the Ventricle*, which are very well continu'd in Sleep, do not Ceaſe, but are then more juſtly perform'd. As for Example, The motion or beating of the Heart is thought to be ſtronger Sleeping than Waking.

But as for the *Matter of Sleep*, I find it thus in a Modern Author Defin'd, *Somnus eſt vapor quidam benignus Sanguinis, Spiritus, & humidioris Arteriæ, qui per venas jugulares, & per arterias carotidas fertur ad cerebrum & ſenſum communem vincit. Sleep is a certain friendly Vapour of the Blood, the Spirit, and the more humid Artery, which is convey'd by the jugular Veins and Carotid Arteries to the Brain, and make the* Senſum communem. This muſt be confeſs'd to be ſome deſcription or account of Sleep. There are therefore three requiſites to a gentle and compoſed Sleep; a *temperate Brain*, a *friendly Moiſture*, and a *quiet Mind*; for many tho' they ſleep in all appearance, yet are diſturb'd in their Minds, as is evident from the Example of *Dido*, when in Love with *Æneas*.

Phœniſſa

——— *Phœniſſa nec unquam*
Solvitur in ſomnos oculis, nec pectore Noctem
Accipit. ———

But ſhe was quite Reſtleſs, and without Sleep.

As to the efficient Cauſe of Sleep, I think it the *Brain*, which is the firſt Senſory, tho *Ariſtotle* makes the Heart ſo. Whence I believe, proceeded our common Saying when we are very much diſpoſed to Sleep, that *our Heart's a Sleep.* 'Tis therefore the Refrigeration or Cooling of the Brain that cauſes Sleep, as the Calefaction, or Warming of this firſt Senſific, is the cauſe of our Awaking, and keeping Awake. The former Author tells us—— *Somnus fit cum ſeſe (quamvis non quieſcat) relaxat primum Senſificum, qua Spiritus animales redintegrentur. Hoc autem evenit à blandioribus vaporibus ſublatis Sanguine ac ſuavi pituita in cerebrum: Quibus refrigeratis, & in roſcidum madorem coactis, nervorum meatus oblinuntur & quaſi obligantur.*

The chief *end* therefore of Sleep is, the reſtoring of the animal Spirits; and that the Actions of the whole Animal acquire new Strength, and begin afreſh: As 'tis in *Ovid.*

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt
Hoc reparat vires, feſſaq; membra levat.

But besides this primary and chief end or effect of Sleep, there are others, as that the *Coction* of the *Ventricle* may be the better effected, and the Distempers and their Symptoms mitigated: For Sleep better concocts our Nourishment, mitigates the Matter of Distempers, and lessens all Symptoms. This is the reason that Children are often Cur'd of very great Sicknesses by Sleep alone.

But not to enter into a Discourse I'm so very ill qualifi'd for as this, I'll pass to a more pleasant and easie Task; I mean, the Religious use the Ancients made of Sleep, and the manner of Curing Distempers of the Priests of *Æsculapius* or *Priapus*, heretofore; to whom whilst they slept in their Chappels, those Medicinal Gods, disclos'd their Remedies for the Distemper'd that sought their help, and Advice to those who sought their Counsel. Thus *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter* tells *Encolpius* and *Ascyltos*, that she had sought Help of the God *Priapus* in her Sleep, for her Ague, and *Encolpius* Comforts her in these words a little after, when she desir'd they shou'd not divulge the Secrets of the Rites of *Priapus*, which they had seen: *Nam neq;* (says he) *sacra quenquam evulgaturum, & si quod præterea aliud* Remedium *ad Tertianam Deus illi monstrasset, adjuturos nos Divinam providentiam, vel periculo nostro.* That none of 'em wou'd divulge the Rites of her God, but on the contrary, wou'd at the expence of their own hazard endeavour to assist his divine Providence, if he shou'd reveal

veal any other Remedy for the cure of her Ague. And *Suetonius* in the Life of *Vespasian*, says, *Orantes opem valitudine demonstratam a* Serapide *per quietem restituturum oculos, si inspuisset.* This was a common thing in Antiquity to take the *Responsa*, or Answers of the Gods by Dreams, for *Ille incubat Jovi*, signifies, He sleeps in the *Capitol*, to receive the Oracles or Answers of that God. Thus the Sick us'd to sleep in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, to receive Remedies in their Sleep from him. There was a famous and celebrated Temple of *Æsculapius* in *Epidaurus*, to which the Sick us'd to go on Pilgrimage from several Places. Extraordinary Examples of this kind of Cures one of your Profession (which has yielded the World abundance of Learned, Ingenious and Witty Men) produces the first Chap. and first Book *De arte Gymnastica*; I mean, *Hieron. Mercurialis.* He will have it that *Hippocrates* form'd his Body of Medicine from these Nocturnal Revelations of the Gods; that is from the Tables that were hung up in the Temples, with an account of them. *An totam* (says he) *Medicinæ partem, quæ ad sanos & victus rationem pertinet, ex tabellulis, aliisq; donariis* Æsculapii *Templo dicatis* Hippocrates *conflaverit? An. vero totam in curandis Morbis versantem Clinecem vocatam, quemadmodum* Varro, Strabo, *atq;* Plinius, *tradidisse videntur, mihi plane compertum non est: Nisi quod fuit mos liberatos Morbis in Templo ejus Dei, quod auxiliatum esset scriberet. Isq; imprimis illis temporibus usq; ad* Antonini *Imperatoris ætatem,*

tem, non modo in Græcia, verum etiam in Italia perduravit. Uti præ cæteris, ex Tabella Marmorea Romæ in Æsculapii Templo in Insula Tiberina inventa, & usq; in hunc diem apud Maphæos conservata, intelligere licet, in qua Græce hæc leguntur. *I am not certain* (says he) *whether* Hippocrates *Compos'd all that part of the Medicinal Art, which relates to the ordering of both Health and Diet, out of the little Consecrated Tablets and other Gifts in the Temple of* Æsculapius, *or only that part of the Curing of Distempers which is nominated* Clinick, *as* Varro, Strabo *and* Pliny *seem to have thought: But that 'twas a Custom for the Sick to write in the Temple of that God the Remedy that had Cur'd them; which Custom continued to the time of* Antoninus, *not only in* Greece, *but also in* Italy, *as we may above all others understand from the Marble Table found in the Temple of* Æsculapius *in* Rome, *in the* Tiberine *Island, and preserv'd till this day by the* Maphæi, *in which this that follows is in Greek.*

I.

Αὐτῶις τῶις ἡμέραις, &c.

In these days he gave an Oracle to one Claudius *that was Blind, that he should come to the Sacred Altar, and kneel down; and then come from the Right side to the Left, and put five Fingers on the Altar, and lift up his Hand and put it on his own Eyes: And he saw perfectly in the Presence of the*

People, who Congratulated him, and Rejoic'd, that such great Miracles were perform'd under our Emperor Antoninus.

2.

Λουκίῳ πλευρῖτικῷ, καὶ, &c.

The God gave an Oracle to Lucius, *that had a Pain in his Side, and was despair'd of by all Men, that he should come and take Ashes from the Altar, and mix them with Wine, and put them on his Side; upon which he Recovered, and returned his Thanks to the God, and the People Congratulated him.*

3.

Αἷμα ἀναφέροντι Ἰουλιανῷ, &c.

Julianus *vomiting Blood, being despaired of by all Men, received an Oracle from the God, that he shou'd come and take off from the Altar* Pine-Apples, *and eat them for three days with Honey, and he Recovered, and publickly in the Presence of the People gave Thanks.*

4.

Οὐαλερίῳ Ἄπρῳ στρατιώτῃ τυφλῷ, &c.

The God gave an Oracle to Valerius Aper, *a Blind Soldier, That he should come and take the Blood of*

of a White Cock, and mixing it with Honey, compose a Medicine for his Eyes, and wear it for three days on them; and he saw, and came and Publickly return'd Thanks to the God.

And I guess (continues *Mercurialis*) by these Verses of *Tibullus*, that the same us'd to be done in the Temple of *Isis*.

Nunc dea, nunc succurre mihi jam posse mederi,
Picta docet Templis multa Tabella tuis.

You may find more of this kind in *Joseph Scaliger*, in his *Indicibus Inscriptionum antiquarum, a Grutero Collectarum.* And indeed this seems to be something of the Practice of the *Jews*, to take Divine Oracles as they slept in the Temple: For thus I find it in the 3*d*. Chapter of the First Book of *Samuel*, ver. 3. *Samuel* slept *in the Temple of the Lord, where the Ark of God was.* 4. *Then the Lord call'd* Samuel, *and he answered and said, Here I am.* We may gather from *Geor. Fabricius*, that this Custom of sleeping in Temples or Churches, is still continued in *Italy*; for he says be observ'd at *Padua*, young Country Fellows and Lasses, to lie in the Church of St. *Anthony* on a certain Night.

And now I think 'tis time to Wake, having rambl'd as if in a Dream, from one thing to another; from my just Acknowledgments, to my Emperic Exploit; from thence to the Medici-

nal Power of Sleep, and thence to its Religious Use: So that if I wou'd not have you Sleep too in ſpight of the Variety, I muſt conclude here as always, that I am,

SIR,

Your extreamly Obliged

Friend and Humble Servant,

Char. Gildon.

To LUCINDA.

May the 10.

I Received your's this Morning, which has put me ſo much out of Humour, that it ought to be no wonder if I write in a Stile different from my former. I told you in mine, the Judgment of the Men of Senſe, of your Beloved *Athenians*. I have the Honour to know ſome of the greateſt Wits, and beſt Judges of Senſe and Learning; who unanimouſly agree in as contemptible an Opinion of them, as they expreſs of their Adverſaries at all Times.

But

But after all, Madam, I ſhall be very little concern'd if you put the worſt Conſtruction you can upon my Demeanour in this Buſineſs, ſince 'tis pardonable in me, who, you know own'd my ſelf for a little neceſſary Diſſimulation, till you made me a Convert to univerſal Sincerity, which I'll always preſerve for the future. But I never pretended my Life exempt from Faults or Follies — No, on the contrary, I confeſs I have been more guilty of both, than moſt; and among that Number, I reckon this and ſome other fooliſh Trifles that ſhall be Nameleſs: But I deſign to ſet a ſtricter Guard on my Words and Actions for the future, and not let any Bye Reſpect betray me to ſay or do any thing I may repent of without the Power of retrieving. This Change I partly owe to ſome Inconveniences I have drawn on my ſelf by Inconſideration; tho I own to you, even now, that I chiefly owe it to your well-acted Sincerity. You drew I confeſs, Madam, the aimable Picture of a fine Woman (I wrong the Noble Idea you gave me of your ſelf, by giving it the Title of Woman) And oh! that the Lovely Piece had charm'd your Heart as it did mine; it won me ſo entirely, that I hope I ſhall never act contrary any more to the divine Vertue of Sincerity; from which, Madam, I muſt tell you, with a great deal of Diſtraction, that you extreamly deviate, who could in your laſt aſſure me, that you made no Enquiry about me, when to my certain Knowledge, you could not

know me to be the Author of that Book but by a very nice Enquiry. Woman indeed, was ſo well known to me, that 'twas my Fault to be ſo monſtrouſly impos'd on, as to believe there could be any one of the Sex qualified with a Vertue ſo oppoſite to a Woman's Nature as Sincerity. That indeed, was the golden Work, the Chymiſtry of my Converſation has been ſo long in Chaſe of; and oh! you made me fondly believe I'd found the mighty Treaſure in you becauſe you glitter'd: But alas! the golden Fantom vaniſh'd like thoſe deluding Hopes, and I find a Woman of Wit and Senſe exalted with Sincerity, is as meer a Fancy as the Philoſopher's Stone. That was the Beauty that chain'd my Soul to *Mirtilla*, and made me value her above all Sublunary Goods; that made me ſigh for the Enjoyment of her Converſation; but now the gay Viſion's paſt, and you have wak'd me to find you a very, very Woman.

I have been too tedious on this Paragraph of your Letter to give a preciſe Anſwer to the reſt, I ſhall reſerve that till another Time, and only now tell you, *Firſt*, That you do me but Juſtice to think no worſe of me for the Declaration of a Truth, you deſired to know, with all the Sincerity in Nature; for Madam, I muſt always own 'twas ſuch a Veneration I had for you, that I cou'd not but be free and ſincere with you. *Next*, That Liberty like Religion is a Word of a double Meaning, and equally pernicious to Human Kind. Miſtake me not, Madam,

I mean

I mean as to the villainous Uſe that has always been made of both; not as to true and real Religion and Liberty, which I'm for as much as any, and am ſo good a Patriot, that I'd rather be tortur'd an Age for the leaſt good of my Country, than do the leaſt Action againſt the real Intereſt of it. *Laſtly*, That tho it wou'd yet be extreamly grateful to be admitted to your Converſation, yet ſince you obſtinately perſiſt to have it ſo, I muſt ſubmit to your Conditions, but I deſire you wou'd put me to as little Expence of Patience as you can, becauſe I ſtill earneſtly deſire to obtain what I have with ſuch Ardor requeſted, that is, the Converſation of *Mirtilla*, in Hopes to make you by my real Sincerity my Convert, as your pretended Sincerity made me your's; which wou'd be an extraordinary Happineſs to

Madam,

Your Humble Servant,

and Sincere Friend,

Lycidas.

A Short View of Old Rome, *in a Letter to* URANIA.

NEver wonder at *Ovid*'s Trouble for being Banish'd from Old *Rome*, since we find that St. *Augustine* made it One of his Three Wishes, to have seen it in all its Glory; as it was when *Ovid* liv'd. I'll give you but an imperfect View of it, as I can collect it from *Pliny*, and you'll confess it raises in you a most Magnificent Idea; what must then the Noble Remains that were in St. *Austin*'s Time give him?

I will begin with the *Grand Circo* built by *Julius Cæsar*, a Work not of Ages, but of a few Years (for he Reign'd but five, reckoning from his first coming to *Rome* after his passing the *Rubicon*.) It was Three Furlongs in Length, and one in Breadth; surrounded with Magnificent Buildings, able to contain two Hundred and Sixty Thousand Spectators. The Palace of *Paulus*, all adorned with *Phrygian* Columns. The Temple of Peace built by *Vespasian* with all the Beauty, Art, and Expence could bestow. The *Pantheon* built by *Agrippa*, to *Jove the Avenger*, when *Valerius Ostiensis* a famous Architect, had covered that *Theatre* in which *Liko* exhibited Shews and Plays to the People of *Rome*. Can we admire the Expences of the barbarous Kings, in the raising the Pyramids, when the very Ground

for

for the Building the *Forum* cost *Cæsar* the Dictator in those Days, above Ten Thousand Sestertii; and if the Expence and dearness of things be of any Force. *Publius Clodius* who was killed by *Milo*, lived in a House that cost 1484 Sestertii, which seems to me to fall but little short of the Extragance of Kings in their Palaces; but in those Days the *Romans* were Admirers of any great Works however less beautiful, as the Vastness of the Ramparts of the *Capitol*, with its prodigious Foundations. I cannot omit the very subterraneal Magnificence of this City, even in the wondrous Conveyances of the Common-Shoars, so Spacious, that one might have Sail'd under a Pendulous City, through Rocks, which have been Penetrated to let in seven Civulets, which flow'd in with a rapid Course like a Torrent, to carry away all before them; which being increas'd and agitated by the Rains from above, beat and dasht against the sides with great Vehemency: Sometimes the River *Tyber* ran back into these Channels; where tho' the several Streams at their meeting fought and made a great deal of do, yet the firmness of the Pile and Buildings, resisted its unruly Force. These admirable Arches out braved Ages, Earthquakes and Ruins, from the time of *Tarquinius Priscus*, to the Destruction of *Rome*; for that King it was that Built them; who when he undertook to perform a Work of that difficulty both for Length and Danger, by the Hands of the *Roman* People, put to Death all

those

those that fled from the Fatigue of the Undertaking; for the pursuance and perfecting of which, he made use of a Remedy unheard of before or after; which was, That all the Bodies of the Citizens that were executed on this account, shou'd some be fix'd on Crosses and expos'd to the view of the People, and others in their Presence given for Food to the Wild Beasts and Ravenous Birds; which produc'd this effect, that they that beheld 'em, struck with a shame to be daunted at any Undertaking, with a bold Zeal for the Honour of the *Roman* Name, which had often preserv'd them at the lowest ebb of Fortune in Battles, push'd on the Work with all the fervour imaginable; which the King observing, took hold of the opportunity to enlarge his Impositions upon them, making them extend those Subterraneal Passages to that bigness and height, that a Cart very much loaden with Hay might easily pass through them. But all I have already said, is inconsiderable, if we compare it to one Miracle, which is this, When *Marcus Lepidus* and *Quintus Catulus* were *Consuls*, there was no Nobler Structure in *Rome* than the House of *Lepidus* himself; but within Thirty five Years after, that was not the hundredth part as big as innumerable Palaces that were then Raz'd. *Marcus Scaurus*, when he was *Ædile*, with his private Wealth and Abilities perform'd a Work beyond all that ever was made by any before, design'd not for time, but Eternity; and this was a *Theatre*, in which were a tripple order of Scenes

to

to the height of Three hundred and ſixty Columns, the lower part was of Marble, the middle of Glaſs (ſtrange kind of Luxury!) and the uppermoſt were adorn'd wirh Golden Tablets, the Braſs Statues betwixt theſe Pillars, were in in number Three thouſand; and the Pitt it ſelf was capable of holding Fourſcore thouſand Spectators. To this I may add a greater Prodigy, effected by *Caius Curio*, who follow'd the part of *Julius Cæſar* in the Civil War; for when at the Funeral of his Father he ſaw he cou'd not ſurpaſs *Scaurus* in Pomp, Wealth, Beauty, and Nobleneſs of the Structure, Magnificence of the Furniture and Decorations, reſolved to out-do him in Ingenuity: Therefore he caus'd two moſt ſpacious Theatres of Wood to be made near to one another, and hung them on a Verſatile Ballance or Hinge; ſo in the Morning when the Plays were perform'd, they were Back to Back, (as I may ſay) but in the Evening after all the People were in them, they were whirl'd about on their Hinges, the Scenes of both deſcending as they met together, and Compos'd in a Moment an Amphitheatre, in which immediately were preſented the Fights of the *Gladiators*. What can we moſt admire in this, the Invention, or the Inventor? The Artificer, or Deſigner? Him that durſt imagin ſuch a bold Effort, or him that could reduce it to Practice? But that which ſeems moſt ſtrange to me, is, that the People ſhould be ſo mad to venture themſelves in ſo tickliſh and uncertain a Seat. Behold, (ſays *Pliny*)

This

This is that People that have Subjugated the whole Earth, which has ſtiff'd Kingdoms and Nations, and gives Laws to far Countries, a certain Part and Portion of the Immortal Gods, compared to the reſt of Mankind: Behold them I ſay, ſwinging in a ponderous Machine, and clapping and loudly applauding to their own Danger. Behold all the Roman *People aboard two Veſſels as it were, which were only ſeparated from Deſtruction by two Hinges that ſupported them, gazing at the Combates of the* Gladiators, *with Pleaſure, tho they were ſo near Periſhing themſelves if the Machine fail'd.* What might not he have perſwaded the *Roman* People to, who cou'd ſo eaſily prevail with them to venture into a hanging Theatre, as if he intended to Sacrifice the whole Nation, at the Funerals of his Father, or at leaſt bid fair for it. Had *Caligula* prepared ſuch an Engine, he need not have been at the expence of ſo fruitleſs a Wiſh, as that all the *Romans* had but one Neck, that at one Blow he might Diſpatch 'em. But after the Hinges were ſo worn by Uſe that they won'd no longer turn, he vary'd it and left it in the form of an *Amphitheatre.* After this, what need I tell you of the Golden Palaces of *Nero* and *Caius*, or the Aquaducts of the King *Quintus Martius*, or thoſe Additions which *Agrippa* made to them when he was *Ædile*, who beſides the Reparations of the Old, made Seven Hundred Lakes, and an Hundred and Five Fountains. Built a Hundred and Thirty Magnificent Hoſtels, and Adorn'd theſe Buildings with Three Hundred Statues of Braſs and Marble,

and

and Four Hundred Marble Pillars, and all this in the ſpace of One Year. And for the eternal Fame of his Ædileſhip, he gave Shews to the People for near Threeſcore Days, beſides an Hundred and Seventy *Bagnio's*, as a free Gift; which Places were afterward increaſed in *Rome*, to an infinite Number. But the *Aqueducts* that were begun by *Julius Cæſar*, and finiſh'd by *Claudius*, far ſurpaſs'd the former. But if we ſhou'd nearly conſider the abundance of Water that was us'd in public, in Baths, Fiſh-Ponds, Houſes, Conduits and Gardens, in the Suburbs, and *Villa's* as well as City, the Arches that were built to convey it, the Mountains that were cut through, the Valleys that were level'd, we muſt grant that there cou'd be nothing more Admirable in the whole World. Next let me paſs to the Rareties of Art, as the Statues and Obeliſc's which were brought to *Rome* from abroad: Firſt the *Thebane* Obeliſc was made and erected by the Labour of Twenty Thouſand Men: The King himſelf when it was ſet up, fearing that the *Machines* won'd not be of ſufficient Strength to ſupport the vaſtneſs of the Weight, without an extraordinary Caution of the Workmen, to make them take the more care in erecting it, caus'd his Son to be faſtn'd to the very top of it, that their Endeavours for his Safety, ſhou'd conduce to the happy placing the Stone. The Prodigious Wonders of this Work made *Cambyſes* when he took this City of *Thebes*, and came almoſt to the Pedeſtal of this Obeliſc with Fire and Sword,

to

to command the Flames to be extinguish'd, he being ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment at ſo awfull a Pile, who had no Compaſſion for the City its ſelf. In *Alexandria*, *Ptolomæus Philadelphus* ſet up one of Eighty Cubits, which King *Nectabis* had caus'd to be hewn out of a Rock; but it prov'd much a greater Difficulty to carry it to its Place and erect it. Some ſay 'twas carried a Ship-board by the Famous Architect *Satyrus*. Others, that a Channel was cut from beyond the place where the Obeliſc lay, under it, to the River *Nilus*; and then Two very broad Veſſels joyn'd together, and ſo deeply laden, that they might when they came up the Channel, go under the Obeliſc, (it reaching like a Bridge, from one ſide of this *Cut* to the other) And being come exactly under it, they unloading them, by degrees the Veſſels roſe out of the Water, and ſo lifted up the Obeliſc from the Ground, and thus bore it down into the *Nile*. Out of this ſame Mountain there is a Tradition, that Six were cut of the ſame Magnitude, and that the Maſter Work-man had Fifty Talents given him for a Reward. But this Obeliſc was ſet up in *Arſinoe* by the forementioned King, in Honour of his Wife *Arſinoe*, who was alſo his Siſter; and from thence *Maximus* when he was Prefect in *Egypt*, Tranſported it, tho ſuch a vaſt and unwieldy Cargo for a Ship; and plac'd it in the *Forum*, having cut off the Top of it, deſigning to put one of Gold in its Room, which afterwards notwithſtanding he neglected. There are Two

more

more at *Alexandria*, in the Portico's of the Temple of *Cæsar* Forty Two Cubits high, which King *Mesphres* made. The chief Difficulty was to Transport them cross the Sea to *Rome*, in Ships of the First Rate. Nor must I omit that *Obelisc* which was plac'd in the *Grand Circo* by *Augustus*, which was made by King *Semnesertes*, in whose Reign *Pythagoras* was in *Egypt*: It was One Hundred Twenty Five Foot, and Three Quarters high, besides the Basis of the same Stone. But that which was in the Field of *Mars*, was made by *Sesostris*: Both contain Inscriptions of the *Egyptians* Interpretations of Natural things, by their Philosophy. This last *Augustus* apply'd to a wonderfull Use, turning it to the Gnome of a Dial, receiving the Shadow of the Sun, and by it distinguish'd the Length of the Days, Nights and Hours, on the Pavement, which he had made to the Proportion of the Obelisc, and divided with Lines and Marks of inlaid Brass, on which the Shadow decreas'd and increas'd by degrees, and so artificially denoted the Motions of time. A thing says *Pliny*, in my Opinion, worthy the Knowledge of Posterity. There was another Obelisc in the *Vatican Circo* of *Caius* and *Nero*: And this alone amongst them all, wat broken in the making. The Son of *Sesostris* made this, as well as another of an Hundred Cubits in height, and Consecrated to the Sun by the Order of the Oracle for the Restoration of his Sight, after he had been Blind. There was a Statue of *Hercules* in the

Beast-

Beast-Market, which was for nothing so remarkable, as its Antiquity and Title; for 'tis said to be Consecrated by *Evander* to him: And it obtain'd the Name of Triumphal, from being Habited in Triumphal Garments, as often as there is any Triumph. The Statue of *Janus* with his Double Face, must not be forgot, consecrated to him by King *Numa*, which was Ador'd and Sacrific'd to, both for War and Peace; his Fingers being so contriv'd, that they denoted in Three Hundred Sixty Five Days the Year and Age. *Mummius* having Conquer'd *Achaia*, repleniſh'd the City with Statues: The *Lucylli* too, brought not a few into it. Before the Burning of the *Capitol* by the Faction of *Vitellius*, there was in the Fane of *Juno*, a Dog carv'd in Brass licking of his Wounds, which was of such a noble Boldness, that the Value of it was beyond Purchase; and therefore Consecrated to the Goddess. In the *Capitol* was a Statue of *Apollo*, of that prodigious Height, that it was called a *Colossus*; and this was brought from *Apollonia*, a City in *Pontus*, by *Marcus Lucullus*: It was Thirty Cubits high, and cost One Hundred and Twenty Talents. Like this is that *Colossus* of *Jupiter*, Consecrated by *Claudius Cæsar*. Besides, these in *Rome*, were an Hundred other *Colossuses* of a lesser Magnitude.

To say nothing of the admirable Pictures that *Pliny* mentions, all far beyond *Raphael*, *Angelo*, *Titian*, and our Modern Artists, we may in short, Reflect, That *Rome* must indeed be a Divine

Divine Sight, whence all the Nobleſt pieces of Art that the Conquer'd World afforded, were Tranſported by the Conquerors to *Rome*, to contribute to its Majeſty and Glory. Add to this the Politeneſs of the People *Ovid* left, and the Brutality of thoſe he went to; and we may well ceaſe to admire at his Impatience, and Flattery of his Perſecutor *Auguſtus*, for a Return. But you may ſee a more perfect Draught of this City in *Fabricius* his Collation of Old and New *Rome*. I am,

Madam,

Your Friend and Humble Servant,

Viridomar.

To the Charming and Ingenious URANIA.

I'll no more accuſe my Fortune, *Urania*, ſince ſhe has given me ſo generous an Antidote againſt all her Venomous Influence, as your *Friendſhip*, that furniſhes me with a very *ſatisfactory* Retreat from all the violent Onſets of my ill Stars, where I can unload my Soul, and communicate all my Complaints. If I meet with *Villainies* and *Ingra-*

 titude,

titude, the common Offspring of *Truſt* and *generous Offices*; I'm ſenſibly pleas'd, that I can with aſſurance of Pity, tell my Charming Friend my Pain. This is the occaſion of this Letter; for, tho I have no *Villainy* to complain of at this time, having had no *Truſt* Betray'd; nor any *Ingratitude* to Reſent, becauſe I have not been in a Capacity of Obliging the Perſon I addreſs'd to; yet have I ſtill abundant reaſon to Sigh for the continual *Ill Luck*, that attends my Endeavours.

I know *Urania*, you have often told me, that 'tis a very falſe Meaſure to judge of others by my own Inclinations; and your Advice, I muſt grant, carries a great deal of Reaſon; for whether my Inclinations are juſt or unjuſt, I'm ten to one in the wrong, when I judge of another by them; ſince Mankind differ not only in their Sentiments of the *ſame thing*, by the different Apprehenſions each Man Naturally has; but the very Circumſtances and ſtate of our *Affairs*, give a various turn to our *Sentiments*; ſo that we differ not only from one another, but even from our *Selves*, as our *Fortune* alters *our Condition*. But when I was miſtaken in *Pollio*, I follow'd a more *common* and *receiv'd* tho not leſs *fallacious* Guide, than the former, that is, Report. *Pollio* has the *Reputation* of a *Generous Man*, and may be ſo perhaps to others; but I'm ſure he does not diſtinguiſh betwixt thoſe who are and are not fit Objects for his *Generoſity*. A *pleaſant* Companion diverts and ſeaſons our Hours of Converſation, and permits not our Judgment to weigh the Merits

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To *POLLIO.*

The COMPLAINT.

I.

'*Tis now dead Night, and hush'd is e'ery thing;*
The *busie Cit*, and the *laborious Clown*;
The *cringing Paraſite*, and *haughty Gown*;
The *Plotting Statesman* too,
And with his Gilded Cares the King,
Are all at ſweet Repoſe.
What when awake they *all* refuſe;
And Sleep, Death's Image, ſeem'd as Death will do,
To've equall'd the poor Cottage and the Crown,
No Wretch but me ſo much Unbleſt
As not to be at Reſt;
Of Hope forſaken, and by Fate Oppreſt;
Deſpair with all its wild Anxieties,
Drives Quiet from my *Mind*, and Slumbers from my *Eyes*.

II.

Why do I Live? Why hug my *boundleſs Woe*,
When *Friendly* Death ſets wide the Gate,
That leads to a more happy State?
For not at all to be,
Is better than the ills of Life to know,
When Prieſtly *Barbariſm* does reign
Almoſt in e'ry Heart;

And

And ſcarce one good *Samaritan* is found,
That with one ſolid Ragg will part,
To Cloath the *ſhudd'ring* Wretch, or bind his *gaping*
Why ſooth I then my preſent Pain, (Wound.
With the *faint* Shadow of a fanſy'd Eaſe,
Rather than Cure the Diſeaſe,
With *Balmy* Death, its ſure and laſting Remedy?

III.

When th' ills of Life too great and num'rous grow,
They are the Summoners of *Fate*:
And 'tis too fooliſh a Debate
(Puniſh'd by preſent Pain)
To argue if we ſhou'd Obey or no.
In tort'ring Dreams I've often found
My ſelf with threatning Dangers compaſs'd round;
O'er Hills I flie, o'er Vales, o'er Shades in vain,
The fanſy'd Terror meets me when I light,
Or cloſe behind
Purſues my *Imaginary* Flight:
But when my *Lab'ring* Mind
From *near* Deſtruction, can no Refuge find,
I Wake, and all the *racking Scene* withdraws,
The Horrors paſt, are loſt in preſent Joys.

IV.

So in the *gloomy* Dream of Life, I ſee
My tatter'd Bark in Fortune's *boiſtrous* Sea.
To e'ry Wind in vain I ſhift my Sail,
Siniſter *Fate* allows no *Proſp'rous*:

In *vain* I ſtrive to reach the *diſtant* Shoar,
For *all around* the angry Billows roar,
And on each ſide encreaſe th' *unequal* War.
Ten thouſand Waves, each big with *certain Fate*,
On one poor ſinking Bark with fury Beat:
My Sails are uſeleſs, and my Rudder loſt;
By claſhing Surges to and fro I'm toſt;
Within no help; no Succour from without,
Deſpair and Ruin hem me round about.
Approach then **Death**, this *racking Scene* deſtroy;
Ah! Wake this Tempeſt-beaten wretch to *long-*
(ſought **Calms** and **Joy**.

V.

Ha! what bright Dawn thus breaks this diſmal (Night!
What *Welcome* Beams their *friendly* force unite,
To raiſe my drooping Soul with their *auſpicious*
(Light!
Behold the golden Glory ſpreads apace,
The Heavens aſſume a calmer Face,
And all the loud tumultuous Billows ceaſe!
The threatning Storm is Over-blown,
The ſcatter'd Clouds now diſappear,
And the grim Terrors of Deſpair
Are all diſpers'd and gone.
Whence, Ah! whence theſe Rays Divine,
That with ſo *ſtrong*, ſo *kind* a Luſtre Shine?

VI.

Lo! now the Heavenly Cauſe draws near;
See, ſee the mighty Goddeſs **Hope** appear!
Her fluid Robes, which *ſubtle Threads* compoſe
(From

(*From the thin Brains of* fond Projectors *Spun*)
Her naked Beauties to the Eye diſcloſe;
Beauties far brighter than the Mid-day Sun;
Fairer than Fancy e'er drew Woman-kind,
Tho' the *vain fancy* of a *Love-ſick* Mind.
Her ſpacious Front, and her inviting Eye,
Are fill'd with *humble* Majeſty.
Falſe Joys around her ſmiling Viſage Play,
To ſooth depending Wretches Pain,
In ſpight of damn'd Delay
And its *long Melancholy Train.*
Her Head with *Lawrel*, and with *Myrtle*'s Crown'd;
With her left *Hand* where e'er ſhe goes
She *thinly* ſtrows
The Warriour's and the Lover's Wreaths;
But Courtiers *flat'ring Promiſes*,
With *liberal Hand* ſhe ſcatters *all around.*

VII.

Her right *Hand* boundleſs Stores does hold
Of Liberty, of Happineſs, and Gold.
Which tho' ſhe ſeem to promiſe e'ery one
That waits about her Viſionary Throne,
Yet faſt ſhe graſps the wiſh'd for Treaſure,
And does in *ſcanty Portions* Meaſure,
To *Few*, and *Late*, the tardy *Pleaſure.*
A Thouſand *curling* Clouds ſhe ſits upon,
Of Colour various, and of Matter rare,
(As *Acme* Beauteous, ſubtle as the Air;
Soft as the *Downy Boſom* of that Charming Fair.)
Exhal'd from the wanton *Wiſhes of Mankind,*
And all the Numerous Vanities *of his ſickly Mind.*

Avarice, *Ambition*, *Love*, *untasted Bliss*,
With all the *gaudy Train* of fond Desire,
The Bigots *future* Joy, and States-Man's *coming*
That set the *foolish* World on Fire, (Happiness,
The Pompous Pageant's mighty Frame support.
Num'rous and vast is the Resort
That throng her wide Imaginary Court.
As far as e'er her friendly Beams extend,
Rang'd in their differing Stations they attend;
All near, or distant, dart a *longing Eye*
On this Lov'd flattering Deity.
Beyond the reach of whose enlivening day,
Beyond the Influence of **one** *kind* Ray,
Despair in tatter'd sable Weeds Array'd,
Lurks with a *ghastly Troop* within the *baneful Shade*.

VIII.

Hark! hark! methinks her *melting Voice* I hear;
Her *Voice*, that's softer far
Than happy Lovers Billing Whispers are!
Gently methinks the Goddess Chides
My causeless fond Despair,
While **Pollio** lives, who never Wretch deny'd
That on his bounteous Nature yet rely'd,
And spight of the effects of *black Ingratitude*
To damp the *gen'rous Flame*,
Bounty and he are **so** *the same*;
To imploring Want he *must*, nay *will* do Good,
Let **Galba** *Laugh*, *Eat*, *Drink and Whore*,
And in that *thoughtless Circle* spend his Store,
And when he's Dead, be never thought on more.
So let him die like other *Sots* and *Brutes*,
Oblivion best a Life like **Galba**'s suits.

But

But ſince a more Heroic Fire
Does wiſer **Pollio**'s Breaſt Inſpire,
And moves him to Diſpenſe
To drooping Poeſie a kind Influence;
Let him but caſt one Smile on me,
By which from **Anxious** *Cares* ſet free,
In Verſe *Immortal* I'd convey his Name,
To the laſt *Boundaries* of *Fame*,
And *late* Poſterity ſhou'd ſee him ſit
Among the *Sacred Patrons* of *Almighty Wit*;
For of their Patrons, Poets have *theſe Odds*,
They Poets make, *but Poets make them Gods*;
To **Mortal** *Glory*, give **Eternal** *Date*,
And reſcue **Merit** *from* **deſtructive Fate.**

By this laſt Stanza, my dear *Urania*, you find what I then thought of **Pollio**, but I muſt tell you, my opinion is much alter'd by his Carriage ſince. Not becauſe he comply'd not with my Deſires, but becauſe he has not dealt like a Gentleman by me. If Oſtentation be the Motive of his great Actions, and a preſent *Vain-Glory* be the mover of his Liberality, he has a great many of his Rank, that carry a mighty Name in the World; for few have learned this noble Maxim, that *Vertue is its own Reward*. And yet methinks the *preſent* Applauſe of *Fools* ſhould not be grateful to a Man of Senſe. But if **Pollio** had not that Nobleneſs of Spirit to do a *private* Good, yet methinks he ſhould not ſubmit to do a *little thing*, as you know ſome of his Demeanour to me

me was, especially in detaining what was trusted to his *Vertue*, without doing what was expected from that *Trust*. But I'll confine you no longer, *Urania*, to my Complaints, who am

Your faithful Friend,

Viridomar.

Of the MOON.

The History of the Temple of Diana *at* Ephesus, *&c. In a Letter to my Learned and Ingenious Friend, Dr.* Midgly.

I Have lately been looking over again Bishop *Wilkins* his *World in the Moon*, and cannot but agree with him, as I formerly did, that 'tis most reasonable to think that Planet capable of Inhabitants, since we know 'tis a Solid Opacous Body; that the Light it has, is only Borrow'd; and since the Discoveries made by the Telescope of *Galileus*, shew that 'tis e'ery way qualify'd for an Inhabitable World. But whether the Inhabitants be so much Wiser than us, as *Cyrano Bergerai* makes 'em, I can't tell, neither am I willing to allow them that Advantage,

vantage, since their Planet has such a dependance on our Earth, as to be oblig'd to move round us, as its Centre. I should rather agree with *Arioſto*, that makes it the *Lumber Houſe*, or *Repoſitory* of all things that are loſt in this Earth of ours, even to the *Wits* of his *Hero* Orlando, Bottl'd up in Bottles, like the Virtuoſo's Air: But then you will answer, if I allow the *Moon* the *Receptacle* of all that is loſt on our Earth, that by conſequence it muſt be the *Juſter*, *Honeſter*, as well as *Wiſer* Abode, since *Honeſty* and *Juſtice* have long been loſt here, as well as *Wiſdom*. 'Tis true, Doctor, if the Inhabitants there are one jot the better for 'em, I muſt yield the Cauſe; but I hope our *Vertues* as well as *Wits*, are Bottl'd up from their uſe; elſe I ſhould wiſh the Biſhop I mention'd but now, had perfected his Diſcovery, and fix'd a Correſpondence betwixt us, for doubtleſs 'twould yield us abundance of Commodities needful for us, as well as *Wit* and *Honeſty*.

However 'tis, methinks we have a greater Image of this friendly moving Light of the Heavens, than the Primitive Poetical Philoſophers: They made it but a *Woman*, but we a *World*, that contains perhaps ſome Millions of finer Women than *Diana*: Tho 'tis probable not all ſo Chaſt, if they are not made of a much different Matter from that of our Earthly Ladies. Tho' I can't blame the Ancients for making it a Woman, from its Inconſtancy, which is ſo natural a Folly of the Sex, that it muſt be thought *Characteriſtical*,

Heriſtical: And perhaps the Origin of this Fabulous Lady *Moon*, might be from ſome *Ægyptian Hieroglyphic* of a Woman with a Creſcent on her Head, to denote her changable Nature and Affections.

But whence-ever it came, they had Names enough at her Service, above an Hundred in number, too long to inſert here. The Poets therefore gave her a Coach too: It was but a Coach and Two; whereas her Brother *Phœbus* had his Coach and Four. *Manilius, lib.* 5.

Quadrijugis & Phœbus equis, & Delia bigis.

Ovid gives her a pair of White Horſes, tho' others differ, and will have her drawn by a Mule, or young Heifers, or Horſes of various Colours.

They made her a Huntreſs, becauſe aſſiſting at the Birth of her Brother *Apollo*, made her hate all Men; for ſhe was ſo Frighted at the Pains her Mother underwent, that ſhe obtain'd of *Jupiter* (for nothing but a God could ſecure a Woman's Maidenhead) a perpetual Virginity, as *Callimachus* tells us. And *Cicero* in his *Natura Deorum, lib.* 2. ſays ſhe was Feign'd to aſſiſt at the Birth of her Brother *Apollo*, tho Born at the ſame Birth, becauſe ſhe came into the World before him. *Jupiter* therefore according to the ſame *Callimachus*, made her Goddeſs of *Hunting*, *High-ways* and *Havens*, and beſtow'd on her Bow, Arrows and attending Nymphs, as ſo many Maids of Honour. Hence *Horace*,

Monti-

Montium custos nemorumq; Virgo
Quæ laborantes vero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisq; letho,
Diva triformis.

Callimachus says, *Diana*'s Chariot is drawn by White Hinds. She often chang'd her Habitation, and had need therefore of some Vehicle, for now she was above in the Heavens, now beneath, among the Infernals. Nor is her Figure more certain than her abode, for as a Friend of mine has it,

Now with a full Orb she the Darkness does Chase;
Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of her Face.

In *Athens*, the young Ladies that were so big with Child, that they could not wear their usual Girdle, or Zone, put it off in the Temple of *Diana*, whence she got the Appellation of λυσίζωνος. To her were offered the Zones or Girdles of Women with Child, as the Garlands were to *Venus* at Marriages. This Goddess also presided over Fishers: And the Poets tell us that they us'd to Sacrifice Bullocks to her; but *Horace* Sacrifices a Boar to her, and *Ovid* a white Hind.

She had a most Magnificent Temple at *Ephesus*, famous for its Building, and remarkable for its Destruction; of which *Natalis Comes* gives us this Account. *Habuit* Diana *celeberrimum omnium Templorum, & Augustissimum Ephesinum*, &c. *The most*

most Magnificent and Famous of the Temples of Diana *was at* Ephesus, *which was Built by the care and Industry of all* Asia, *Two hundred and twenty Years under the direction of the Architect* Chesiphron; *it was Four hundred and twenty five Feet in Length, and Two hundred and twenty in Breadth; in which were an hundred and twenty seven Columns, erected by as many several Kings; and these Columns or Pillars were wonderful in their Length as well as Beauty, for they were sixty Foot in Heighth; thirty six of which were very Noble, and with incredible Art Carv'd with their several Chapiters answerable to the Magnificence of the Pillars. Besides which, there were an abundance of exquisite Pictures and admirable Images or Statues, correspondent to the Grandeur and Magnificence of the Temple: All which* Herostratus *an* Ephesian, *set on Fire and Destroyed, to purchase to himself perpetuity of Name, since he cou'd not effect it by his Vertues or Parts. This Combustion of* Diana's *Temple happen'd about the Ides of* August, *on the day that* Alexander *the Great, King of* Macedon *was Born, as* Plutarch *says in the Life of that Prince. But the* Ephesians *made a Law, that none should mention the Name of* Herostratus *for the future, under the most severe Penalties, so to deprive him of the enjoyment of that which he aimed at the obtaining of by so great a Villainy.* Thus far *Natalis.* A Description of the Ruins of this Temple, and all the Cautions us'd by the Founders of it against Earthquakes and other Expected Causes of Ruin, *Pliny* gives us in his *Natural History.*

Among

Among other Fables of her, the Poets make her in Love with *Endymion* ſleeping on *Latmus*, a Mountain of *Caria*, and that ſhe Enjoy'd him according to *Catullus*.

Ut triviam furtim ſub Latmia *ſaxa relegens*
Dulcis amor gyro devovet aerio.

So weak was the Power of a God to keep her a Maid! Nay, they make her very Fruitful too, for beſides Sons by this Amour with *Endymion*, they give her fifty Daughters.

Where three Ways meet, the Ancients us'd to perform the Rites of *Hecate*, who is call'd by three ſeveral Names, *Luna*, *Artemis* and *Hecate*. About the New of the Moon, the Richer ſort us'd to ſend a Collation to thoſe Places where three ways met, in the Evening, as a Supper for *Hecate*; but the Poor us'd to devour theſe Nocturnal Junkets of this Goddeſs, and give out, that ſhe her ſelf had eat them, as the Prieſts and their Tribe in *Daniel*; tho' indeed theſe Suppers were but very Parſimonious; ſo that an ill Supper got the Proverbial Name of a Feaſt for *Hecate*; for the Poetical Divinity taught that the Ghoſts wou'd ſubſiſt with very little Nouriſhment. But that *Hecate* was the ſame with *Luna*, or *Diana*, is evident from ſeveral Places, particularly from *Raphael Regius*, in his Comments on the 7*th* Book of *Ovid*'s *Metam.*

And

And here I think 'tis time to make an end of this Lunary Eſſay, leſt I be thought to take ſo much pains about her Goddeſs-ſhip for the Influence ſhe has on me. I wou'd not incur the Imputation of a Madman for her ſake, whatever I might for the ſake of ſome Earthly *Cynthia*, perhaps fully as Inconſtant; and might deſerve a greater variety of Names from her numerous Follies, than *Diana* from the ſeveral Places of her Worſhip. But whatever Influence the Ethereal or Terreſtrial *Cynthia's* may have on me, I'm confident, that neither they, nor any other Cauſe can be Powerful enough to turn me to any thing that ſhould diminiſh my Value and Eſteem for you, or the pleaſure I take in being what I ſhall ever Subſcribe my ſelf,

SIR,

Your Obliged and faithful

Friend and Humble Servant,

Charles Gildon.

An

An ESSAY *at a Vindication of the* Love-Verſes *of* Cowley *and* Waller, *&c. In Anſwer to the Preface of a Book Intituled,* Letters and Verſes Amorous and Gallant.

Directed to

Mr. *CONGREVE.*

AS in my two former Critical Diſcourſes of this Book againſt Mr. *Rymer*'s Short view of Tragedy, a Zeal for the Honour of my Country in its greateſt Ornaments, her Poets, Engag'd me; ſo here I cannot help challenging the ſame Pretence, ſince I can't ſuppoſe them deficient in Love, without derogating from the *Juſtneſs* of their Characters. But I muſt confeſs I have not the ſame hopes of Succeſs in this; for there I had to do with an *impotent Opiniator*; but here with a Gentleman of a great deal of *Wit* and fine *Senſe*. There I addreſs'd to Parties already ſenſible of the Juſtice of my Cauſe; here to one who is prepoſſeſs'd of the contrary. But on the other hand I have the greater ſatisfaction here of being Worſted by one whoſe *Wit* can better defend an *Error*, than I the *Truth*: and I'm of Opinion, that 'tis a nobler Fate to fall by the Hand of an Hero, than Conquer a *Daſtard Pretender*. And tho' my Prudence might

be call'd in Question by this Attempt, yet my generous Ambition will merit a *Magnis tamen excidit Ausis*. One thing I must possess you of in my favour, that my unhappy Circumstances allow me not time to use all the Caution I ought, or search all the Reasons might be urg'd in this noble Cause; so that I am not only *Viribus*, but *Opibus impar*: However, I hope the Design will gain me the Opinion of a *Good English Man*, if my Performance shou'd not attain that of a *good Critic*, which will sufficiently compensate my trouble; for I shou'd be prouder to be thought a Zealot for the Glory as well as Interest of my Country, than the greatest Wit, and most Learned Arguer.

I shall never deny the Ancients their just Praise of the Invention of *Arts* and *Sciences*; but I cannot without contradicting my own Reason, allow them the Perfecters of 'em so far that they must be our uncontroverted Patterns and Standard: For our Physicians have found the Prescripts of *Hippocrates* very Defective: And as in Physic, so in Poetry, there must be a regard had to the Clime, Nature, and Customs of the People; for the Habits of the Mind as well as those of the Body, are influenc'd by them; and Love with the other Passions vary in their *Effects* as well as *Causes*, according to each Country and Age; nay, according to the very Constitution of each Person affected. This makes me hope, that the Ingenious Author of the *Letters and Verses Amorous and Gallant*, guides himself by a fallacious Rule, when he makes the Ancients the Standard of the Excellence of the Moderns

derns (or indeed when by exalting *those*, he wholly deprives *these* of all Honour) in **Love-Verses**. His Charge is reducible to these two Heads, *viz.* The *Occasions* and the *Performances*. He will have it, that *the Occasions on which their Poems are written are sought out, and that none meet with 'em but themselves, whilst those of the Ancients are such as happen almost to e'ry Man in Love.* Next, *That the Verses of the Moderns, are fill'd with Thoughts that are indeed* **Surprizing** *and* **Glittering**, *but not* **Tender**, **Passionate**, *or* **Natural** *for e'ry Man in* **Love** *to think.* This is the sum of his Charge against 'em; of which in the Order I've plac'd 'em. First, As for the *Occasions*; I cannot remember any Subject chosen by either *Cowly* or *Waller*, (for we've nothing to do here with *Petrarch* a Foreigner) that seems to be sought out, or unnatural for a Man in Love to choose; and if some of 'em do not happen to e'ry Man in Love, they are yet on an equal Bottom with the Ancients, many of whose *Subjects* or *Occasions*, are far from happening to all Lovers, as none who can pretend to any knowledge of their Writings can deny. *Corinna*'s Parrot dy'd, and *Ovid* writes its Funeral Elegy; but sure none will contend that this is an Accident common to all Ladies who have Lovers, and those Poets too. *Catullus* addresses one Copy of Verses to the very Sparrow of *Lesbia*, and in another deplores its Death. A great many Lovers may have Mistresses who never take a Voyage during their Amour, and yet *Ovid* has an Elegy *ad Amicam Navigantem*; and so may ten thousand true Lovers, especially such as are Poets, never venture on

any other Billows, but the Frown of their Fair ones; and yet *Propertius* tos'd in another Storm, Writes to *Cynthia* upon it. And indeed to reduce the *Subjects* or *Occasions* of Love-Verses to any particular Standard, is highly Irrational, and must only be the effect of want of Consideration, for the various Circumstances and Fortunes of the Lovers must diversifie and alter the *Occasions* of writing to their Mistresses: So that there is no Occasion that is General, and that can reach all Men in Love, but the Cruelty of their Mistresses on their first Addresses, (that is, their not immediate Compliance) for Jealousie is not Universal, or at least to extend to the Beating of her a Man Loves; yet *Ovid* Writes *ad Amicam quam verberaverat.* I must confess, I can't see the least Reason why the *Name* and *Gloves* of a Mistress, with *the Place of her Birth*, are not as just *Occasions* to Write on as the Ring given to a Mistress, or her Parrot or Sparrow; or a great many more I might enumerate out of the Ancients. A true Lover thinks every thing that belongs to her he Loves, worthy his Thoughts; and the more our Modern Poets extend their Reflections beyond the Ancients in this, so much the greater Lovers they shew themselves. But the *Place of one's Mistress's Birth* is not only worthy a Lover's Thoughts, but even an *Universal Occasion*, since no Lover but must meet with that Occurrence in whatever fair one he adores, among all the beauteous Daughters of *Eve.*

By what has been said, Sir, 'tis evident that our Moderns are not inferiour to the Ancients,

in

in their Judgment in chuſing *Occaſions* on which they write to their Miſtreſſes: Or, That this Ingenious Gentleman has either through Want of Advertence, or out of Deſign expreſſed himſelf *ambiguouſly*, or at leaſt not with that *Clearneſs* that is requiſite to a concluſive Argument; which cannot be excuſed when the Honour and Merit of ſuch great Men as *Cowley* and *Waller* is concerned; nay, the Honour of our Country.

I come now to the Second Accuſation, which is, that *the Moderns fill their Verſes with Thoughts* ſurpriſing *and* glittering, *but not natural for e'ry Man in Love to think.* This lies under the ſame Fault as the other does, of being too general to be of any Force, it either condemns all that the Moderns have wrote, it caſts off e'ry Thought in their Love-Verſes as not tender and paſſionate, or does nothing at all, for it inſtances no particular. I'm confident the ingenious Gentleman will have ſo much Candor, as to confeſs that there are a great many very tender and ſoft Thoughts, and paſſionate Expreſſions in *Cowley*'s **Miſtreſs**, as in this one, that now occurrs to my Mind: *Then like ſome wealthy Iſland thou ſhalt lie*, &c. but if there be ſome, nay, a great many tender, ſoft, and paſſionate thoughts in our Moderns, then is this general charge not at all concluſive againſt 'em. Beſides, *Thoughts natural to a Man in* Love, is an obſcure Expreſſion, it conveys no clear Idea of any thing to the Mind; or, what is fully as erroneous, it ſeems to level the Thoughts of all Mankind, but it cannot be doubted, but that in the very ſame

Circumstances the Thoughts of different Men will be various, and more or less Excellent and Noble, as the Wit, Judgment, Fancy, and the other Qualities of the Mind of the Person affected, are more or less Excellent and perfect: And I am confident your ingenious Friend (whom I honour for his Wit, tho I differ from his Opinion) will allow me, That one of Mr. *Cowley*'s Genius wou'd no more have the Thoughts of a Fop, a Beau, a Tinker, a Shepherd, or any other ignorant and *unelevated* Mechanic, in Love, than out of it. *Again*, Thoughts *surprizing*, and *glittering* without particular Instances of 'em, as they prove nothing, so can they not be well answer'd, for an Instance would have made us apprehend what he takes for *surprizing* and *glittering*; but without that, or any Definition, we wander in the dark, and I can at best but only ghess at his meaning. If by *Thoughts surprizing*, and *glittering*, he means *extraordinary* and *uncommon*, I'm apt to think he will allow them very natural to Mr. *Cowley* or Mr. *Waller* in any Circumstance. A Man that is us'd to a good Habit of thinking, cannot be without extraordinary Thoughts, on what concerns him so near as the Heart of his Mistress. *Lastly*, As to *far-fetch'd Similes*, 'tis an Expression very *obscure* and *ambiguous*; and I must acknowledge my self wholly to seek in his Meaning, if a *Simile* be just, and hold an exact Analogy to the thing 'tis applied to, and of the thing 'tis designed to heighten, I presume it cannot come into the Number of the *far-fetch'd*, and when-ever the Gentleman will please to instance in Particulars in either *Cowley*

or

or *Waller*, I engage to fellow them with those that are full as faulty, even according to his own Definition, let that be what it will, (for I suppose it can't be much amiss from so accurate a Pen.) And till then I may supersede any particular Defence in this. Besides, 'tis not to be supposed, that the Verses written by Lovers are the *Extempore* Result of a sudden Gust of Passion, like the Inspirations of the *Delphic* Prophetess; for I'm confident he'll agree with me that the Excuse of Love will not free a Poet, that lets them pass so from the Censure of *Boileau*

Un sot en ecrivant, fait tout avec plaisir
I'll na point en ses vers l'ambarras de Choisir.

A Poetizing Lover, must be allow'd not to be absolutely out of his Wits, and that 'tis possible for him to study, and consider what he says in so solemn a Manner to his Mistress.

After this bold Assertion without Proof, he advances to examine which are in the right, the Ancients or the Moderns; the Rule of our Judgment in this, he justly makes the End the Poet aims at, *viz. The obtaining the Love of his Mistress*, tho I cannot see why he should suppose that contrary to, or inconsistent with getting *Fame* and *Admiration*, since Admiration is a certain Step to Love. When I read Mr. *Dryden*'s Works, I cannot help Loving him. If I should not love and respect him and any other Poet that thinks well, and expresses his Thoughts nobly, I should sin against my Reason. *Ovid* urges his Fame and Reputation as a Motive for his Mistress's Love, and if that can move a Man of Sense, why should we think the Effect won'd

not be the ſame on a Woman of Senſe, and Generoſity? And indeed, in e'ry one but an abſolute dull, inſipid Fool, which no Lover can think his Miſtreſs.

The End of Love-Verſes being the gaining the fair ones Heart, he proceeds to the beſt means of obtaining that End, *viz. The convincing her that you love her.* I muſt deny this Aſſertion too, for tho *Love* in the Severity of Juſtice require *Love*; yet is that an Argument that ought not always to prevail, ſince 'tis a Plea that's common to a great many, for ſo the fair one ought to ſurrender to 'em all; a Liberty no Lover would willingly allow his Miſtriſs on any Conſideration whatever. But how often does Experience tell us, that this *beſt Way* fails? Or indeed, how ſeldom does it hit? *Admiration* is the only juſt, and unqueſtioneable Parent of Love; for the Senſes or the Mind muſt be firſt won with ſome Perfection, either real or imaginary. Whatever therefore can raviſh Fame from the envious cenſorious World, may juſtly be ſuppos'd able to give *Admiration* to a Miſtreſs. Nor is this inconſiſtent with the *true and lively Repreſentation of the Pains, and Thoughts attending the Paſſion of Love*; for ſure the Advantage of *Art* in Poems cannot deſtroy the *End* which is not to be obtain'd in Painting without it, *viz.* a *lively Repreſentation of Nature. Similes*, fine *Thoughts*, and *ſhining Points*, if they be juſt, and good, muſt certainly give a greater Idea of any Pain, than a bare and unpoliſhed Rhime, without Beauty or Grace. *This* gives us a *weak*, a *faint*, an *unmoving* View of the Pain; *That* ſets it cloſe to us,

magnifies

magnifies and enlarges it: *This* gives it you as the reverſe end of a Proſpective Glaſs does Objects, *That* as the right end of it; ſo that if a Repreſentation of our Pain be the Path to Succeſs, *Art* will be no ill Help and guide in it; unleſs we'll ſuppoſe that our Miſtreſs would be more ſenſibly touched with a *Grubſtreet* Ballad, than a Copy of Verſes by a *Cowley* or a *Waller*. But indeed, the Pain a Lover feels cannot be truely, and with Life repreſented without *Similes*, as is evident from the very Nature of the Mind, when in Pain: For 'tis an univerſal Meaſure of our Judgment of things to compare them with ſomething elſe; and the Mind in expreſſing its Pains endeavours to make it known in its full Greatneſs: to give therefore the greater Image of it, it generally ſeeks out ſomething by a Compariſon of which it hopes to obtain that End; Compariſon being the only Diſtinction of Degrees of things. This makes it narrowly in theſe Circumſtances, regard and obſerve that Train of *Ideas* that continually paſs before it, to call out ſuch as are moſt proper for its purpoſe: For *'tis evident*, (as Mr. *Lock* remarks) *to any one that will but obſerve what paſſes in his own Mind, that there is a Train of Ideas conſtantly ſucceeding one another in his Underſtanding, as long as he's awake.* An Aſſertion therefore of an Ingenious Friend of mine, to the Prejudice of the Moderns, againſt *Similes* in the Expreſſion of the Paſſions of Love and Grief, is contrary to the very Nature of the Mind. For let any Man endeavour to retain any particular Idea firmly and without Alteration, he will find it not in his Power to do it any conſiderable time,

ſuch

ſuch a neceſſary Succeſſion and Variation of Ideas (the Origin of Similes) is there in the human Mind. But becauſe 'tis ſaid that *'tis the nature of Grief to confine the Soul, ſtraiten the Imagination, and extremely leſſen the Number of its Objects*, I ſhall only oppoſe the Aſſertion of this Gentleman (whom I have always allow'd a Man of great Wit and Senſe) with an Obſervation of Mr. *Le Clerk*, (whom I'm ſure no Man that knows his Works, will deny to be one of the beſt Philoſophers of the Age) in the *6th. Chapter* of his *Ontologie*, and the *4th. Paragraph*, he has to this purpoſe — "This being ſo, we obſerve that the time ſeems ſhort "to thoſe who ſpend it in Mirth, or any Employment they perform with Pleaſure and Deſire; but on the contrary, Tedious and Irkſome to the Unfortunate, and thoſe that are "in Pain, or to thoſe that are againſt their Wills, "oblig'd to ſome troubleſome Buſineſs. For we "keep the Idea that is Gratefull and Pleaſant "to us, as long without Variation as we are "able, and thus by the viewing of the fewer "Ideas, the time we ſpend in Pleaſure and "Content, ſeems the ſhorter; whilſt on the "contrary, our Minds endeavour to drive away "a troubleſome Idea, and ſtrive to ſubſtitute "ſome others in its room; Turning, Winding, "Changing, Adding and Diminiſhing it, as the "uneaſie inquietude Prompts. Thus the time "ſeems longer than it wou'd do elſe, by that "vaſt and numerous Train of Ideas, which, as "I may ſay, ſhew themſelves *en paſſant* to the "Mind, with an incredible Rapidity and Swiftneſs. From this juſt and rational Obſervation

of

of Mr. *Le Clerk* 'tis evident, That Similes are not ſo unnatural in expreſſion of Grief or Pain, as ſome Ingenious Gentlemen contend: For the Mind (eſpecially that which is us'd to an Expreſſion of its ſelf in Allegory and Similes) will eaſily in this Number of Ideas, meet with ſome that will anſwer the End, the Mind is born to with ſo much Impatience and Deſire: For 'tis here alſo evident, That Grief multiplies nor leſſens the Number of the Objects of the Mind.

From what has been ſaid 'twill appear, That *Similes* cannot be an unnatural Expreſſion of this Paſſion, or any Effects of it. I ſhall therefore proceed to thoſe few particular Inſtances the Author of the *Preface* gives, by which he draws a ſhort Parallel betwixt the Ancients and the Moderns. *I am pleas'd*, ſays he, *with* Tibullus, *when he ſays; he cou'd live in a Deſart with his Miſtreſs, where never any Humane Foot-ſteps appear'd, becauſe I doubt not but he really thinks what he ſays: But I confeſs, I can hardly forbear Laughing, when* Petrarch *tells us he cou'd live without any other Suſtenance than his Miſtreſſes Looks.* I confeſs, I muſt ev'n here diſſent from him too; for if you go to the Rigor or Severity of the Reaſon of both Expreſſions, they are equally impoſſible, and in Impoſſibilities as well as Infinites, there are no Degrees. For I can ſee no greater Probability of Living in a Deſart where there were no Humane Foot-ſteps, than on the Looks of a Miſtreſs only; unleſs like *Nebuchadnezzar*, he wou'd feed on the Leaves of the Trees, and Graſs of the Ground if there were any; which is not very kind to hope his Miſtreſs wou'd comply with. But ſuppoſing

posing it impossible, is there any Necessity of a Lovers saying nothing that exceeds the Bounds of *Possibility*? especially in Poetry, where Hyperbole's are justifiable almost to Extravagance. That certainly wou'd be most unnatural of all, for the Thoughts of a Man really in Love, are naturally Extravagant ev'n to Impossibilities; tho *possunt quia posse videntur*. The very Definition of this Passion in Ethics, shews it violent and exorbitant. But we may in favour of *Petrarch* and Mr. *Cowley*, (who make use of the same Thought) say that they mean the Dyet of their Love, is a Look of their Mistress.

I must confess, I'm extremely surpriz'd to find your Ingenious Friend an Advocate for that which wou'd make all the Sir *Courtly*'s Compositions of the *Nation*, the Standard of good Verses; when he himself is really so well qualify'd to write like *Cowley* and *Waller*, and has by his own Practice in those Verses that are Publish'd, better confuted his Preface, than all I can pretend to say.

To my Honoured and Ingenious Friend Mr. Harrington, *for the Modern Poets against the Ancients.*

AS the Justice and Generosity of your Principle, the sweet Agreeableness of your Humor, the Vivacity of your Wit, and the strength and force of your Judgment and Penetration, justly endear you to all your Acquaintance, so they qualify

qualify you for a Judge of the preſent Controverſie betwixt the Moderns and the Ancients, for the Prize of Glory in Learning and Poetry. Monſieur *Perault* (whom I have not yet had the Opportunity to Read) has given it to the Moderns, *Rapin* to the Ancients: Mr. *Rymer* has with abundance of Indignation appear'd on *Rapin*'s ſide. I cannot determine whether Mr. *Perault* has been too partial to his own Country-men, (an Error on the right ſide) but I'm ſure Mr. *Rymer* has been extremely injurious to his; which has made me perhaps, too angry with him in my former Diſcourſes. But I aſſure my ſelf that you are too good an *Engliſhman*, to let Friendſhip to any Man, bribe you to condemn thoſe rough Effects of my Zeal for the **Engliſh Nation.** I will be more juſt than my Adverſary, I will yield that *Greece* had Great Poets, notwithſtanding all thoſe monſtrous Faults and Abſurdities they abound with; tho he will not allow the *Engliſh* any Honour, becauſe they have been guilty of Errors. Nay, I'll ſay more, that the Poetry of *Greece* was her moſt valuable Learning, for that ſtill maintains its Share of Glory and Eſteem, whilſt her Philoſophy is now exploded by the Univerſal Reaſon of Mankind. *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, will, as long as they are underſtood, preſerve their Characters of Excellent Poets, tho the *Stagyrite* with all his Volumes, is now ſhrunk from his Oſtentatious Title of the *Philoſopher*, to that of a good *Critic*, or *Grammarian*.

Tho I grant the *Græcians* this, yet I cannot ſubſcribe to the reſt of the Hyperbolical Praiſes ſome of our Modern Critics give them. For I confeſs,

I can discover no such *Universal Genius* in *Homer*, as they contend for, as that all Arts and Siences may be learn't from him: *Virgil* seems to me, more generally Learned by far; and Mr. *Cowley* among our *English* Poets, may without Partiality, be put up for his Rival in the Glory of Learning. As for the *Numbers* of *Homer*, *Rapin* vastly extols their Variety, and yet confesses that to be the Property of the *Greek* Language, which makes it the easier Task for *Homer* to perform, and by consequence, lessens his Merit on that Account. But it cannot be deny'd that *Virgil* has as much Variety in this as the *Roman* Language wou'd allow; and as was necessary for the Beauty of his Poem; and they are in his Descriptions especially, so well chosen, that they extremely contribute to the Image of the thing describ'd; as *Gemitus dedere Cavernæ: præruptus aquæ Mons.* The sound of the first makes us as it were hear the hollow noise the Spear of *Lyacoon* made in the *Trojan* Horse; the other Places in our View such a watry Mountain. Among our *English* Poets, none can compare with Mr. *Dryden* for Numbers: His Descriptions are all very perfect in all things; but his Numbers contribute not a little to the force and life of the Representation, for they carry something in them distinct from the Expression and Thought; as in his Description of Night, What an Image of a profound Stillness does this following Verse set before us,

The Mountains seem to Nod their drousie Heads!

I have not room nor leisure at this time to make a thorough parallel betwixt the *Ancients* and

and the *Moderns*, and shall only cursorily run over the Heads. I have touch'd the *Universality of Genius*, and the *variety of Numbers* (this last being the Prerogative of the Language more than of the Poets.) *Judgment* I think is apparently the due of the *Moderns*, who I'm confident wou'd ne'er have been guilty of those Absurdities the Ancients abound with. They seem to have been Masters of but little Reason, when they made their Gods such *limited* and *criminal Beings*. *Homer* often digresses from the *Hero*, that is the Subject of his Poem, to entertain us with other Objects too remote from *Achilles*. You may, Sir, easily perceive that I press not so hard as I might on the *Ancients*; that I omit abundance of *Improprieties*, and *Absurdities*, ridiculous even to *Childishness*, because I wou'd not be thought to rob the *Fathers* of Poetry of their just Value and Esteem; tho I confess I am of Mr. St. *Euremont*'s Opinion, that no Name can Privilege Nonsense or ill Conduct.

The Enemies of the Moderns will not deal so Civilly with them. They deny them to be Poets because they have not strictly observed the Rules laid down by *Aristotle*, but by that, they discover themselves either ignorant or negligent of the most chief and important end of Poetry, that is, Pleasure. Now, it cannot be deny'd but he is the best Poet who takes the surest means to obtain the end he aims at; in which, regard must be had to the *Humour*, *Custom*, and *Inclination* of the Auditory; but an *English* Audience will never be pleas'd with a dry, Jejune and formal Method, that excludes Variety as the Religious observation of the Rules of *Aristotle* does. And all those that exclaim against the

Liberty

ty ſome of our *Engliſh* Poets have taken, muſt grant that a *Variety* that contributes to the main Deſign, cannot divide our Concern: And if ſo, 'tis certainly an *Excellence* the *Moderns* have gain'd above the *Ancients*. This wou'd appear plainer if I had room and time to inſtance in Particulars. The Plays Mr. *Dryden* has bleſs'd the Age with will prove this; which if compar'd (as I hereafter intend) with thoſe of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, either for the Plot, Thought, or Expreſſion, will gain him the Poets Garland from thoſe two Hero's of Old *Greece*.

The *Plagiariſm* objected to our Poets is common to the Ancients too; for *Virgil* took from *Homer*, *Theocritus*, and ev'n *Ennius*; and we are aſſur'd *Homer* himſelf built upon ſome Predeceſſors: And tho' their thoughts may be ſomething a-kin, yet they alter their Dreſs, and in all other things we are ſatisfied with the *variety* of the outward viſible Form, tho' the intrinſic value be the ſame, as Mr. *Congreve*'s Song has it, *Nothing new beſides their Faces, e'ry Woman is the ſame.* In all things as well as Women the meer Variety of Appearance, whets our Deſire and Curioſity. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Charles Gildon.

TO THE HONOURABLE *GEORGE GRANVIL* Esq;

An Essay at a parallel betwixt Philosophy, *and the* Love *of* Women.

THo' I confess *Horace* has generally a very just *Apprehension* of Things, yet can I never agree with him in his notions of *Happiness*. *Lib.* 1. *Epist.* 6.

Nil admirari *prope res est una Numici*
Solaq; quæ possit facere, & servare Beatum.

for 'tis certain, that *Happiness* consists in *Pleasure*, but there can be no *Pleasure*, without a *Gentle* and *agreeable Emotion* of the Passion of Admiration, the Ground of *Love* and *Joy*, out of which all Pleasure is compos'd. As an instance of this *Truth*, it must be granted, that as Virtue is the chief *Basis* of Humane Happiness, so 'twill never be embrac'd by any Man, that does not admire

and esteem its *Excellence*. And in the same manner, the other parts of *Philosophy* lead us to *Pleasure*, by **Admiration**. For what pleasure is there in *Physics*, which proceed not from that agreable Wonder given us, by the strange and surprizing Variety, and force, we find in the Nature of corporeal Things? What Pleasure does *Metaphysics* afford, that is not built on our *Esteem*? (and *Esteem* is the only part of *Admiration* that contributes to Pleasure, for there's a Pain attends despising, which is the other Division of it,) what Pleasure I say have we in this study, but what is built on our *Esteem* of the valuable *Certainty* it furnishes us with in what ever it proposes? For there is nothing more sure than *Abstract Ideas*, the subject of *Ontology* or *Metaphysics*. Again in *Pneumatology*, does not the Contemplation of the Purer, and Superior Beings, to the very Supream, and first cause of all that Exists, fill our Souls with excessive and amazing Delight and Wonder? Lastly, what *Pleasure* is there in *Woman*, that soft summary of Man's Happiness, which derives not its self from **Admiration**? **Admiration**, therefore is so far from being an Enemy to, that it is the very foundation of our *Happiness*, whether we consider it in the *Direction*, or *Aim* and *End* of our *Life*, that is in **Philosophy** or **Woman**.

Some Sir, may perhaps think I have made a very strange mixture, in joyning *Philosophy* and *Woman*; tho' I'm confident, so much Wit, Youth, and all those other Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman, that render you the darling

of

of both Sexes, will not let you think I have degraded *Philoſophy* in it, which will appear from a ſhort parallel drawn betwixt them.

Philoſophy is either employed in the Conſideration of Bodys, as in *Phyſics*, of *Beings* in general, or *Abſtract Ideas*, as in *Metaphyſics* or *Ontology*; or of *Pure* and *Immaterial Eſſences*, as the *Souls*, *Angels*, *God*, as in *Pneumatology*, or laſtly of **Virtue** as in Ethics.

Firſt, the Buſineſs of Phyſics is extreamly uncertain, for there the Mind is employed about very *Obſcure Ideas*; and though ſome of our Experiments, often preſent us with certain Effects, yet does it not always diſcover the abſolute certainty of the Cauſe, nor ſhall we ever be able to penetrate into the inmoſt Nature, or all the qualitys of Matter, and till then we muſt be in the dark, as to the true Cauſes; ſo that *Phyſic's* put us upon the chaſe of what we have very little probability of obtaining. On the other Hand, the **Love** of **Woman** is more certain in obtaining as well as more noble in its *End*, *viz.* a perfect Enjoyment of, and a cloſe Union with the Object deſir'd, the effect of which ends not with them, but is perpetuated by their Off-Spring, who are a part of 'em, the admirable and certain *Effect*, of a known Charming, and Generous Cauſe.

Secondly, *Metaphyſics* amuſes us with meer *Abſtract Ideas*, whilſt the **Love** of **Woman**, puts us in a ſenſible Poſſeſſion of a *Real*, not *Ideal Abſtract* of all the Beautys and Perfections of every *Being* on this ſide of the Eternal. The Contemplation of whom, with the Created Spirits makes up *Pneumatology*; but we wander in too uncertain a Path, in our Contemplation of theſe latter, to arrive at ſatisfaction; for *Fancy* there directs our ſteps more, than *Judgment* built on *Right Reaſon*, and *Evidence*. And therefore that part cannot be comparable to that of the **Love** of **Woman**, which gives us by the moſt prevailing way, the *Senſes*, a proof of the Exiſtence of Spirits, if not diſtinct from, yet of a purer Make, than even the refin'd Body of Woman; for what *Lover* is there that does not feel, perfectly feel ſome unſeen Spirits darted from the bright Eyes of the fair one he adores, which have a ſenſible influence on him, tho' he touch her not; and theſe are Spirits that chear, not ſhock our Natures, as thoſe other Fantoms do.

Then for the Contemplation of the **Supream Being**, the beſt Philoſophers form an Idea of him by his *Wonderous Works*, of which what can give a fairer Iamge of him, than **Woman**, the moſt Beautiful, Good, and Compaſſionate being of the Univerſe? Which made St. *Auſtin* compare God to a fine Woman viewing her own Perfection in a Glaſs. 'Tis true that the Admirable Order, and Oeconomy of the Cœleſtial Bodys, their Glory

and

and Light discover apparent Foot steps of the Eternal Mind: these shew us a powerful and a wise *Being*, but nothing has a share of his best attribute of Goodness, but the best part of Man, *Woman*, his own Image. Besides, the Consideration of the Universe is as I may say a voluminous Introduction to the Contemplation of that *Being*: we are forc'd there to run through objects distinct, and various in their Forms and Beauty, as well as vastly distant in their situation, which all contributes to the Confusion and Imperfection of the Image they present of the *Power* and *Wisdom* of God; and the Administration of Humane Affairs is a too tedious, as well as a too controverted argument of his Goodness. But **Woman** gives us at once a Beautiful and more Compendious prospect of his *Power*, *Wisdom* and *Goodness*; for as *Pliny* says, never are the works of Nature so admirable as in small things, and *Woman* is the Minature draught of all his Attributes that are communicable to his Creatures; for in one *fine* **Woman** we may read the legible Characters of an Almighty Hand. From whom also had I time and room, I cou'd draw the knowledge of the Moral Attributes of the first Cause.

Lastly, *Ethics* teach us the Rules and Prescripts of *Virtue*, to secure us from those Inquietudes, the *Criminal* and *Vicious* Experience: but this is only subservient to, and prepares us for the enjoyment of **Woman**, in a more perfect Degree; for it contracts and calls home all our *Wandring Wishes*

and

and our *looſe Deſires*, and directs them all to one Object, which like the Sun-beams contracted into a burning Glaſs, muſt be of far greater Force, and by conſequence, give a greater and more exalted Reliſh of *Delight*, than when ſcatter'd and diſſipated.

Ethics only informs the Mind with a bare knowledge of Vertue, without having power to influence us to the embracing of it, for there are a great many that with *Medea* in *Ovid* may ſay,

——Video meliora proboq;
Deteriora ſequor ——

but *Woman* can effect what Philoſophy is impotent in; for whilſt that propoſes the meer unactive Theory, the **Love** of **Woman** reduces it to Practice, for when that is neceſſary to pleaſe her a Man loves, all the Facultys of the Soul unite to effect the noble Work.

'Tis methinks ſuch an Arraignment of the *firſt Cauſe* to run down that Sex, which Heaven has made choice of to impart to ſo large a ſhare, in giving Immortality to Humane Race by the propagation of our kind, that they deſerve not to taſte that Pleaſure that is join'd to ſo mighty a work. *The greateſt Pleaſure in the nobleſt Act, with the divineſt of Creatures* **Woman**.

But

But whether *Philoſophy* or *Woman* have the right of *Precedence*, 'tis certain they both afford us a *Noble* and *agreeable Pleaſure*, without one or both, of which we can never be truly happy. But yet by the *Nil admirari* of *Horace*, they are thrown aſide; for the cutting off *Admiration*, deprives us of all Pleaſure in either, that in both being built on *Admiration*. And indeed, this paſſage ſeems to aim at a *Stupid*, and *Pyrrhonian Indifference*, or *Indiſturbance* and *Inſenſibility*, which can no more be arriv'd at, than 'tis to be deſir'd.

But perhaps I miſtake the ſenſe of *Horace*, who it may be, is only againſt that variable and wavering Admiration, that is the Mother of Ten Thouſand fruitleſs Inquietudes and Troubles, by generating too numerous a Progeny of reſtleſs Deſires for ev'ry object that preſents it ſelf. This I confeſs is ſo far an Enemy to *Happineſs*, as 'tis to *Conſtancy* and *Reſolution* its ſafe guard, and which are ſo eminently conſpicuous in you.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 17. Line. 3. read *thus*, p. 18. l. 14. r. *his*. p. 36. l. 8. dele the 2d. *that*. p. 37. *l. penul.* r. *tho'*. p. 41. l. 11. r. *purposely*. p. 43. l. 1. r. *he does*. l. 3. add *rashly or maliciously*. p. 44. l. 5. r. *Tours*, &c. l. 1. p. 45. l. 10. r. *his*. p. 46. l. 17. r. *was*. p. 47. l. 2. r. *and*. p. 50. l. 13. add *the*. p. 54. l. 6. r. *containing*. p. 55. l. 17. dele II. p. 66. l. 11. r. *formally*. p. 72. l. 3. r. *an*. p. 83. r. *Reputation*. p. 84. l. 1. r. *can*. p. 110. l. 9. r. *ſo*. p. 197. l. 8. r. *Floods*. P. 195. l. 5. r. *whom* p. 126. l. 9. r. *Wretch*.

There are many falſe Points and Comma's, and ſome Faults not here mentioned, which the Reader is deſir'd to excuſe and correct.